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DYLAN U.K. CONCERTS

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DENSON

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending April 28, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	Dawn (Bell)
3	2	HELLO! HELLO! I'M BACK AGAIN	Gary Glitter (Bell)
2	3	GET DOWN	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
4	4	I'M A CLOWN/SOME KIND OF A SUMMER	David Cassidy (Bell)
10	5	DRIVE IN SATURDAY	David Bowie (RCA)
5	6	TWEEDLE DEE	Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
6	7	PYJAMARAMA	Roxy Music (Island)
7	8	LOVE TRAIN	O'Jays (CBS)
12	9	ALL BECAUSE OF YOU	Geordie (EMI)
9	10	NEVER NEVER NEVER	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending April 24, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong (HMV)
2	2	CONGRATULATIONS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	3	SIMON SAYS	1910 Fruitgum Company (Pye Int.)
3	4	IF I ONLY HAD TIME	John Rowles (MCA)
7	5	JENNIFER ECCLES	Hollies (Parlophone)
8	6	CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
4	7	DELILAH	Tom Jones (Decca)
17	8	LAZY SUNDAY	Small Faces (Immediate)
11	9	AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A HOUSE PARTY	Show Stoppers (Beacon)
14	10	SOMETHING HERE IN MY HEART	Paper Dolls (Pye)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 26, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
6	1	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
1	2	HOW DO YOU DO IT	Gerry and The Pacemakers (Parlophone)
2	3	FROM A JACK TO A KING	Ned Miller (London)
10	4	NOBODY'S DARLIN' BUT MINE	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
5	5	SAY I WON'T BE THERE	Springfields (Philips)
3	6	BROWN EYED HANDSOME MAN	Buddy Holly (Coral)
11	7	IN DREAMS	Roy Orbison (London)
13	7	I CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
8	7	THE FOLK SINGER	Tommy Roe (HMV)
4	10	FOOT TAPPER	Shadows (Columbia)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending April 29, 1978

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	NIGHT FEVER ..... Bee Gees (RSO)	3	1
2	(9)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE — Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)	7	2
3	(5)	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE — Suzi Quatro (Rak)	6	2
4	(4)	MATCHSTALK MEN & MATCHSTALK CATS & DOGS ....Brian & Michael (Pye)	7	4
5	(2)	I WONDER WHY — Showaddywaddy (Arista)	6	1
6	(3)	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY — Andrew Gold (Asylum)	5	3
7	(7)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK — Wings (Parlophone)	4	7
8	(8)	FOLLOW YOU, FOLLOW ME — Genesis (Charisma)	7	6
9	(18)	SINGIN' IN THE RAIN — Sheila B Devotion (EMI)	6	9
10	(6)	BAKER STREET — Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	10	2
11	(15)	SHE'S SO MODERN — Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	3	11
12	(30)	AUTOMATIC LOVER — Dee Dee Jackson (Mercury)	2	12
13	(14)	MORE LIKE THE MOVIES — Dr Hook (Capitol)	4	13
14	(15)	EVERYBODY DANCE ..... Chic (Atlantic)	4	14
15	(20)	LET'S ALL CHANT — Michael Zager Band (Private Stock)	2	15
16	(11)	WALK IN LOVE — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	9	11
17	(10)	DENIS ..... Blondie (Chrysalis)	10	1
18	(12)	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH — Dan Hill (20th Century)	5	12
19	(25)	IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO — Richard Myhill (Mercury)	3	19
20	(—)	RIVERS OF BABYLON — Boney M (Atlantic)	1	20
21	(28)	TAKE ME I'M YOURS — Squeeze (A&M)	2	21
22	(21)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN — Eruption (Atlantic)	10	4
23	(—)	SATISFACTION ..... Devo (Stiff)	1	23
24	(—)	THE BEAT GOES ON & ON — Ripple (Salsoul)	1	24
25	(—)	BAD OLD DAYS — CoCo (Ariola Hansa)	1	25
26	(—)	BACK IN LOVE AGAIN — Donna Summer (GTO)	1	26
27	(22)	EVERY ONE'S A WINNER — Hot Chocolate (Rak)	8	10
28	(13)	WUTHERING HEIGHTS — Kate Bush (EMI)	11	1
29	(23)	EGO ..... Elton John (Rocket)	2	23
30	(26)	STAYIN' ALIVE ..... Bee Gees (RSO)	12	5

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

JACK AND JILL — Raydio (Arista); DO IT DO IT AGAIN — Raffaella Cara (Epic); HI-TENSION — Hi-Tension (Island); BECAUSE THE NIGHT — Patti Smith (Arista).

ALBUMS

Week ending April 29, 1978

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER — Various (RSO)	7	1
2	(3)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE — Genesis (Charisma)	4	2
3	(1)	20 GOLDEN GREATS — Nat King Cole (Capitol)	5	1
4	(4)	LONDON TOWN ..... Wings (EMI)	4	4
5	(5)	ABBA THE ALBUM ..... Abba (Epic)	14	1
6	(6)	KAYA — Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	6	6
7	(8)	CITY TO CITY — Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	9	4
8	(10)	THIS YEAR'S MODEL — Elvis Costello (Radar)	6	8
9	(7)	20 GOLDEN GREATS — Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	9	2
10	(9)	THE KICK INSIDE ..... Kate Bush (EMI)	9	1
11	(11)	THE STUD ..... Soundtrack (Ronco)	2	11
12	(12)	PLASTIC LETTERS . Blondie (Chrysalis)	9	7
13	(16)	PASTICHE — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	9	13
14	(15)	THE RUTLES The Rutles (Warner Bros)	3	14
15	(13)	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	61	1
16	(—)	LONG LIVE ROCK & ROLL — Rainbow (Polydor)	1	16
17	(14)	OUT OF THE BLUE — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	25	3
18	(22)	PENNIES FROM HEAVEN — Various (World Records)	2	18
19	(18)	FONZIE'S FAVOURITES — Various (Warwick)	7	10
20	(17)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES — Ian Dury (Stiff)	13	7
21	(20)	BAT OUT OF HELL — Meat Loaf (Epic)	6	20
22	(—)	ADVENTURE ..... Television (Elektra)	1	22
23	(23)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE — Johnny Mathis (CBS)	2	73
24	(—)	EASTER ..... Patti Smith (Arista)	1	24
25	(30)	20 CLASSIC HITS — The Platters (Mercury)	2	25
26	(—)	GREEN .. Steve Hillage (Virgin Records)	1	26
27	(19)	REFLECTIONS ..... Andy Williams (CBS)	13	3
28	(—)	THE STRANGER ..... Billy Joel (CBS)	2	26
29	(—)	ABBA GREATEST HITS ..... Abba (Epic)	92	2
30	(21)	ANYTIME, ANYWHERE — Rita Coolidge (A & M)	2	21

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

VOYAGE — Voyage (GTO); NATURAL ACT — Kristofferson/Coolridge (A&M); VIBRATORS 2 — Vibrators (Epic); HEAVY HORSES — Jethro Tull (Chrysalis).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending April 29, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees
2	(4)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman
3	(2)	CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU	Barry Manilow
4	(5)	THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU	Roberta Flack
5	(13)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings
6	(7)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
7	(6)	JACK AND JILL	Raydio
8	(3)	DUST IN THE WIND	Kansas
9	(9)	GOODBYE GIRL	David Gates
10	(8)	LAY DOWN SALLY	Eric Clapton
11	(11)	THANK YOU FOR BEING A FRIEND	Andrew Gold
12	(19)	YOU'RE THE ONE I WANT	Olivia Newton John/John Travolta
13	(17)	COUNT ON ME	Jefferson Starship
14	(14)	WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE AGAIN	England Dan & John Ford Coley
15	(15)	FLASHLIGHT	Parliament
16	(22)	IMAGINARY LOVER	Atlanta Rhythm Section
17	(21)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
18	(18)	SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN	Electric Light Orchestra
19	(10)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees
20	(26)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO SOON	Johnny Mathis/Deniece Williams
21	(24)	DISCO INFERNO	The Trammps
22	(—)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
23	(25)	BABY HOLD ON	Eddie Money
24	(28)	WEREWOLVES OF LONDON	Warren Zevon
25	(—)	THIS TIME I'M IN IT FOR LOVE	Player
26	(30)	MOVIN' OUT (ANTHONY'S SONG)	Billy Joel
27	(23)	FOOLING YOURSELF	Styx
28	(29)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN	Sweet
29	(—)	ON BROADWAY	George Benson
30	(—)	TWO DOORS DOWN	Dolly Parton

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending April 29, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(2)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
3	(8)	LONDON TOWN	Wings
4	(5)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
5	(6)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
6	(4)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
7	(7)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
8	(3)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
9	(9)	WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson
10	(10)	AJA	Steely Dan
11	(15)	SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR	Jimmy Buffett
12	(11)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch
13	(12)	BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT	Roberta Flack
14	(19)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
15	(18)	EXCITABLE BOY	Warren Zevon
16	(14)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
17	(21)	CHAMPAGNE JAM	Atlanta Rhythm Section
18	(17)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
19	(16)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen
20	(13)	WAITING FOR COLUMBUS	Little Feat
21	(26)	VAN HALEN	
22	(22)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart
23	(23)	ALL 'N ALL	Earth Wind & Fire
24	(24)	STREET PLAYER	Rufus and Chaka Khan
25	(25)	INFINITY	Journey
26	(27)	BRING IT BACK ALIVE	The Outlaws
27	(—)	DOUBLE FUN	Robert Palmer
28	(—)	. . . AND THEN THERE WERE THREE . . .	Genesis
29	(20)	FLOWING RIVERS	Andy Gibb
30	(—)	WARMER COMMUNICATIONS	Average White Band

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited: Derek Johnson

DYLAN PLAYS SIX AT EARLS COURT

BOB DYLAN is at last coming to Europe! And the British leg of his tour comprises a string of six major concerts at London's giant Earls Court stadium on successive days in June.

Details of Dylan's visit have not yet been revealed officially, but an announcement is expected at the end of this week. This means that NME will be able to print full information of exact dates and booking arrangements next week.

Meanwhile, it's believed that the period of Dylan's season at Earls Court is From Thursday, June 15, to Tuesday, June 20, inclusive.

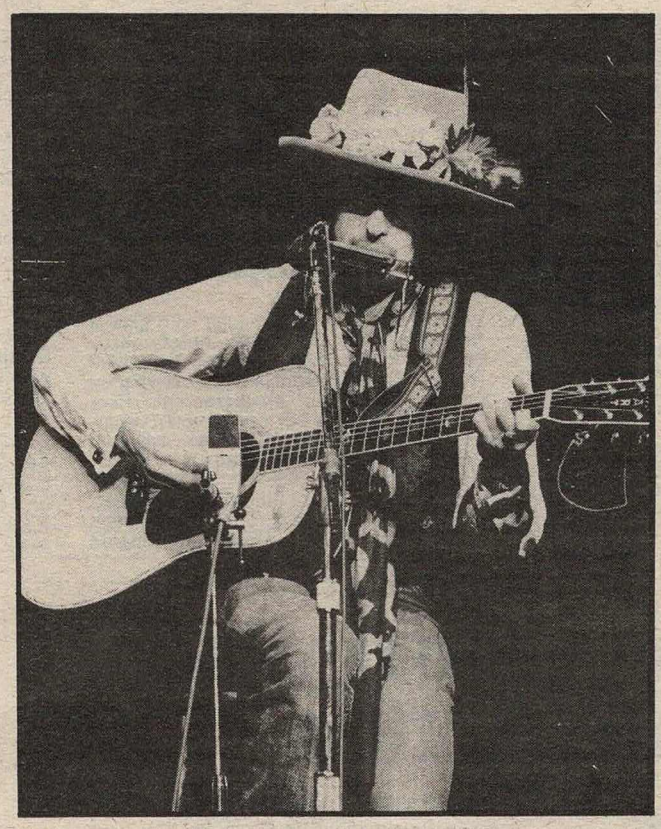
NME has been aware of Dylan's plans for three weeks but, at the request of British promoter Harvey Goldsmith, has refrained from printing them lest it should jeopardise final negotiations. But with contracts due to be signed today (Thursday), the deal is virtually clinched, and only a complete about-face by Dylan could sabotage the concerts.

It's understood that Dylan enjoyed his recent tour of Japan and Australia, and was keen to stay on the road. It seems likely that he's also in need of boosting his finances, following his divorce and the one-and-a-quarter million dollars he invested in the ill-fated film "Renaldo & Clara".

Dylan will also be playing in Scandinavia, Germany and France. Top promoters Lippman & Rau of Frankfurt are setting up the German dates, and Fritz Rau told NME that April 27 (today) is also the scheduled date for his contract signature.

NME enquiries reveal that Dylan will be appearing in Nuremburg on July 1, and in Paris for three nights the following weekend. He is also playing German dates in Dusseldorf and Berlin, probably in late June before the Nuremburg gig. His Scandinavian concerts are scheduled for around July 12 and 13.

Dylan will be bringing along the same 11-piece outfit with which he toured the Far East. It comprises Rob Stoner (bass), Billy Cross (lead guitar), Alan Tasqua (keyboards), Steven Sole (rhythm guitar), David Mansfield (violin, mandolin, dobro and pedal steel), ex-Crimson sideman Ian Wallace (drums), Steve Douglas (sax), Bobby Hall (percussion) and Debbi Douglas, Joanne Harris and Helena Springs (backing vocals).



The six Earls Court gigs will give 90,000 British devotees the opportunity of seeing Dylan in action in this country, for the first time since the near-legendary Isle of Wight Festival.

MODERN LOVERS: 17 GIGS

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the British tour, starting in a month's time, by Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers — plans for which were revealed exclusively by NME last week. It comprises 17 major dates, including two big London shows at Hammersmith, and it's possible that still more may be added.

The schedule so far is Bournemouth Winter Gardens (May 25), Oxford New Theatre (27), Derby Assembly Rooms (28), Newcastle City Hall (31), Glasgow Apollo (June 1), Leicester De Montfort Hall (4), Brighton Dome (5), Bristol Colston Hall (9), Birmingham Odeon (10), Portsmouth Guildhall (11), Edinburgh Odeon (14), Sheffield City Hall (15), Manchester Free Trade Hall (16), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (19), Cardiff University (21) and London Hammersmith Odeon (22) and 23).

Beck plays Knebworth

JEFF BECK makes his first major appearance in Britain for three years, when he performs at the Knebowrth open-air concert on Saturday, June 24. He's putting together a pick-up band specially for the event. And the bill is completed by the Atlanta Rhythm Section, currently high in the U.S. charts with their album "Champagne Jam" and single "Imaginary Lover". These two acts join the previously-reported line-up of Genesis, Jefferson Starship and Brand X.

VIBRATORS, SHAM 69, BUZZCOCKS TOURING

THE VIBRATORS

THE VIBRATORS begin the third leg of their British tour this weekend — though it's their first outing with new members Don Snow (keyboards) and Dave Birch (guitar) who, as reported last week, have replaced guitarist John Ellis in the line-up. The 16-date schedule aids promotion of their current album "V.2" and single "Automatic Lover", and it comprises:

Lincoln Drill Hall (tonight, Thursday), Great Yarmouth Vauxhall Holiday Park (Friday), Shrewsbury Tiffany's (Sunday), Slough College (May 3), Edinburgh University (5), Preston Polytechnic (6), Birmingham Barbarella's (10), Manchester Rafters (12), Sunderland Polytechnic (13), Ashington Regal Cinema (14), Blackburn King George's Hall (15), Bristol Locarno (16), Cambridge Corn Exchange (19), Portsmouth Locarno (21), Stafford Top Of The World (22) and Cheltenham Town Hall (23).

SHAM 69 are set for another string of gigs, starting on May 10 and continuing for a month, tied in with the promotion of their new Polydor single "Angels With Dirty Faces".

They play Newport Stowaway (May 10), Birmingham Mayfair (11), London Harlesden New Roxy Theatre (12), Portsmouth Locarno (14), Swansea Circles Club (15), Sheffield Top Rank (17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Edinburgh Clouds (19), Preston Polytechnic (20), Doncaster Outlook (22), Bristol Yate Stars and Stripes (25), Cambridge Corn Exchange (26), Crawley Sports Centre (27), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (31), Nottingham Sandpiper (June 1), Liverpool Eric's (2), Stafford Top Of The World (5), Coventry Locarno (6), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (7) and Retford Porthouse (9).

Venues for gigs in Manchester (May 21), Reading (24) and Colchester (June 8) have still to be finalised, and one or two more dates may be added later.

THE BUZZCOCKS headline another British tour, starting next weekend and lasting just over a month. So far 18 dates have been set, including a headlining gig at London Roundhouse, and it's possible that more may be added. The tour goes out under the banner of "Entertaining Friends", with Penetration as support act on all dates, with the likelihood of various other bands being added at different venues. The Buzzcocks, whos new single "I Don't Mind" has just been issued, play:

Liverpool University (May 5), Aylesbury Friars (6), Bath Pavilion (9), Cardiff Top Rank (10), Shrewsbury Tiffany's (12), Coventry Locarno (14), Newcastle City Hall (18), Bradford St. George's Hall (19), Bracknell Sports Centre (20), Southampton Top Rank (21), Middlesbrough Town Hall (25), Birmingham Mayfair (26), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (29), Dublin Stella (June 1), Belfast Ulster Hall (2), Glasgow Apollo (4), Aberdeen Music Hall (5) and Edinburgh Odeon (6).

NEWS WAVES

BLONDIE have now put back their next British tour until January next year. It was announced last week that they had decided to bring forward their tour, originally planned for late autumn, to September. But they've now been forced to changed their minds, because singer Debbie Harry is involved in discussions which will probably lead to her making a film later this year. However, the band may pay a promotional visit in the late summer.

THE CLASH have agreed to appear at Birmingham Babarella's this Sunday (30), so fulfilling a promise they made some months ago. Admission is restricted to 80p. Because of this, their appearance in the Anti-Nazi League carnival the same day — at London Hackney Victoria Park — has been timed for 3pm.

CHERRY VANILLA has made several changes in her British tour starting this weekend, cancelling three dates, but adding another three. Gigs off are at Rochdale Roc Club (May 6), Lincoln Theatre Royal (7) and Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (14). Newly booked are London Camden Music Machine (May 3), Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (6) and Chester Quaintways (8).

WIRE have set nine gigs, prior to going into the studios to record their second Harvest album. They play Plymouth Metro (tonight, Thursday), Birmingham Barbarella's (Friday), Harrogate P.G.'s (Saturday), Sheffield Limit Club (May 1), Keighley Nikkers (2), Wolverhampton Lafayette (5), Liverpool Eric's (6), Manchester Mayflower (7) and Doncaster Outlook (8).

QPR plan rock show

NME UNDERSTANDS that negotiations are well advanced for a big open-air rock concert to be staged at the Queen's Park Rangers football ground in Shepherds Bush, West London, in the late spring. Provisional date is believed to be Saturday, June 10.

It would be the second time the QPR club has staged such an event (the first was headlined by Yes), and the first major soccer stadium gig in London since the Charlton concert two years ago. Final decision hinges upon the granting of a licence, but it's felt that all GLC requirements have been met, and the club is optimistic about getting the go-ahead.

It's planned to feature about five big acts, including a couple of American attractions, in the show — which would last six or seven hours. There's speculation that one of the bands could be The Stranglers, who are searching for a prestige London venue, now that their two projected gigs at Alexandra Palace on June 6 and 7 seem to have fallen through.

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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

ON THE ROAD

BOWLES BROS. BAND support Don McLean on his British tour, opening at **London** Royal Albert Hall on May 1. They have a pre-tour gig in their own right at **London Hammersmith** Riverside Studios this Sunday (30).

THE CIMARONS play **Leeds** 'F' Club (May 1), **Newcastle** New Pine Theatre (2), **Glasgow** Cinders (4), **Aberdeen** University (5), **Dundee** University (6), **Edinburgh** Clouds (7), **Bradford** University (10), **Retford** Porterhouse (11), **Brighton** Sussex University (12), **Colchester** Essex University (13) and **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (16). After a European tour, they return to play **Birmingham** Digbeth Civic Hall (June 9), **Oxford** St. Edmund's Hall (17), **London** Alexandra Palace (18), **Manchester** Polytechnic (24), **Liverpool** Eric's (25) and **Plymouth** Polytechnic (July 1).

LINDISFARNE, whose reunion tour was announced last week, have brought forward their **Nottingham** University gig from May 6 to 4, and now play **Huddersfield** Polytechnic on May 6. Venue changes include **Preston** Guildhall instead of University (May 13), **Bradford** St George's Hall instead of University (17), **Edinburgh** Odeon instead of University (18) and **Eastbourne** Congress Theatre instead of Festival Hall (23). Their **Portsmouth** gig on May 28 is now confirmed for the Centre Hotel.

CHARLEY PRIDE has brought forward his show at **Liverpool** Empire to May 8, to avoid a clash with the May 10 European Cup Final, in which Liverpool F.C. are involved. And he has added a second night at **Ipswich** Gaumont on May 21.

STEEL PULSE follow their headlining gig at London Roundhouse last Sunday with a string of May dates, climaxing in another London concert. The reggae band preview their June debut album at **Birmingham** Top Rank (May 9), **Keele** University (10), **Doncaster** Outlook (11), **Leeds** Polytechnic (12), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (13), **Brighton** Top Rank (16), **Portsmouth** Locarno (18), **Dunstable** California (20), **Bournemouth** Village Bowl (22), **Bath** Tiffany's (23), **Plymouth** Woods Centre (24), **Penzance** The Garden (25), **Torquay** 400 Club (26) and **London Harlesden** New Roxy Theatre (27).

I. ROY arrives in Britain in June to play a number of selected dates around the country, Virgin Records confirmed this week . . and gospel singer **JESSE DIXON** starts a European tour on August 26, involving at least eight gigs in Britain.

JENNY HAAN'S LION are back on the road, now with keyboards man Kenny Newton replacing second guitarist Gren Frazer. They play **Swansea** Nutz Club (tonight, Thursday), **Basingstoke** Technical College (Friday), **London Woolwich** Thames Polytechnic (Saturday), **London Downham** Saxon Tavern (May 4), **Oxford** St Peter's College (6), **Blackpool** Jenkinson's (8), **Sheffield** Limit Club (9), **Scarborough** Penthouse (12) and **London Camden** Music Machine (13). Their new EMI single "Forgotten Dreams" is due out soon.

RIKKI AND THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH are back on the gig circuit, coinciding with the May 5 release of their DJM single "Twilight Jack". Supported by label-mates Satan's Rats, they play **Liverpool** Eric's (tonight, Thursday), **London Isleworth** Polytechnic (Friday), **Manchester** University (Saturday), **Bradford** Royal Standard (Sunday), **London** Marquee (May 1), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (3), **Exeter** Blue Lagoon (4), **Gloucester** venue to be announced (5), **Plymouth** Polytechnic (6), **Chelmsford** Chancellor Hall (7), **London Woolwich** Tramshed (9), **Brighton** Polytechnic (13), **Swindon** Affair (15), **Canterbury** Art College (18), **London New Cross** Goldsmiths College (19), **Lincoln** Bishop Grossteste College (20), **Dundee** University (26), **Aberdeen** University (27) and **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (29).

YACHTS are back on the road with gigs at **Newbridge** Club and Institute (this Sunday), **Swansea** Circles (May 1), **Reading** Bones Club (3), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (4), **Kirklevington** Country Club (5), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (6), **Whitley Bay** Rex Hotel (7), **Leicester** Phoenix Theatre (11), **London Islington** Hope and Anchor (12), **Brighton** New Regent (13), **Hatfield** The Forum (16), **Aberdeen** McRobert Hall (19), **Dumfries** Stagecoach (21), **Leeds** 'F' Club (25), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (26) and **London Kensington** Nashville (27).

JOHN WILLIAMS appears at **London** Royal Albert Hall next Tuesday (2), performing material from his new Cube LP "Travelling", his first contemporary album for three years. Special guest for the concert is **Ralph McTell.**

BRITISH LIONS, the band comprising former Mott and Medicine Head members, are supporting AC/DC on their British tour which opened yesterday (Wednesday). They also headline in their own right at **London** Marquee on May 8 . . . and reggae band **MATUMBI** support Ian Dury on his U.K. tour, opening in **Birmingham** on May 11.

FLOYD DIXON, the near-legendary West Coast R&B singer and piano man, makes his only British appearance on June 19 when he plays **London Kensington** Nashville.

WILKO JOHNSON SOLID SENDERS, the new name for the Wilko band, have added another four dates to their current tour— **Salisbury** Town Hall (May 18), **Port Talbot** Troubadour (19), **Oxford** Pembroke College (20) and **Chelmsford** Chancellor Hall (21).

STEVE HILLAGE BAND have added **Brighton** Top Rank —may 5) to their extensive U.K. tour, and their May 20 gig switches from **Malvern** Winter Gardens to **Reading** Hexagon.

AFTER THE FIRE have set three more **London** gigs — at Camden Music Machine (May 9), the Marquee (31) and Woolwich Tramshed (June 13). Another new date is at **Southend** Roots Club on May 14.

SPITERI, the London-based salsa band, begin a month-long Tuesday residency at **London Oxford St.** 100 Club on May 9. This replaces the venue's weekly punk gigs which, as reported last week, are now being dropped.

ELKIE BROOKS has added a second show at **Southampton** Gaumont to her British tour, which opens this Sunday (see Gig Guide). The extra gig is on May 29.

DAVID COVERDALE's White Snake play **St Albans** City Hall (May 6) and **Ashington** Regal Cinema (7), as a warm-up to a major concert tour they'll be undertaking in June, supporting a big-name act. Details are expected next week.

DIRE STRAITS are to support Climax Blues in their ten-day British tour, opening May 4. After appearing in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on May 16, they support Styx on their European tour (May 22-June 3). The band's first Phonogram album is issued on June 9, and they will be touring Britain in their own right that month to promote it.

FLAMIN' GROOVIES have added **Guildford** Civic Hall on May 31 to their upcoming British tour . . . and **GERRY RAFFERTY** has added **Coventry** Theatre on June 2 to his itinerary.

MAGAZINE have added another two dates to their British tour, reported two weeks ago — at **Cardiff** University (May 6) and **Manchester** Ritz (8).

SANDY DENNY DEATH SHOCK

SANDY DENNY, one of Britain's top contemporary folk singers, died last Friday (21). Earlier in the week, she fell down a flight of stairs and suffered a brain haemorrhage. She went into a coma, from which she never recovered.

After working with The Strawbs in their early days, she first established herself when she joined Fairport Convention in 1968. Two years later, she formed her own band Fotheringay, re-joining Fairport in 1974. She left again two years later to pursue a solo career, and last year headlined some concerts under the banner of Sandy Denny & Friends.

She was much respected by the critics, all of her albums — solo and with Fairport — receiving a varying degree of acclaim. She recorded several solo sets for Island, and was married to ex-Fairport member Trevor Lucas.

A tribute to Sandy appears in next week's NME.

At 63 degrees below zero my amps never sounded better.

Besides Scott Gorham on lead guitar, Thin Lizzy comprises Phil Lynott, Brian Robertson and Brian Downey.

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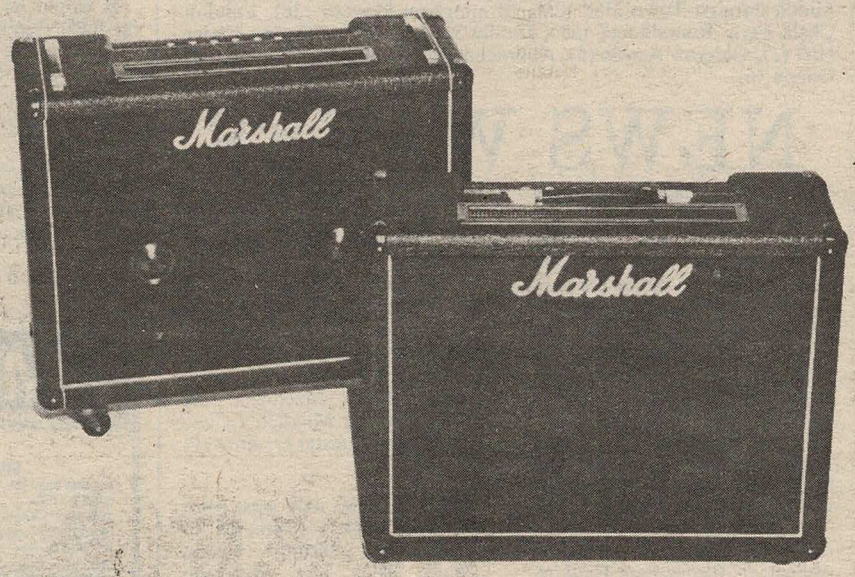

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NME NEWS

MADDY'S BACKING BAND

MADDY PRIOR has now completed the line-up of her backing band for her debut solo concert tour, opening May 11. It comprises Ray Flacke (guitar), Chris Stainton (piano and organ), Pat Donaldson (bass), John Lingwood (drums) and Kevin Savigar (synthesiser). Release of Maddy's previously-reported new single "Rollercoaster" has been delayed one week by Chrysalis, and now comes out on May 5.

MERGER ABANDON TOUR

MERGER, the new-wave reggae band, have abandoned plans for a British tour as they are busy preparing to record their second album — plus the fact that Winston Bennett has been dropped from the line-up, with Tony Cole coming in on keyboards. Barry Ford and Ivor Steadman are now in Jamaica, re-mixing the band's new single "Waterfalls", to which banjo and steel guitars have been added.

VISITORS CHANGE NAME

THE VISITORS are not on the verge of splitting, neither was their guitarist Joe Aleppo killed in a car accident earlier this month, as reported by two other music papers last week. To combat this rumour, they're changing their name to Solid State, and Joe is reverting to his real name of Mike Andrews. They're in the process of bringing in a new black lead singer, and are about to sign with Lightning Records.

DRONES HIT PROBLEMS

THE DRONES, the Manchester-based new-wave band, have run into two problems this month. First, guitarist Gary Callender quit due to the inevitable "musical and personal differences", but they've overcome that by deciding to remain a four-piece. The other snag is less easy to solve — they were signed to Manchester's Valer Records, but that company has now gone out of business, so they're busy looking for another label.

BOYFRIENDS WANT SINGER

THE BOYFRIENDS are looking for a new organist and vocalist, following the departure of Chris Smith, who played his last gig with them at London Marquee yesterday (Wednesday). He told NME he was leaving because he "wasn't happy with the musical direction the band is following", and he now intends to form his own outfit.

CHICKEN SHACK RE-FORM

CHICKEN SHACK, one of the leading British blues bands of the late '60s, have re-formed for the umpteenth time! Under original leader Stan Webb (guitar), they now comprise ex-Vinegar Joe bassist Steve York, ex-Babe Ruth drummer Ed Spevock, Robbie Blunt (guitar) and Dave Winthrop (sax). They've just recorded an album called "The Creeper" and they'll be going on a British tour to coincide with its release. Meanwhile they play a few warm-up gigs, including Bristol Granary tonight (Thursday).

Gibbons: 12 more dates

STEVE GIBBONS BAND have now added another dozen dates to their late-spring British tour itinerary, making 23 in all. The tour promotes their new Polydor album "Down In The Bunker", released on May 5 and produced by Tony Visconti.

New dates are at Derby Assembly Rooms (May 13), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (19), Loughborough Town Hall (24), Torquay Town Hall (29), Glasgow Tiffany's (June 1), Edinburgh Clouds (2), Bradford University (3). Guildford Civic Hall (5), Portsmouth Guildhall (6), Poole Arts Centre (7), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (10) and London Strand Lyceum (11).

There are five changes in their original 11 gigs, reported two weeks ago. Date switches are Sheffield City Hall (May 17 instead of 16), Shrewsbury Tiffany's (28 instead of 30), Bristol Colston Hall (30 instead of 26) and Nottingham Playhouse (June 4 instead of May 14). And on May 27, they now play Oxford Exeter College instead of Gloucester Leisure Centre.

Other previously-reported gigs at Redcar (May 12), Leeds (15), Hanley (18), Birmingham (20), Ashington (21) and Coventry (25) remain unchanged.

There's a chance of still more being added.

BOB PIAZZA of Little Bob Story

BOB STORY GIGS RESUMING AGAIN

LITTLE BOB STORY, who postponed their early-spring dates when their drummer quit, have now found a replacement in Vico Rebibo and resume giging next month.

The French band play London Dalston Cubies (opening of a new club on May 5), Brighton Polytechnic (6), London Fulham Golden Lion (7), Reading University (10), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (11), Dublin (12), Cork (13), Belfast Queen's University (16), Belfast Pound Club (17 and 18), Castle Douglas Town Hall (19), Edinburgh College of Art (20) and Cirencester Royal Agricultural College (26).

The band will continue gigging around Britain throughout June and July — futher dates to be announced shortly.

HARPER, FAIRPORT, CHIEFTAINS TOURS

ROY HARPER sets out on another short concert series this weekend, again backed only by Andy Roberts. He plays Bangor Univeristy (tomorrow, Friday), Bristol Technical College (Sunday), Oxford Town Hall (May 1), Bradford University (6), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (8), London School of Economics (10 and 11) and Nottingham Playhouse (14). Harper is also involved in a benefit rally for the Friends Of The Earth this Saturday (29), which climaxes in London's Trafalgar Square where he will be performing at about 2.30pm.

FAIRPORT CONVENTION — who, as previously reported, are one of the headliners in this summers's July Wakes Festival at Charnock Richard — are playing a number of concerts next month to promote their new Vertigo album "Tipplers Tales", released on May 12. They play Bournemouth Winter Garden (May 2), Banbury Winter Garden (3), Brighton Sussex University (4), Birmingham University (5), Durham University (6), Southport New Theatre (7), Glasgow venue to be confirmed (11), Edinburgh Heriot Watt Univeristy (12), Loughborough University (13), London Holborn Sound Circus (14), and Sheffield Crucible Theatre (17).

THE CHIEFTAINS play a short series of British concerts next month, prior to a European tour. Their itinerary has been arranged to accommodate venues which wouldn't normally be included in their schedule, following many requests for the group to visit towns off the usual circuit. Dates are Middlesbrough Town Hall (May 18), Warrington Parr Hall (19), Accrington Hyndburn Sports Centre (20), Bradford St. George's Hall (21), Stockport Davenport Theatre (22), Reading Hexagon (24) and Poole Wessex Hall (25).

KINKS DATES

THE KINKS make five selected concert appearances next month, as a warm-up for their extensive summer tour of the States. The gigs also mark the debut with the band of Jim Rodford (bass) and Gordon Edwards (keyboards), replacing Andy Pyle and John Gosling — who, as reported last week, have left to form their own group. They play Manchester Apollo (May 13), Liverpool Empire (14), Birmingham Hippodrome (15), Oxford New (18) and Newcastle City Hall (19). Tickets on sale now. The Kinks' new album and single, "Misfits" and "Rock'n'Roll Fantasy" respectively, are issued by Arista on May 5.

Lizzy for Wembley?

THIN LIZZY are being lined up for one or two major concerts at the giant Wembley Arena (formerly the Empire Pool), NME learned this week. They had originally intended playing there on May 30 and 31, and the Wembley box-office had tickets ready to go on sale this weekend for these dates.

But they have now been postponed because of the band's studio commitments and at presstime the promoter was trying to arrange alternative dates soon afterwards, either in the late spring or early summer. It's not yet known if they would play any other venues at the same time.

GRAND HOTEL, a five-piece band who've already built up a considerable following on the Greater London pub-and-club circuit, have signed a long-term worldwide deal with CBS Records. They're currently in the studios cutting demos, and will shortly be starting work on their debut album. Line-up comprises (left to right): GRAHAM BROAD (drums), GEORGE McFARLANE (bass and vocals), ROB GREEN (guitar and vocals), IVAN PENFOLD (guitar, keyboards and vocals) and COL CAMPSIE (vocals).

ROUND-UP

MOODIES COMEBACK SOON

THE MOODY BLUES' long-awaited reunion is finally about to happen! As reported last autumn, the five members — Justin Hayward, Graeme Edge, John Lodge, Mike Pinder and Ray Thomas — were recording together again after their long sabbatical for solo projects. The resulting comeback album is expected to be issued by Decca in early summer, and at the same time the Moodies will be setting out on a world tour, including Britain.

DOLLY AND TAMMY COMING

DOLLY PARTON and Tammy Wynette are both expected in Britain for concert appearances during the autumn. Exact period of Dolly's visit hasn't yet been set, but it's likely to be in October, when she'll headline a string of major dates. She'll be preceded by Tammy, who'll be doing the U.K. rounds in mid-September, playing about a dozen dates-

U.F.O. CONCERTS IN JUNE

U.F.O. are to headline a short series of British concerts in June, their London spokesman said on Monday. Dates are at present being finalised, and details are expected to be announced next week.

ROXY CLUB'S DEATH KNELL

THE ROXY CLUB in London's Covent Garden is finally doomed to closure, after it failed last week to get its music and dancing licence renewed. The GLC turned down the application after objections from the police, Camden Borough and local residents. It was also alleged that two of the men running the club were "of bad character". The Roxy was the mecca of London punk until early this year (when it changed hands), and two live albums were recorded there.

MORE TROUBLE FOR PROBY

P. J. PROBY has been sacked from the cast of the hit musical "Elvis" at London Charing-X Road Astoria. Alleging breach of contract, producer Ray Cooney commented: "He kept saying a lot of things that weren't in the script." Proby played the oldest of the three Presleys in the show. Auditions are now being held for a replacement because his stand-in, 23-year-old Shaun Simon, is considered too young for the part.

TYLA GANG'S NEW BASSIST

TYLA GANG have undergone a personnel change with the departure of bassist Brian Turrington to pursue other projects. A spokesman said the split was amicable, though brought about by personal differences due to "Sean Tyla's evil temper and Turrington's smelly feet." He's been replaced by Ken Whaley, formerly with Help Yourself, Ducks Deluxe and Man. The band have an album "You Need A Hit To Laugh" and a single "Tropical Love" due out shortly, to tie in with a British tour.

RECORD NEWS

Stones LP due in May

THE ROLLING STONES' first product under their new recording deal with EMI is released next month — a single on May 5, followed three weeks later by their long-awaited new album. The LP is titled "Some Girls", and it was recorded at EMI's Paris studios, and mixed and mastered in New York. The tracks are:

Miss You, When The Whip Comes Down, Just My Imagination, Some Girls, Lies, Faraway Eyes, Respectable, Before They Make Me Run, Beast of Burden and **Shattered.** All are Jagger-Richard compositions, except "Just My Imagination", which is the old Temptations hit.

The single, out at the end of next week, couples two tracks culled from the album — "Miss You" and "Faraway Eyes".

● **Iggy Pop's** live album "T.V. Eye: 1977 Live", recorded in America last year and featuring David Bowie playing keyboards on four tracks, is now officially set for May 5 release by RCA. It ties in with a ten-nation European tour by Iggy but, although he's been rehearsing in London, he's not planning any British dates at this time.

● A single by **Nazareth** titled "Place In Your Heart", taken from their current album "Expect No Mercy", is issued by Mountain this week. It was written and produced by Manny Charlton.

● A **Kraftwerk** single titled "The Robots", and edited version of a track from their album "The Man Machine", is issued by Capitol on May 5. Out on the same day and label is "Our Love" by **Natalie Cole.**

● Among other May 5 singles are "Mickey Mouse" by **The Goodies** and "Bamalama" by **La Belle Epoque** (both on EMI), "Oh Carol" by **Smokie** (Rak) and "Davy's On The Road Again" by **Manfred Mann's Earth Band** (Bronze). Issued simultaneously by Island is a five-track EP by the **Spencer Davis Group,** featuring five of their hits from a decade ago, including "Keep On Running" and "Somebody Help Me".

● **Heart,** whose releases have been held up for a year due to a legal dispute between Mushroom Records and Portrait Records, are back in action again. The case has been resolved, and their previously-restrained album "Magazine" is issued through Arista this weekend, together with a single taken from it titled "Heartless".

● **Joe Walsh** has at last finished his debut album for Asylum, titled "But Seriously, Folks", and it's scheduled for worldwide release on June 16. Walsh has now rejoined the rest of **The Eagles** in Miami, where they're working on their new album.

● **Steve Hillage's** new single, issued this weekend by Virgin, is his version of Lennon & McCartney's "Getting Better". Same label releases a double A-side single by **Wilko Johnson Solid Senders** on May 5, coupling "Walking On The Edge" and "Doctor Dupree". And the debut album by **Magazine,** titled "Real Life", comes out on Virgin on June 2.

● May 12 is now the official release date set by United Artists for the new **Stranglers** album "Black And White".

● CBS singles this weekend include "Take Me To The Next Phase" by the **Isley Brothers** and "Season" by **Deniece Williams,** while on their Epic label there's "Get Back Leroy" by **Joe Tex** and "Mixed-Up Shook-Up Girl" by ex-Kursaals singer **Paul Shuttleworth.**

● Chiswick Records are rush releasing a new single by **Johnny Moped** titled "Little Queenie", coupled with a new live version of "Hard Loving Man". And on June 9 they issue **Advertising's** first album, a 14-track set called "Advertising Jingles".

● A new label called Aura Records, distributed by Arista, debuts next month with the release of an **Annette Peacock** album "X-Dreams". Among backing musicians featured are Mick Ronson, Bill Bruford, Chris Spedding, Jimmy Mullen and Pete Lemer. A single from the LP, a reworking of the Presley classic "Don't Be Cruel", comes out on May 5.

● **Isaac Hayes** is back in action with a single titled "Moonlight Lovin' ", released by Polydor on May 5. Out on the same day and label are "N-n-e-r-v-o-u-s" by **Trash** and "Waiting Here For You" by **Rab Noakes.**

● United Artists have signed **Connie Francis,** who arrived in London this week to record a new album for the label.

Pleasers for London show

THE PLEASERS headline a major London concert on Saturday, May 6, at the New Roxy Theatre in Harlesden — where, as reported last week, Sham 69 also appear on May 12. The venue has also confirmed dates by Gregory Isaacs (May 13) and Fred Locks and the Creation (27).

RICH KIDS EXTRA

THE RICH KIDS have added three last-minute dates to their mini-tour, and they're being joined on several of their gigs this week by Small Faces keyboards man Ian MacLagan.

He was playing with them at their London Lyceum show last night (Wednesday), and he's expected to do so in their extra gigs — which are at Salford University (tomorrow, Friday), Huddersfield Polytechnic (Saturday) and Norwich St Andrew's Hall (Sunday).

MacLagan is also featured in the band's upcoming new album, which is preceded on May 19 by their second EMI single titled "Marching Men."

Helen Reddy for Palladium

HELEN REDDY was this week confirmed to headline at the London Palladium for three days next month — on May 11, 12 and 13. She was originally scheduled to play just one night at the venue (May 12) as part of the "Golden Festival Of Stars", sponsored by Townshend Thorensen, but the event was subsequently scrapped.

Two other acts who were to have been involved in the festival, Diana Ross and Gladys Knights & The Pips, have already been re-scheduled for the Palladium by promoter Derek Block — who has now also clinched Helen.

There are four performances — at 8.30 pm on the Thursday (11), 8.00 on Friday, and 6.15 and 9.00 on Saturday. Tickets are on sale now prices £7.50, £5, £3.50 and £2.50. At least one of the shows will be recorded by Capitol for future release as a live album.

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THRILLS

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MINDLESS AGGRESSION

WHO'LL BE THE NEXT IN LINE?

QUAKE in your pointed-toe Denson boots and keep your fingers firmly crossed, all ye who would venture into the world of pop stardom — The Shitkicker is at hand!

Yes, we here at Thrills feel it's time for some introductions. . . So meet The Shitkicker, the smartass putdown merchant who dreams up all those sneaky remarks hidden away down the side of the Thrills pages — which have already, in three short weeks, stirred up countless controversies and lost the ol' NME literally hundreds of outraged readers.

And the denizens of showbiz tremble.

Indeed, following last week's scathing, and completely unwarranted, attack on Phil Lynott, at least one up-and-coming young Irish rocker was heard tremulously worrying whether the boot would go in in his direction next — a suggestion which simply caused The Shitkicker to sneer contemptuously with amazement that such upstarts should consider themselves halfway worthy of his venom.

The Shitkicker spits upon you!

Enjoy your anonymity, ye wormlike faceless ones — for where the spotlight falls, only death and derision await you.

How much longer are we gonna take all this crap from Charles Shaar Murray?

MINDLESS AGGRESSION

COOK, JONES THUNDERS IN SLEAZE PIT CSN&Y

THE FIRST SERIOUS ATTEMPT by any of the former members of The Sex Pistols to activate a new band was premiered by Paul Cook and Steve Jones last Saturday in sleepy old London town.

For while Johnny Rotten slumps further and further into making a vocation out of supercilious put-downs — he reminds me of a juvenile Bill Grundy every time he opens his wretchedly cynical gob — and Sid Vicious and his boring girlfriend drain the last dregs of gutter press intrigue out of their one pathetic talent for self-abuse, before dissolving into the anonymity that is their only feasible destiny ("come in, Mr. and Mrs. Vicious, you're 15 minutes is up"), the other two Pistols got together alongside ex-Dolls/Heartbreakers jive boy Johnny Thunders, with a bass player in the form of French teenager Henri Paul, to play their first ever set down at (where else?) the Speakeasy.

The gig itself had been arranged prior to the coalition by Thunders and Speak manager Jimmy Carter-Fey, supposedly as just another in Thunders' series of impromptu Living Dead liaisons. Indeed, both Jones and Cook (not to mention dear old Sid Vicious) have put in one-off appearances alongside J.T. and his floating cast of dissolute Saturday evening comrades-in-arms like Peter Perrett and Mike Kellie of The Only Ones over the last couple of months.

But this performance was a more serious affair — even if the shambolic spirit so prevalent at the latter series of gigs was still present.

Ever since The Heartbreakers split to the States for a Yuletide vacation and found themselves stuck there literally for months with only the cold comfort of Transatlantic rumours that their London-based centre-pin had ditched his comrades in frustration, or that manager Leee Childers had done the dirty on them, Thunders had remained faithful to the concept of a Heartbreakers reformation first and foremost. At first, the Speakeasy gigs and solo recording activity were little more than ways of supporting himself plus family through a few lean months.

Then, after a one-single/one-album deal was signed with Anchor subsidiary Real Records under the aegis of A&Rist Dave Hill, Thunders himself immediately financed a flight back for Mssrs Walter Lure and Billy Rath, plus an unknown U.S. drummer name of Spider that the latter pair had found and considered good enough to fill the long departed Jerry Nolan's drum-stool. This reunion was consolidated some weeks back — but the subsequent rehearsals proved dissillusioning to Johnny Thunders, who, during his Living Dead sorties, had felt more inclined to use self-penned material that was slower and less rama-lama rock-out orientated than The Heartbreakers' previous staple diet.

The result then, after a handful of rehearsals, was a disgruntled Thunders deciding to opt out of the reformation and concentrate more on his solo career.

Not long after that, Thunders ran into infamous buffoon and publicist B. P. Fallon — a man whose P.R. rep has taken quite amazing leaps and dives in its time but whose work in successfully hoisting budding boyos The Boomtown Rats onto the British public has recently upped his credibility quotient considerably — at a Patti Smith reception. The guitarist requested Fallon's aid in managing him.

Fallon had in fact almost worked as The Heartbreakers' publicist before and now he happily agreed to become Thunders' manager — but not before Johnny had more or less been forced to sign a long-term deal with Anchor/Real (again, purely as a solo attraction) in order to pay for his newly-acquired London flat.

However, infinitely more encouraging than Thunders' blighted recording situation is the current alliance with Cook and Jones.

It's been no secret that both Pistols have virtually idolised Thunders — Jones, in particular, used the Dolls guitarist as his premier model and inspiration, while Cook openly admits that the Pistols "ripped the Dolls off something rotten", particularly at the outset. Thunders, on the other hand, holds both Jones and Cook in the highest regard as rock musicians. An alliance 'twixt the two parties has seemed more than obvious ever since the Pistols split.

The actual coming-together has been slow, however, what with Jones and Cook poncing around in Rio with Ronnie Biggs to little productive avail. Indeed, when our own Charles Shaar Murray questioned the just-returned Cook on whether he and his ally were seriously considering working with Thunders, the answer was strictly in the good natured negative.

Feelings, though, have definitely changed. The whole of last week was spent deep in rehearsals, with Cook, Jones, Thunders and bassist Henri Paul working on a repertoire of The Chantays' "Pipeline", Nancy Sinatra's "These Boots Are Made For Walking", Derek Martin's "Daddy Rolling Stone", Bo Diddley's "Pills", the Dolls' "Subway Train", Thunders' own "So Alone," "You're So Strange", Leave Me Alone (a.k.a. "Chatterbox"), "She's So Untouchable", "London" (ironically Thunders' retort to the Pistols' vitriolic "New York"), and "Too Much Junky Business", plus both sides of his solo single "Dead Or Alive"/"Downtown", which is due out on Real Records next month.

No Sex Pistols songs have been worked up so far — but if things go as planned, Steve Jones will be contributing his own songs and singing them as well. One of Jones' newest creations, "Black Leather", has already been worked out by the collective, with Steve taking lead vocals, while he mostly contents himself with back-up vocals on other songs.

As yet, no permanent moniker has been granted to this burgeoning combo (at some premature stage, Thunders wanted "Johnny Thunders' Rebels" but that has since been nixed) and there is still a plethora of contractual details ready to act as a big hindrance to any activity.

The first gig was hardly an auspicious introduction, mark you.

The band's first-time-round sloppiness was exaggerated somewhat by Thunders himself, who was embarrassingly "out of it". He staggered around the stage, eyes glazed, voice completely shot and barely keeping his balance, but somehow kept buoyant by the thrashing rock steady beat provided principally by Paul Cook, hero of the hour and the one participant who seemed fully in control of his side of the action.

Steve Jones kept mostly to rhythm, along with the odd Pete Townshend windmill powerchord thrash and a bunch of back-up vocals. Sober and alert, however, he reminded me of Keith Richard during those Ronnie Wood live gigs of four years back, when Wood's screw-ups were infuriating Richard to the point where he was deliberating just when and how to take over the spotlight himself.

Bassist Henri Paul kept to the back, trying to look cool with the classic fag slanted out from the edge of his mouth. His cool quotient was damaged irreparably however, when on further scrutiny one noticed that the fag itself wasn't lit . . .

Oh yes, and ex-Heartbreaker Walter Lure clambered onstage to perform a rather embarrassing Jaggeresque mince while abetting Thunders on vocals for "Junky Business" and "Chinese Rocks", merely proving that he should never mount onstage without a guitar strapped on.

Not, as I said earlier, an auspicious debut, but still — amidst the first shot calamities and Thunders' abysmal stupor there were signs and sparks of greased lightning skidding haphazardly off the stage. Thunders' and Jones' fretboard interaction on "Pipeline", for example, has that same clout that I'd not felt since the heyday of the MC5's rock-out epiphanies while during other moments when everything gelled, there was a sonic cut and thrust to the music that made you shudder with pleasure.

Right now, those who wish not to be quoted by name claim that both Jones and Cook are well into the coalition, though are concerned with Thunders' excesses. Immediate plans call for the band to record "Pipeline" at the very least, and they will probably work as a unit for the whole of Thunders' up-coming album.

As far as Thunders is concerned, though, it is his last shot. If he blows this one, it really is all over.

Brooklyn sass meets Shepherds Bush rock action. At its best, it's an intoxicating mixture, no doubt about it.

Fallon stresses the word "tentative". I hope that it might turn out to be "for sure", because if it works there'l be fireworks a-plenty. Meanwhile, all you can do is wait — oh, and place your bets now.

NICK KENT

THRILLS

DEAD BOY NEARLY GETS DEAD

DEAD BOYS drummer Johnny Blitz came the closest he's ever going to get to living out the band's name without actually

winding up at the crematorium, when he was attacked and almost killed last week.

It happened at around 4.00 am last Wednesday morning, when he and one of the band's roadies were walking down New York's 2nd Avenue after leaving the Bowery nitespot CBGBs.

Blitz and his companion became involved in a shouting match with a passing carload of Puerto Ricans, which culminated in them leaping from their car and assaulting Johnny Blitz, who wound up in Belle Vue Hospital, where he was treated for stab wounds around his heart and lungs.

After ten hours' heart surgery, the doctors announced that Blitz would survive — though he'll be out of action for a long time. He is still in the intensive care unit.

His companion is currently being held by the New York police.

THRILLS

Ponzing about the country posing as a pop star, playing dodgy old R&B licks he learnt offa The Pretty Things . . .

BOSTON BARMAN EXPLAINS MEANING OF 'NEW WART'

I'D LIKE TO DESCRIBE Willie 'Loco' Alexander, Boston New Wave Cult Figure, as a man of immaculate dress sense, enormous sensitivity, and a sober, retiring disposition.

I'd like to, but the fact that he spent the afternoon slouching in an executive armchair, hat on backwards, feet on table, quaffing slugs of neat vodka, doesn't make it that easy. But it did restore my faith in humanity.

Assisted at all times by his equally entertaining bassist, Severin Grossman, Willie gradually unravelled the history of his 15 years as a veteran of the Boston bar band circuit. It ran rather like a drunkenly edited movie script.

He told me about his highly organised work with the post-Lou Reed Velvet Underground.

"I toured with them for a while, playing piano and singing. I didn't even know the chord changes on most of the songs. By about the eighth gig, I finally got a semblance of what to do."

It wasn't til '75 that he established his own Garage Records.

"It was just a post office box, with a dog named Chunga as a lawyer. I was always talking about referring contracts to Mr Chunga. No-one ever knew he was a dog."

I got him onto reminiscing about managers he had known and loved. It appeared that he worked best with men who shared his gentle, withdrawn outlook on life.

"I think he ended up killing some people," he reflected about an early bossman. "He's in a nuthouse now. He was always bragging about running people over, and stuff like that . . . We needed him at the time."

Under a slightly more official mamagement, Willy, together with Severin, David McLean (drums) and Billy Loosigian (guitar), formed Willy Alexander and The Boom Boom Band. They whipped up an enormous following overnight with their strange amalgam of rock'n'roll, R&B, and New Wave.

As evinced by the spontaneity of his past history, nothing even remotely connected with The Boom Boom Band could be called premeditated. He described the writing of one number, "Kerouac", as "an accident . . . like most of my songs."

Their debut album was recorded in only one week. Did they consider cutting a basic tape, and then improving it?

Severin: "No. The impact of the thing right there and then is what's really important. You don't need more than that time."

Willie: "In the old days, it was one microphone, one take. It was exciting. It was raw."

He also made it clear that by never playing two sets the same, by not including a lyric sheet with the album, and by changing the lyrics of the songs every night, he was trying to preserve some sense of the spontaneity with which they were written.

It would also make it harder for critics to intellectualise about his music. Anything that kept him away from direct contact with his audience was "a total misunderstanding."

"I don't want to do festivals. Playing to some guy half a mile away, baked out of his brains — that's not contact. I've got to *see* a reaction."

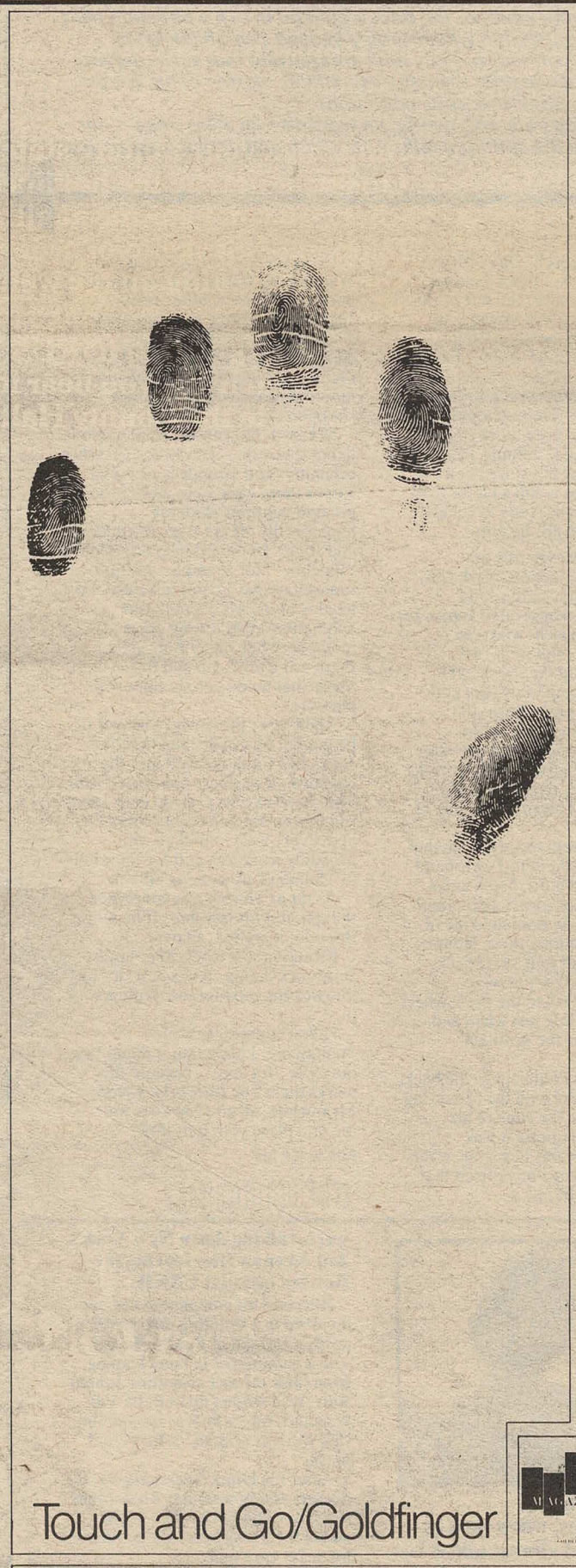
In between snatches of booze-ridden conversation about obscene movies, punctuated by his snapping a few holiday pics of your roving reporter and lensman, I managed to elicit this final statement.

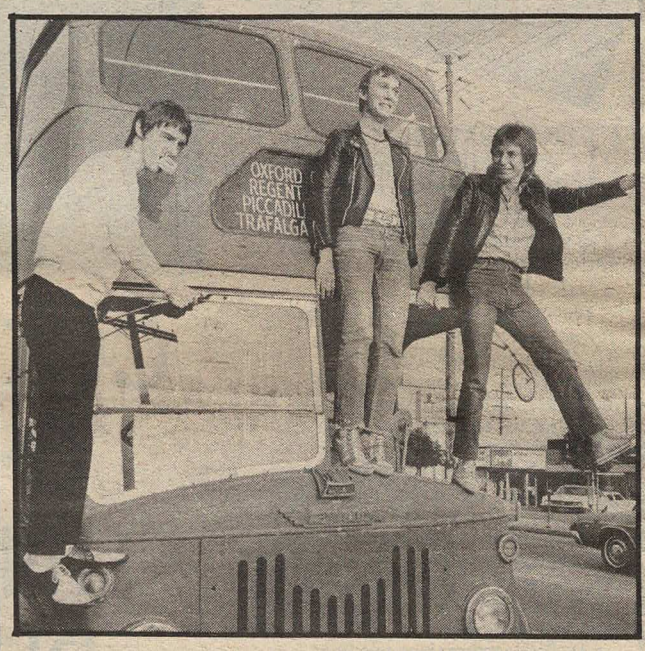
In what respect do you think you're New Wave?

"Call it New Wart, New Warp . . . anything. It was rock'n'roll when it started. Then everybody became intellectuals cos they dropped a lot of acid — seeing God every time they listened to a record. And it just got out of hand, and the music got more and more bland. Now all this New Warp, it's just coming back to rock'n'roll . . . the basic energy of rock'n'roll. That's all it is."

MARK ELLEN THRILLS

Getting like this took 15 years . . . WILLIE ALEXANDER. Pic: ROB HALL





JAM in L.A. on hi-jacked bus. Pic: JUDI LESTA.

JAMMIN' USA

"WE PREFER TO DO standing venues. I mean, our band is, like, to dance to, not sit back and listen. We've had some ridiculous situations on this tour. Twenty-thousand-seaters. We're just not a band that can play to people like that. It's a different scale over 'ere, right. I mean, you call a small venue, say, like two thousand people, which is pretty large in England."

Yeah, first time in America, boys? It's always the same — and The Jam are no exception. Bruce Foxton, in L.A., continues the tale:

"We done a gig in Arizona just before we come 'ere and that was a circular stage. And it rotated. And it was a seated venue. Well, we want to play straight out. 'Cause, I mean, you start to, say, turn on a few people in one area and they had to wait seven minutes before we come round again so they could see us, you know. A real ridiculous situation.

"And another thing we was really pissed off about, when they did stand up and dance they got thrown out."

The Jam's largest gigs were opening for Blue Oyster Cult and Angel. How were they?

"They really bore the ass off me." But, "they've been pretty fair. I mean, I've knocked Blue Oyster Cult enough. I don't like their music. That's all I don't like about them and we shouldn't have been billed with them."

With only two nights in Los Angeles, the band didn't have much time for sightseeing. ("We've seen the signposts to all the famous places.") But had they managed to see anyone else's gigs?

"We went along to one last night, at the Whiskey. It's about six months behind what's happening in England. I dunno . . . . the bands seem to be a lot better in England. I haven't been really knocked out by many new wave bands recently. I think that's basically because I'm so tired of it.

"People have said, 'Well, how important is it for you to make it in the States?' Obviously we'd like to. But we're not gonna sit down and say, 'Well, look guys, what we're doing now is not sort of winning the crowds over. We're gonna have to get lasers and an incredible light show and grow our hair.' They've just got to take it or leave it, really. It's only us that's going to lose by it."

Could you see moving to New York or Los Angeles?

"Not at the moment, I couldn't . . . . and if I had a lot of money I could afford to stay in England whatever the tax problems are."

BECKY SUE EPSTEIN THRILLS

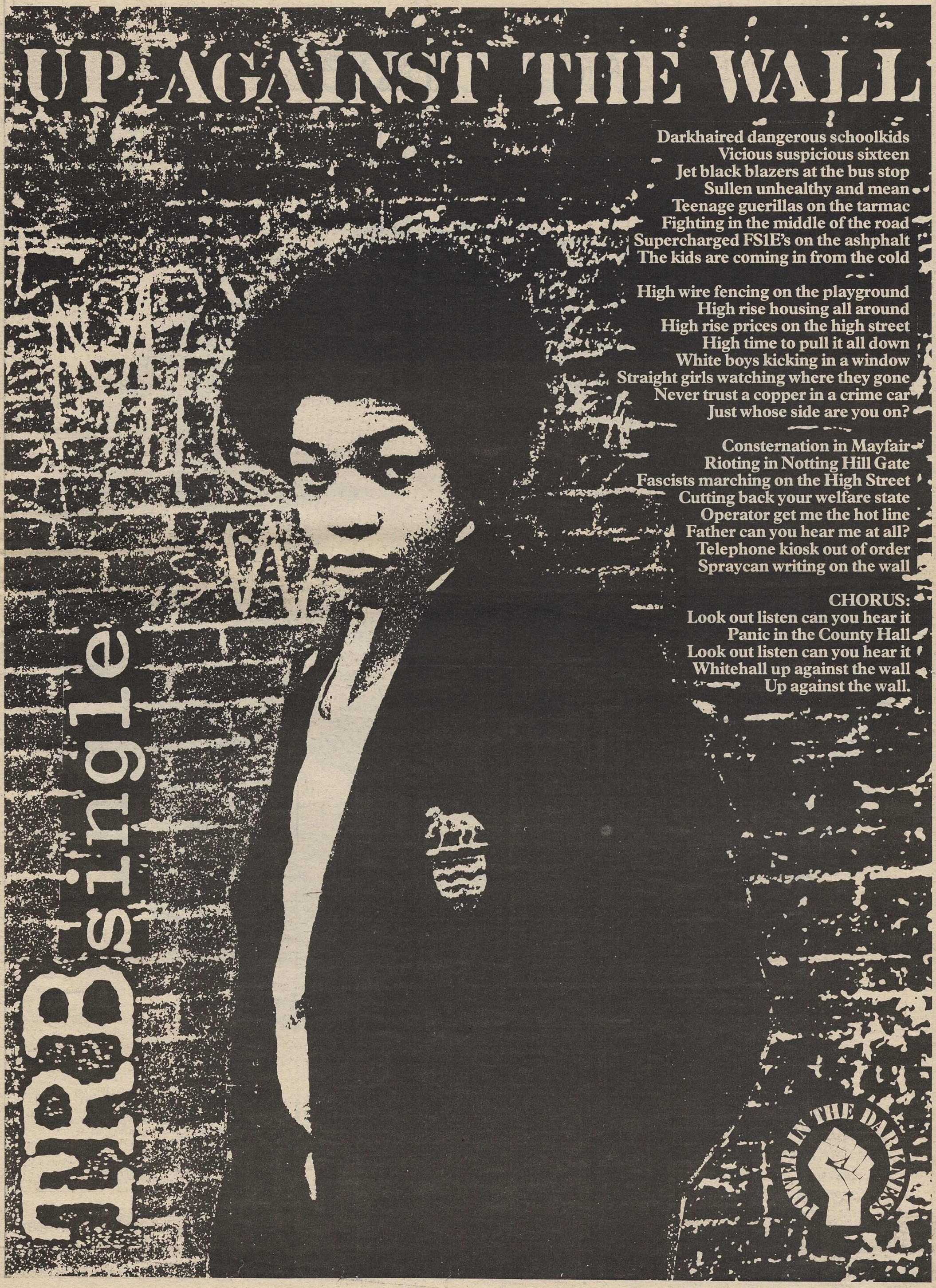
UP AGAINST THE WALL

Darkhaired dangerous schoolkids
Vicious suspicious sixteen
Jet black blazers at the bus stop
Sullen unhealthy and mean
Teenage guerillas on the tarmac
Fighting in the middle of the road
Supercharged FS1E's on the ashphalt
The kids are coming in from the cold

High wire fencing on the playground
High rise housing all around
High rise prices on the high street
High time to pull it all down
White boys kicking in a window
Straight girls watching where they gone
Never trust a copper in a crime car
Just whose side are you on?

Consternation in Mayfair
Rioting in Notting Hill Gate
Fascists marching on the High Street
Cutting back your welfare state
Operator get me the hot line
Father can you hear me at all?
Telephone kiosk out of order
Spraycan writing on the wall

CHORUS:
Look out listen can you hear it
Panic in the County Hall
Look out listen can you hear it
Whitehall up against the wall
Up against the wall.



Roast Beef with a taste of blueberry pie.

If your taste is for blues-based rhythm 'n' roll then 'SHINE ON', the latest album from CLIMAX BLUES BAND, should surely satisfy your appetite. British born but American acclaimed, CLIMAX BLUES BAND'S music is a sophisticated blend of raw energy, seasoned musicianship and inventive ideas. 'SHINE ON', their new album, provides stunning confirmation of their talent.

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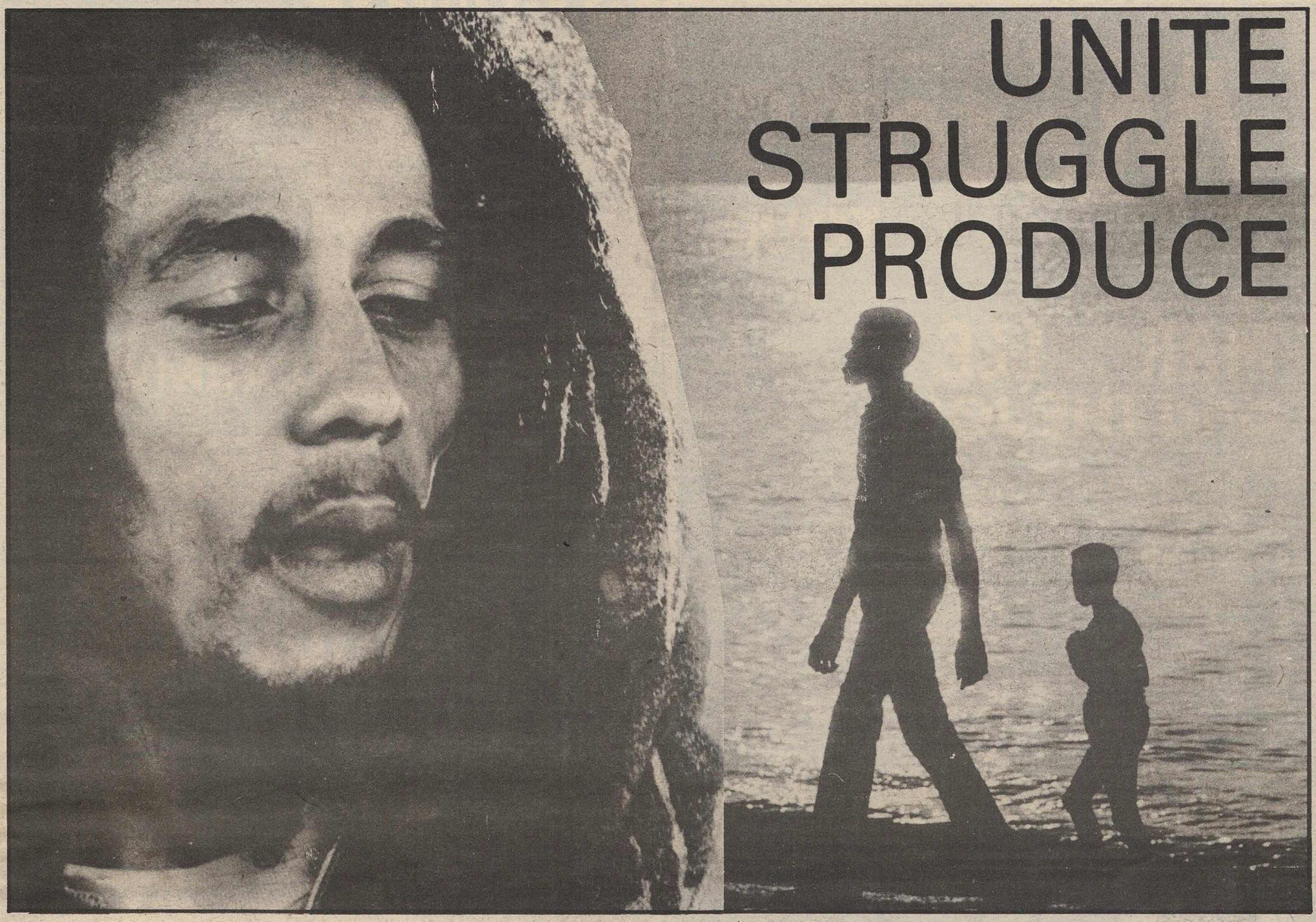
4 Birmingham Hippodrome
5 Lancaster University
6 Queen Margaret Union, Glasgow
7 Manchester Apollo
8 Sheffield City Hall
9 Cardiff Top Rank
10 Plymouth Castaways
May 11 Poole Leisure Centre
12 **Torquay Town Hall**
13 Leicester Polytechnic
14 Bristol Hippodrome

Available on Warner Bros. records and tapes K56461

Pic: ADRIAN BOOT



UNITE STRUGGLE PRODUCE

Bob Marley returns to Jamaica for the first time since his attempted assassination. NEIL SPENCER cabled this report.

KINGSTON, SATURDAY

BENEATH RASTAFARIAN banners and a full Caribbean moon, Jamaica's two leading politicians — Prime Minister Michael Manley and opposition leader Edward Seaga — shook hands on stage at Saturday's "One Love" peace concert headed by Bob Marley.

Assembled for the sight were nearly 200 of the world's press, including camera crews and journalists from America, Europe and Cuba, and upwards of 20,000 people, who half-filled the massive National Stadium where the concert took place under heavy police and military guard.

Held to commemorate the 12th anniversary of the visit of Emperor Haile Selassie to Jamaica, and to raise funds for the Peace Movement, the concert took place in an atmosphere of devotion and optimism, an emotion given further dimension by the massive nationalist slogans surrounding the arena: "Build Jamaica With Discipline", "Unite Struggle Produce", etc.

Besides the politicians going through what was evidently a pre-arranged ritual, the audience was also witness to the sight of the top-ranking gunmen from the previously warring ghettos of West Kingston embracing each other and dancing together like excited football fans.

These were two men like Bucky Marshall and Claudie Massop, who a few months ago were facing each other down over gun barrels. Since last January, when suddenly 'peace broke out', they have been working together in the Peace Movement, and these last few days had given press conferences at Marley's former home in Hope Road, Kingston, where the singer himself had been gunned down in December 1976.

This was the first time Marley had set foot in Jamaica since that incident.

On the bill were some of the cream of Jamaica's musicians. First off Lloyd Parks and We People provided the backing for a stunning salvo of talent as The Meditations, Dillinger, The Mighty Diamonds, Culture, Dennis Brown, Trinity, Leroy Smart and ten-year-old Junior Tucker all delivered excellent sets, with the zany Culture outstanding. Althia and Donna also came on to sing . . . guess what!

Around this time the only disturbance of any real size took place, when a number of people decided to storm the McDonald tunnel entrance. An hour of violent skirmishes followed before the police and heavily armed soldiers sealed the entrance, but not before about 200 people had entered.

The next two acts — Jacob Miller & Inner Circle and Big Youth — provided completely different interpretations of the rasta and reggae heritage. Miller was wildly energetic, lewd and comic with his populist anthems; Youth cool, elegant, and devotional.

During Miller's set, Manley and Seaga arrived and, shortly after, Killer Miller donned a riot policeman's helmet and paraded along the stage smoking a spliff and singing "Peace Treaty Is Coming Home Hurrah" to the tune of "Johnny Comes Marching Home".

It's unlikely that any of the political dignitaries present took exception to Miller's buffoonery, but many were evidently ill-at-ease during a Peter Tosh set that was strictly 'no jesterin'.

The former Wailer, clad in a black judo suit and guerilla beret, interspersed his set with lengthy oratorical denunciations of social injustice and paeans to black pride, and directed a harangue at Prime Minister Manley personally on the subject of Jamaica's ganja laws before playing "Legalize It" which he dedicated to "all those who have been humiliated for an ickle draw of jah herb".

Just to rub salt in establishment wounds he smoked a spliff onstage while a dread blew cumulus clouds of ganja from a chalice stage front, defying arrest by the many assembled soldiers and policemen.

The ferocity of Tosh's malevolent and obscenity-studded diatribes were more than matched by the set he played, with Tosh standards like "400 Years", "Burial" and "Stepping Razor" being given dazzling workouts by a band which boasted the finest rhythm section on the island in Sly Dunbar (drums) and Robbie Shakespeare (bass), who was this critic's choice as man of the match.

Recently signed to Rolling Stones Records in the U.S., Tosh was watched from the wings by Mick Jagger, who witnessed that the Stones have acquired a dangerously powerful foil for their upcoming American tour. The previous day Jagger described the peace concert as "very important".

It was left to Ras Michael and the Sons of Negus to consecrate the stage with a stately set of rasta drums and chanting before Bob Marley and the Wailers belatedly took the stage for the finale.

It was interesting that, of the three original Wailers, Tosh was adopting a vigorous rebel image, Marley was working alongside the establishment, and Bunny Wailer was conspicuous by his absence.

Clearly under some strain, Marley put in an energetic and almost desperate performance for the assembled media host. After opening with two rastafarian hymns, he ran through a selection af "Natural Mystic", "Natty Dread", "Rastaman Vibration", "War", "Jamming" and "Trenchtown Rock" before the ritual of joining together the politicians.

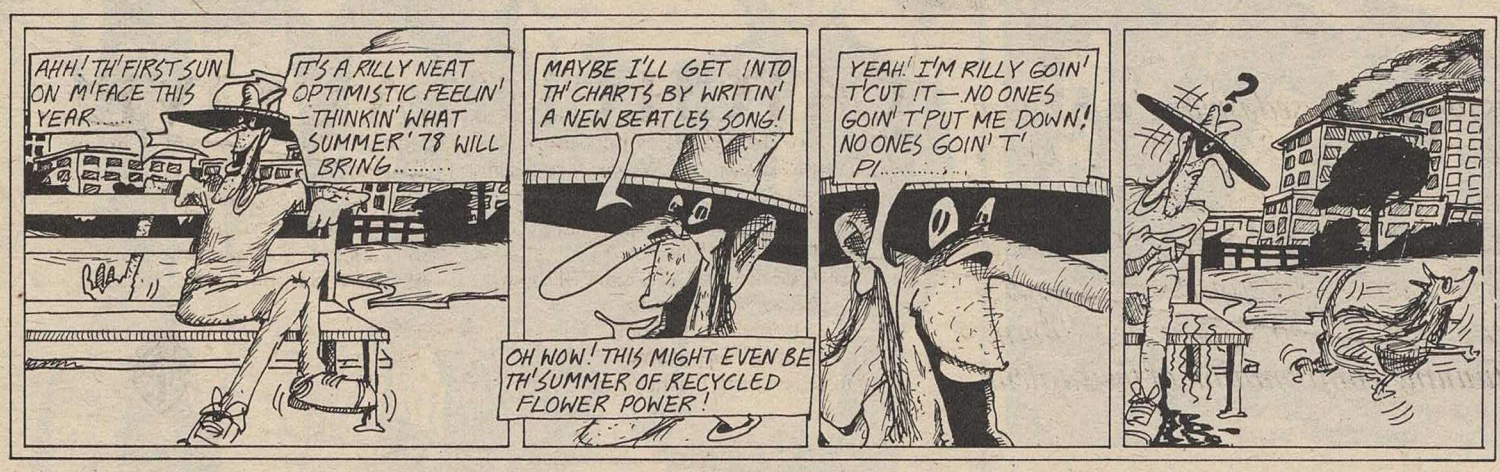
In many ways it was a moment of paradox and anti-climax, but besides attracting welcome funds for the Peace Movement — a movement which clearly matters enormously to ordinary Jamaicans — the concert proves that Jamaica's future is intimately bound up with the doctrine of rastafari.

NEIL SPENCER

THRILLS

FULL REPORT AND PHOTOS IN NEXT WEEK'S NME

The Lone Groover — BENYON


AHH! TH' FIRST SUN ON M' FACE THIS YEAR.....
IT'S A RILLY NEAT OPTIMISTIC FEELIN' - THINKIN' WHAT SUMMER '78 WILL BRING.....
MAYBE I'LL GET INTO TH' CHARTS BY WRITIN' A NEW BEATLES SONG!
OH WOW! THIS MIGHT EVEN BE TH' SUMMER OF RECYCLED FLOWER POWER!
YEAH! I'M RILLY GOIN' T'CUT IT — NO ONES GOIN' T'PUT ME DOWN! NO ONES GOIN' T' PI.....

. . . pretending to be a 'real man' even though he hates football, only drinks slimline Hemeling and has given up his beloved junk food in a pathetic attempt to attain some sort of 'visual' image. . .

The Motors TOUR

with their guests

MARSEILLE and THE JOLT.

MAY		
1	BIRMINGHAM	Town Hall
2	CARDIFF	Top Rank
3	OXFORD	College of Education
4	BOURNEMOUTH	Village Bowl
5	CAMBRIDGE	Corn Exchange
6	MALVERN	Wintergardens
7	MANCHESTER	New Ritz
8	EDINBURGH	Tiffany's
9	DUNDEE	Caird Hall
10	GLASGOW	Queen Margaret's Union
11	MIDDLESBROUGH	Town Hall
12	NEWCASTLE	Mayfair
13	BRADFORD	University
14	HEMEL HEMPSTEAD	Pavilion
15	STAFFORD	Top of The World
16	SHREWSBURY	Tiffany's
17	KEELE	University
19	WEST RUNTON	Pavilion
20	LIVERPOOL	Eric's
22	PLYMOUTH	Castaways
23	BRISTOL	Locarno
24	BATH	Pavilion
26	LONDON	Lyceum
27	ST ALBANS	City Hall
28	CROYDON	Greyhound

Agency – Carl Leighton-Pope at NEMS

. . . spending all day picking his nose and taking more craps than a vegetarian Aboriginal bushman with a bad case of the runs . . .

CARNIVAL DETAILS

THIS COMING SUNDAY (April 30) will see the biggest public celebration of human solidarity since Martin Webster and his buddies slipped off their jackboots to softshoe their way to the polls.

Organised by the Anti Nazi League in co-ordination with Rock Against Racism, Hackney Campaign Against Racism, Hackney Community Relations Commission and Tower Hamlets Movement Against Racism and Fascism, the event will proceed in three stages, which, for the purposes of this announcement, we might term The Rally, The Carnival and The Festival.

● **The Rally** begins at 11.00 am in Trafalgar Square, where arrivals from all over the country will meet to hear a few short addresses, possibly including one from Tom Robinson, before The Carnival starts its 3½ mile journey to Victoria Park, Hackney at 11.30 am.

● **The Carnival,** scheduled to thread its joyful way along The Strand, Fleet Street, through the City, out to Shoreditch and thence via Bethnal Green Road and Old Ford Road to arrive at the park by 2.00

TERMINAL WEIRDNESS À PARIS

(Airport terminal, that is. Meanwhile somewhere up in some posey skyscraper, KRAFTWERK are boring everyone stiff . . .)

THE TERMINAL BUILDING at Charles de Gaulle Airport is a large concrete doughnut, the only non-artificial light coming from the central hole, where windows overlook a collection of perspex and metal transport-tubes traversing the hole at varying angles and directions, connecting different floors of the doughnut.

The effect is evocative of the overground city in Fritz Lang's *Metropolis,* and, for that matter, of an old promo shot from Kling Klang Verlag, Kraftwerk's music company. The irony is impossible to ignore.

The ostensible reason for holding the "premiere" of Kraftwerk's new album, "The Man Machine", in Paris is that Kraftwerk are big in France — big to the tune of 350,000 copies of "Trans Europe Express", in fact — so a motley collection of media people, liggers, record company people and New Europeans in general has been shuttled there to attend the band's intriguingly-titled "Soiree Rouge".

Red, you see, is the dominant colour motif in "The Man Machine", corresponding to conceptual overtones of revolution and totalitarianism — a theme I'll develop at greater length in the review on page 39. Suffice to say, for the moment, that the reverse-printing of the letter "R" on the chic invitation is less a typographical error than an intentional Russian connotation.

The soiree is held at a penthouse club called Le Ciel De Paris (The Sky Of Paris), literally the highest point in the city where 300 people can be fitted — a cool 56 floors up.

The first thing you notice about the place is the lights. Dozens of red lights, some set on tripods, some mounted atop the banks of speakers in the corners, others strategically scattered around the room. As yet, they're dormant.

A home-movie screen is set up at one end of the place, and there's a video-projector facing another screen along one wall. Next to the video-screen is an alcove, presumably used by go-go dancers in the natural course of events, but tonight housing life-size dummies of the band, neatly attired in red shirts, dark slacks and black ties adorned by a sequence of tiny red lights, standing behind various items of Kraftwerkian instrumentation. The effect is, to say the least, disconcerting.

The emphasis on red, however, doesn't extend to the food: there's no scarlet version of Des Esseintes' black dinner, only canapes with caviar and the like, and vodka to wash it down. Needless to say, I pass up the solid and stick to the liquid.

After a short while, the machines are set to work: first off, the album starts playing, accompanied by the synchronised lights. The cine-projector is set in motion — *Metropolis,* of course — and things start to get a trifle

pm, will feature at least eight floats, five of them carrying live music, including two steel bands, two rock bands (as yet unnamed) and the reggae group Misty; the other floats will be supplied by Women Against Fascism, ANL and RAR.

A spokesman for ANL told *Thrills* that, although the number of floats was restricted, there may well be one or two more, featuring "surprise guest personalities." Naturally there will also be a goodly number of clowns, banners, lollipops, flags and other carnival paraphenalia, and EMI have promised to supply a fair few thousand whistles to add to the party spirit.

● **The Festival** begins at 2.00 pm and although the running order has yet to be arranged, the following four hours will be in the very capable hands of Patrik Fitzgerald, X-Ray Spex, Steel Pulse, The Clash and the Tom Robinson Band. All, of course, are donating their services free of charge.

RAR have organised an eight-foot high stage and a 10,000 watt sound system to ensure that everyone gets to hear and see what's happening. Inside the park, toilets and food and drink at "non rip-off prices" will take care of the bodily functions — though outside of the park you'll be taking your chances with the usual merchants that flock to these kind of events.

Security in the park is being handled by RAR's own people, the police having promised to keep a low profile throughout the whole day.

At the end of the party there will be a traditional festive jam on stage, for which Tom Robinson has written a special carnival song.

The ANL refer to the upcoming bash as "the biggest anti-Fascist event in Britain since the war; a tribal reaction, brought on by national hostility to the Front; a carnival in favour of everything the Front are against." They told *Thrills* that people will be joining the event from all over the country, including 25 coachloads from Manchester, 12 from Sheffield, 20 from Leeds, a trainload from Glasgow, parties from Cardiff and Swansea and numerous contingents from elsewhere.

RAR also rightly point out that this will be the biggest opportunity so far for the new wave to demonstrate its solidarity and that, although there is an obvious political motivation for the event, the emphasis is on *Carnival.*

"This is not another Lewisham. The object is to have good fun, good times with good music. Our slogan is: 'Go with the music, take to the streets'."

See you there?

THRILLS

Pic: CLOUDS STUDIO

uncomfortable. The music's loud — too loud for easy conversation; and everywhere you look, there's one of those red lights shining directly in your eyes. There's even one over the video-screen, for Christ's sake, making it impossible to view the damn thing.

Kraftwerk have set up (probably quite deliberately) an alienating, oppressive environment with their beloved machines. A sensory assault course. The effect of the lights, for instance, is to force you to look at the ground. The sight of a roomful of bowed heads invited comparison with the ranks of workers in *Metropolis;* and, ironically, it's the cool *overground* set who're being forced to bow, alienated by fifty-five floors of power and prestige from the plebs below.

Periodically, the video shows a promo film for "We Are The Robots", the album's opening cut and probable single. Like the rest of the album, it's unrelenting electronic disco mekanik of the state-of-the-art, top-this-Giorgio Moroder variety. The film uses neat juxtaposition of dummies and humans, incorporating a "showroom dummies" dance and some quite disturbing superimposition of singing human lips on dummy heads. A cut above the average mug-shot stuff, it'd be great on *Top Of The Pops.*

A large number of "Soiree Rouge" inmates seem to be French punks acting out their ideas of *le style punk,* which from the look of things are gleaned from *Ritz* magazine. The phonetic gesticulation of the French language stands as evidence aplenty of their mania for style; emphasis is placed more on the veneer of behaviour and fashion than on any possible *ideological* elements a phenomenon may contain. In other words, they're a bunch of shallow poseurs, in the face of which one can only find recourse to mild jingoist banter.

The advance promotion for the album shows red shirts and black ties, so of course there's a whole crowd of Kraftwerk Klones wearing just that. *Mes chers,* I just didn't know *where* to put my face when the band finally arrived, dressed to a man in *black* shirts and *red* ties! I shall never be able to hold my head up at *le salon punk* again!

Kraftwerk, of course, are bound by the constraints of their image; Ralf looks serious, Florian smirks, and Karl and Wolfgang smile ingratiatingly. Under the circumstances, all save small-talk is impossible, and conversation is pretty limited. I'm rather disappointed, as it happens, that they actually appeared in person at all. Surely the artificial representation (dummies, film, tape) would have been more in keeping with their Futurist tendencies?

As the vodka runs out, so does the evening's momentum. The band seem bored. So do all bar the hard-core liggers. The silent Russian film which follows *Metropolis* alientates all but the occasional drunk cinephile who can understand French subtitles, and things gradually grind to a halt. By the time we leave, the dummy Ralf's flies are undone, and the dummy Florian's strides are round his ankles. The effect is, to say the least, amusing.

ANDY GILL

THRILLS

drooling over his soppy Marvel and Superman comics when everyone knows he's just too damn lazy to read proper grown-up books...

NATIONAL HEALTH

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April		9 SHEFFIELD	*Polytechnic*
20/21 PLYMOUTH	*Metro*	10 MANCHESTER	*University*
22 TORQUAY	*Town Hall*	12 EDINBURGH	*University*
23 SWANSEA	*Top Rank*	13 GLASGOW	*Strathclyde University*
25 CARDIFF	*Top Rank*	14/15 REDCAR	*Coatham Bowl*
26 BANGOR	*University*	16 NEWCASTLE	*Polytechnic*
28 KEELE	*University*	18 POOLE	*Arts Centre, Wessex Hall*
29 LANCASTER	*University*	19 SWINDON	*Brunel Rooms*
		20 MALVERN	*Winter Gardens*
May		21 CROYDON	*Greyhound*
1 FOLKESTONE	*Leas Cliffe Hall*	22 BIRMINGHAM	*Mayfair Ballroom*
3 AYLESBURY	*Friars*	23/24 LIVERPOOL	*Eric's*
4 BRISTOL	*University*	25 OXFORD	*Polytechnic*
6 LEICESTER	*University*	26 DUNSTABLE	*Civic Hall*
8 STAFFORD	*Top of the World*	27 GUILDFORD	*Surrey University*
		28 LONDON	*Lyceum Ballroom*

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208m Medium Wave 1439 Khz.

The original MERGER — the Merger MERGER, that is — pictured by PAUL SLATTERY. L-R: Winston, Ivor, Barry.

MERGER SHATTER AND SCATTER

CONFLICT AND CONFUSION surround British reggae group Merger following an announcement by one of the group's founding members, Winston Bennett, that he intends to take a new group calling itself Merger on the road in Britain.

The original group's other two founders — Barry Ford and Ivor Steadman — are claiming that Bennett has no right to call his band Merger, and that the real Merger are currently in Jamaica recording their next album.

Merger attracted considerable attention last year with their debut album "Exiles In A Babylon" on their own Sunstar Records, and with their exciting live appearances. Though the group was broadly reggae based, its aim was, as the name suggests, to fuse together elements of reggae, soul, rock and afro into a (hopefully) new and cohesive whole.

It was the original trio of Ford, Steadman and Bennett who recorded the "Exiles" album, with Mike Dorane producing and some assistance from outside musicians. The majority of the songs on the album were jointly credited to all three musicians and sung by Barry Ford, though the other two men also took lead duties on some songs.

Problems seem to have begun when the group went on the road, the three-piece being augmented by Michael and Tony Ozay, on drums and keyboards respectively. This line-up played a number of UK gigs before touring Holland earlier this year, whereupon they ceased live work.

It should be noted at this point that apart from such talent as the band possessed, one of the undoubted reasons for Merger's success was the tireless work of their hard-talking, bluff public relations man John Maxwell and his assistant Olga Graham. In fact, one noted reggae commentator went so far as to assert that the "real star" of the whole Merger operation was the brash personality of Maxwell, a noted hustler and stalwart of the 'alternative' Ladbroke Grove scene since the late '60s.

Maxwell claims that after the Holland tour Winston Bennett was sacked from the group. "We told him that if he didn't shape up he was out, and he didn't shape up."

Maxwell seemed particularly incensed by an incident in Amsterdam's Paradiso Club where, following an extensive encore jam, Bennett had filled in a lull in the proceedings with the "daylight come and me wanna go home" riff from "The Banana Boat Song", a 1950s West Indian Calypso pop hit.

Maxwell also claimed at the time Ford and Steadman had gone to Jamaica, where they teamed up with keyboardist Tony Cole to work on Merger's next album, having become disenchanted with live work in the UK following the recent upsurge in criminal racist activities and an irksome brush with the police after a Nottingham gig.

When *Thrills* contacted Bennett in London last week, however, he asserted that "only Ivor (Steadman) has been in Jamaica. He left the group to go there. Barry Ford's been here all the time until he left last week to go to New York and then Jamaica. He wasn't interested in working here and we were."

Bennett's claim to the title of Merger is based on two counts. Firstly, because "I was the one who formed the band and who got involved at the outset." Secondly, the Ozay brothers are currently with him in the new Merger: "Mick and Tony have been on the road right from the start."

But they didn't play on the album.

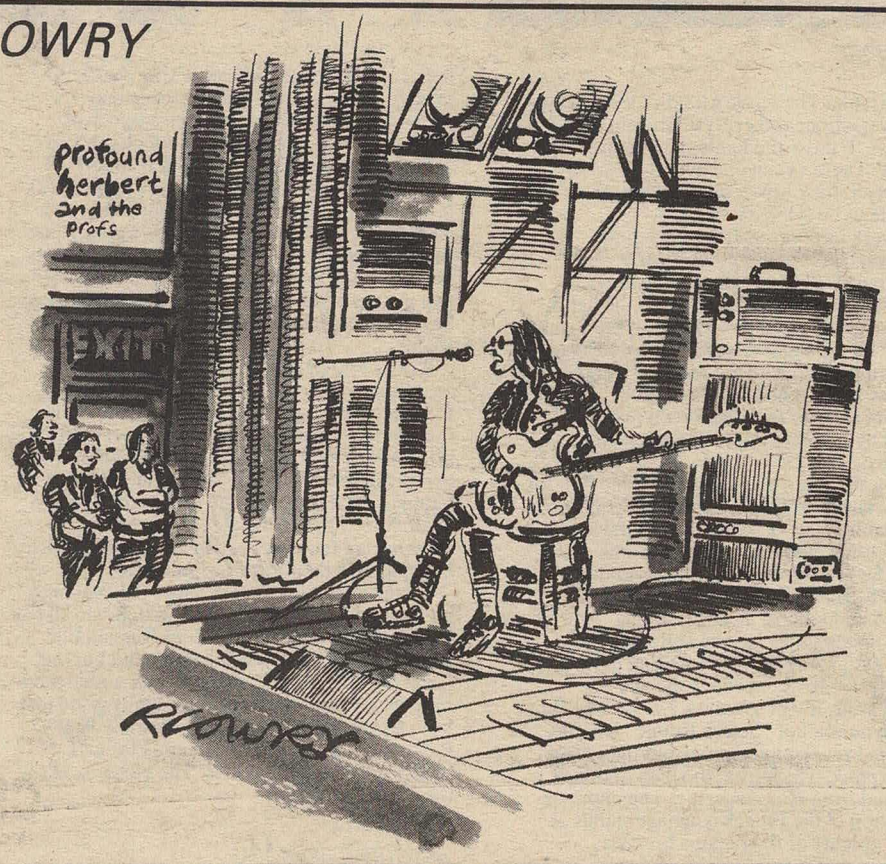
"I wouldn't say that. Tony did."

Maxwell, however, claims that Barry Ford (ex-Clancy) is and always has been the driving force behind Merger, and certainly Maxwell's publicity has always been pitched that way.

The line-up of the band calling itself Merger

● *Babble on to page 16*

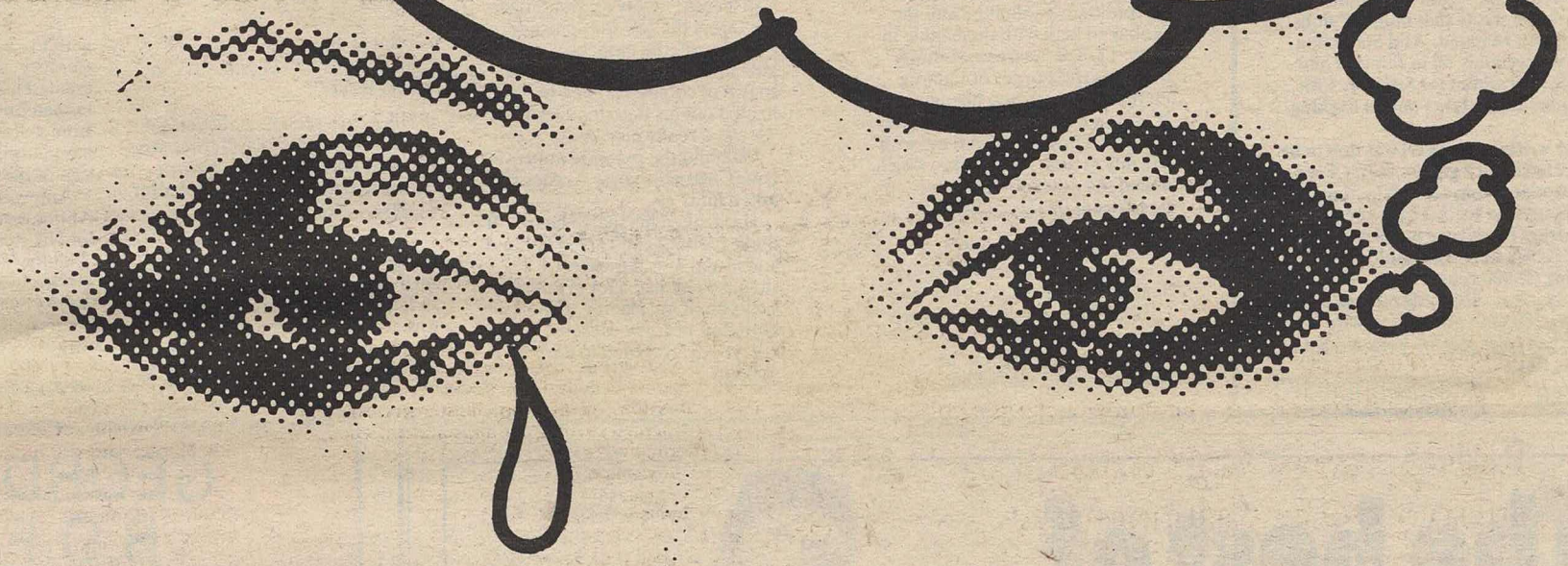
LOWRY



"This next song's a blues. It's about the time I got my hair caught in my guitar strings."

. . . giving any rotten old record the CSM seal of approval if he's heard enough people say that it's good . . .

I'M ALWAYS TOUCHED BY YOUR PRESENCE DEAR.....



LISTEN...

TO THE NEW, LIMITED EDITION, TWELVE INCH SINGLE FROM BLONDIE I'M ALWAYS TOUCHED BY YOUR PRESENCE DEAR (SOB) POETS PROBLEM AND DETROIT 442

LATER...

THE ALBUMS...

BLONDIE (GULP) PLASTIC LETTERS

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

. . . hanging out with drunken Irish and Scottish rock stars, deluded into thinking they're actually friends of his, when they only tolerate him in the hope of getting a favourable review. . .

MERGER EMERGENCY

● *From previous page*

under Bennett's leadership is completed by Ever Willingston on bass, and Ras Danjuma on guitar (formerly Robin Campbell). Both were formerly with trombonist Rico.

Bennett also claims that at the present time John Maxwell was "stopping us from working". He told us that his Merger had been booked to play the 100 Club on May 4, but that the gig had subsequently been blown out following pressure exerted by Maxwell. He also said that Maxwell had threatened him with a court injunction on the name Merger and that he was "waiting to hear from Maxwell's solicitors" before proceeding with the group. But "as far as we're concerned, Merger is in Britain and willing and eager to work."

For his part, Maxwell denied to *Thrills* that he was stopping Bennett's band from working. "I'm just stopping them from imitating Merger," he said. "Because they're not Merger. They're Winston Bennett's Natural Ricos. The whole idea of Merger was what the name suggests, a fusion. Winston wants to play nationalist — i.e. Jamaican — music."

Asked whether he would in fact be pressing for an injunction to stop Bennett's group using the name, he replied, "That's a terrible bourgeois bullshit thing to do. How can you get justice in an unjust court?" He did, however, affirm that his solicitor was sending Bennett a letter.

Then what would the Ford/Steadman group be called?

"They'll probably go out as Barry Ford Merger."

In the meantime Sunstar Records, with whom Bennett's Merger are unaffiliated, will be putting out a Merger single soon — formerly planned to be "Waterfall" from the album, though since Bennett wrote that number alone, plans may have been changed. And Steadman, Ford and Cole are certainly all in Jamaica and working on their next album for Sunstar, with Pam Nestor apparently helping out on backing vocals.

At the time of writing, Maxwell was due to be flying to Nigeria to set up a gig for 'Barry Ford Merger' there as supporting act to Nigerian roots star Fela Ransome Kuti. There seems to be a growing market for reggae in West Africa, with Merger's "Exiles In A Babylon" album apparently selling 60,000 copies there, while the last Virgin U Roy album allegedly has sales figures exceeding 200,000; one reason why British record companies may be keen to sign up reggae acts these days.

NEIL SPENCER THRILLS

NIK TURNER IMPROVES HIS CHEOPS

Artist and horse. The artist is wearing the hat. Pic: STANLEY MARSH

"SEVEN YEARS AGO Nik Turner could not play and was not understood. This did not stop him from becoming a founder member of Hawkwind," runs the runic inscription in *Music Week*, and balances this depressing debit with a statement so rich in occult reverberation that it stands yet between me and my sleep.

"Seven years and a pyramid later Nik Turner has joined together with another bunch of record selling hippies to make an album you still will not understand . . ."

Pausing only to slip into my Egyptologist's jodphurs and the sunbaked kepi with the hankie in back, I poled upstream through the colourful hordes of touareg merchants or 'promo hustlers' of Wardour Street to the traveller's lair. Nik Turner received me with a firmly secular handshake, which belied the other-wordly translucent quality of his pale eyes.

This man, one sensed, had drawn the veil, and beneath the hankie I felt my hackles rise and fall like — yes! — like miniature ancient civilisations.

Once we were seated, he launched into a tale which spanned continents and aeons with the ease of an astral drop-handlebar bicycle, so that one had no sooner put paid to the clouds of Nubian bluebottles with one's whisk, than one was snorkeling about on Atlanitis. Leaving Hawkwind — "I was sacked, actually," he laughed — Nik set off for Egypt, resolved upon spending a night in the Great Pyramid.

"I got ripped off as soon as I got off the plane," he chortled, with a merriment that made one wonder whether a sunhat had been part of his accoutrement. Self-styled guides and guards flung themselves in his path uttering the age-old entreaty, "Baksheesh! Baksheesh!" Only by climbing to the top of the 482-foot pile and perching on the pinnacle was he able to rise above the ruck and spawn of commerce, and he hauled out his flute for a tootle. "It was a really nice buzz."

"But did the pyramid improve your Cheops — sorry — chops?" I asked him.

He stroked his sparse beard. "I think so, but I can't say. My mind and intuneness improved. I suppose I've had a lot of adverse criticism of my playing in the past, but I don't care because everybody's entitled to their own opinion."

"But — but — there must be something in it?" I cried. "It's in *Music Week!*"

Nik's eyes seemed to drift clear like blue blimps. "It's all true, this business about sharpening razor blades and mummifying meat after 21 days.

"The pyramid is like a focal energy accumulator. Nobody really knows what the Great Pyramid was for. It is said that it was a tomb — but no body was ever found in it. There were some people who forced an entry into it with fire and vinegar in the 13th Century, and the entrance they created looks like the shape of a human form. It's amazing! Viewed from a distance, it looks like a human spirit superimposed on the side of the pyramid!"

Approaches to the Director of Antiquities resulted in permission for Nik to record inside the King's Chamber. The first attempt was spoiled by a hum on the tape caused by the strip lighting, but the second take, cut in total darkness, proved a wig-bender.

● *To Euphrates (page 18)*

The best of Johnny Kidd & The Pirates

Twenty tracks that include two rare solo Pirate numbers

NUTM 12

Only £2.50 r.r.p.

GEORDIE B.O.F. REUNION

"AN ANNOUNCEMENT of International Musical Significance" it said on the invite. I couldn't wait.

The worst kept secret on Tyneside and the only thing that had me wondering was the significance of the venue: the private club at Newcastle race course.

You may remember Lindisfarne, an extremely popular combo from the early '70s who dissolved, rather messily, in 1973. Well, the memory lingers on and, due in part to the unprecedented response to reunion concerts at Xmas, the bands are back together permanently.

Phonogram's marketing manager ("I was born and bred round here") addressed the assembled host of journalists and liggers. Telling us how pleased he was that Lindisfarne — authors of such hits as "Eleanor" (sic) — were back together, he carefully built up to the moment when They entered.

"Getting back together seemed the natural thing to do," enlarged Alan Hull. When you consider how spectacularly unsuccessful Hull has been since the original split, first with Lindisfarne Mk II and more recently with Radiator, you may well wonder at these 'natural' motives. Ditto the rest of the band, who have spent the last five years proving that sum about parts and wholes.

Afterwards Ray Jackson told *Thrills* that The Eagles may be the closest indication of where Lindisfarne are at now. Mention of Fleetwood Mac was met with derision by the normally generous Mr Jackson. Anyway, you'll soon have the chance to judge for yourselves. Lindisfarne set out on a thirty gig tour of Britain this week and have an album of new material released in June.

Oh yes, and there was a film of them performing their new single "Run For Home" on the telly tonight — they were filmed on a rooftop in the middle of Newcastle. When you think back to the last band that did that, it's not a good omen. Good luck lads, you'll need it.

TOM NOBLE

THRILLS

Straight Music presents . . .
IAN DURY & THE BLACKHEADS
on FRIDAY, 2nd JUNE, at 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £1.50, £2, £2.50, £3

Newspaper clipping of the week — no competition — is this classic from Scotland's Sunday Mail, seen in their Apollo Centre ad by literally dozens of Thrills readers. Best SAOLs: does that prove Ian Dury comes from 'Acne? And was the support band Squeeze?

'The Boy From New York City' b/w 'Bones'

Darts' amazing new single

MAG 116

Released April 28th in full-colour sleeve

Get it now!

Catch DARTS ON TOUR AGAIN

with special guests The Late Show

MAY 10TH GUILD HALL, PORTSMOUTH
11TH ODEON THEATRE, SOUTHAMPTON
12TH EXETER UNIVERSITY
14TH HEXAGON THEATRE, READING
15TH COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL
16TH WINTER GARDENS, BOURNEMOUTH
17TH NEW THEATRE, OXFORD
18TH CITY HALL, SHEFFIELD
19TH EMPIRE THEATRE, LIVERPOOL
20TH EMPIRE THEATRE, LIVERPOOL
22ND DE MONTFORT HALL, LEICESTER
23RD HIPPODROME, BIRMINGHAM
24TH HIPPODROME, BIRMINGHAM
25TH FREE TRADE, MANCHESTER
26TH OPERA HOUSE, BLACKPOOL
28TH APOLLO, GLASGOW

MAY 30TH CAPITAL THEATRE, ABERDEEN
31ST USHER HALL, EDINBURGH
JUNE 2ND CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE (2 SHOWS)
3RD CIVIC THEATRE, HALIFAX
4TH TOWN HALL, MIDDLESBOROUGH
6TH GUILD HALL, PRESTON
7TH CITY HALL, HULL
8TH ST. GEORGE'S HALL, BRADFORD
9TH VICTORIA HALL, STOKE
11TH ROYAL, NORWICH
12TH ABC THEATRE, PETERBOROUGH
13TH IPSWICH
15TH DOME, BRIGHTON
17TH ODEON, HAMMERSMITH
18TH ODEON, HAMMERSMITH

MAGNET RECORDS

. . when all the time he should be sat at his desk writing bloody cover features on X-Ray Spex . .

● *From Atlantis (page 16).*

"I was sitting on the sarcophagus playing the flute and thinking how nice the sound was, when it suddenly came to me that the Egyptian Book Of The Dead was a manual textbook for using the Great Pyramid as a means for inter-dimensional travel!"

"Not a book to curl up with certainly," I conceded.

Nik outlined the scope. Triads of Gods, Horus, Isis, Thoth, Osiris, I-em-hetep, Set, Ptah, went into their sideways number, entombing each other in caskets, chopping each other up, re-assembling, and resurrecting in a riot of necrophilia and bad feeling, while — a mere warp away — a Venusian entity is strangely drawn towards a looming triangular edifice. Now read on . . .

"Well, anyway, I've tried to represent all that musically," he explained. "It's not just a funerary papyrus in the Egyptological sense —"

I should hope NOT!" I laughingly averred. .

"— but also a projection of time and space-travel. The last track on the album is called 'God Rock', and it's like a vision of someone waking up inside the Great Pyramid and thinking, 'Fucking Hell! Where am I?' " Nik waved a bangled arm. "Then of course there's the spells and judgements, like Thoth seeing if the heart is heavier than the Feather of Truth, and throwing it to this crocodile-headed monster."

Clearly one of the more labyrinthine scenarios, and one which, as the advert predicted, I did not understand. Stumped, I turned from the meandering oracle to the booklet which accompanies the album, "Xitintoday". A couple of personnel curiosities — Massed Bongos of Atlantis, Knocks — Sarcophagus, King's Chamber — put the Turner enterprise a unicorn-horn ahead of previous pyramid outings by Paul Horn and Sun Ra, and some of the verse buggars description: *"Am I still on Venus, though this does not feel Atlantisy. Have I been asleep, is this just a Fantasy?'*

It remains only to alert the curious to Nik Turner's Bohemian Love-In at the Lyceum in June, with fire-eaters, poets, light-shows and mime, and sundry materialisations at the Windscale Rally on April 29, and the Festival Of Mind & Body at Olympia in May. All performances will be free; one up for hippy credibility.

BRIAN CASE

THRILLS

ONE reason why youngsters turn to punk rock is because they've got spots.

Being a punk rocker allows girls to lay on really thick make-up. And if you're going through the horrid spotty stage that's what you

RADIO 1

(247m) 6.0 News Summary. 6.2 Ray Moore: The Early Show. 7.2 Noel Edmonds. 9.0 Simon Bates. 11.31 Paul Burnett. 2.0 Tony Blackburn. 4.31 Dave Lee Travis. 7.2 BBC Northern Radio Orchestra. 7.30 Alan Dell. 9.2 Humphrey Lyttelton. 9.55 Sports Desk. 10.2 John Pee. 12.0 Midnight Newsroom. 12.6 Close Down.

Left: stunning revaltions of a microbiological nature by a certain Dr Chris Roberts, B.O.F., in the Wolverhampton Express and Star. Right: world's best DJ turns piss artist according to the Daily Record. Spotted by John Wood and Joshua Taylor.

THRILLS

The Incredible Hull(k) rides again . . .

DEAD FINGERS RAISE THE MIDDLE DIGIT

THE NAME, RIPE WITH B-feature gangster movie overtones, comes from a chapter title of William Burroughs' *Soft Machine*. The band, their music also ripe with overtones but of a more serious kind, chose it for no reason other than liking the sound of the words.

They come from Hull.

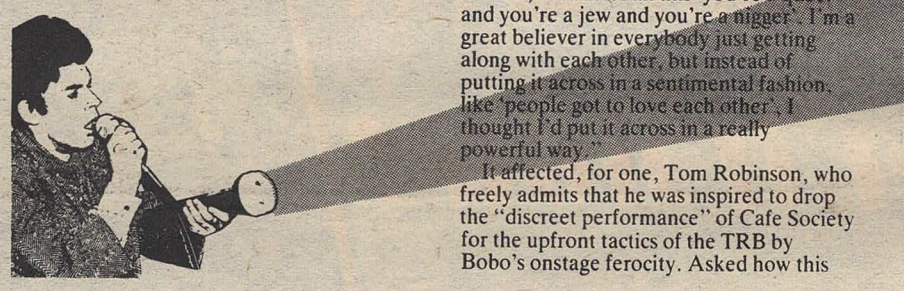
Since last July, though, they've been living in the smoke. Right around the corner from the Rochester Castle in Stoke Newington, where their regular Saturday night sets have been a staple of the capital's gig lists, gaining them a generous hard core following.

Dead Fingers Talk say they owe the place a big debt, for when other venues had barred their doors due to their first manager's, er, unreliability, the Rochester put their money where their faith was, offering incentive and encouragement.

But then the Rochester isn't exactly a favoured haunt of media hawks, whose capricious attention can sometimes make the difference between instant fame and abject limbo. Somewhere between those two poles, though nearer the latter than the former, is where DFT have been since they came to town.

Which has its good and bad points. On the one hand it can test your strength, sort out the jokers and toughen your resolve. On the other hand, it can mean back-breaking frustration. They've had their share of frustration both in seeing their ideas given the red carpet treatment in the hands of others, and in basic economic exigencies like not being able to afford equipment to further musical development.

Their ideas — the song subjects and particularly the forceful ways they are presented by frontman Bobo Pheonix — should have been a one-way first class ticket in the social-angst-conscious climate of last year.



Bobo, once seen, is unforgettable. He wears oversized jackets that hang awkwardly on his spider frame, and does an odd little angular walk dance that makes him look like a Max Wall marionette.

His words, like those of Tom Robinson or Jimmy Pursey, tackle modern day diseases. The vocabulary is sometimes a bit too thick and tangled, but his message is exact. "Harry", for instance, deals with the problem of gay resentment in viciously evocative terms.

Bobo acts the part of the queer-basher in a psycho parody based on his experience during a six month stay at one of Her Majesty's Holiday Camps — where he found himself after a short-lived career as a burglar — in a way that has been known to scare an audience half out of its wits.

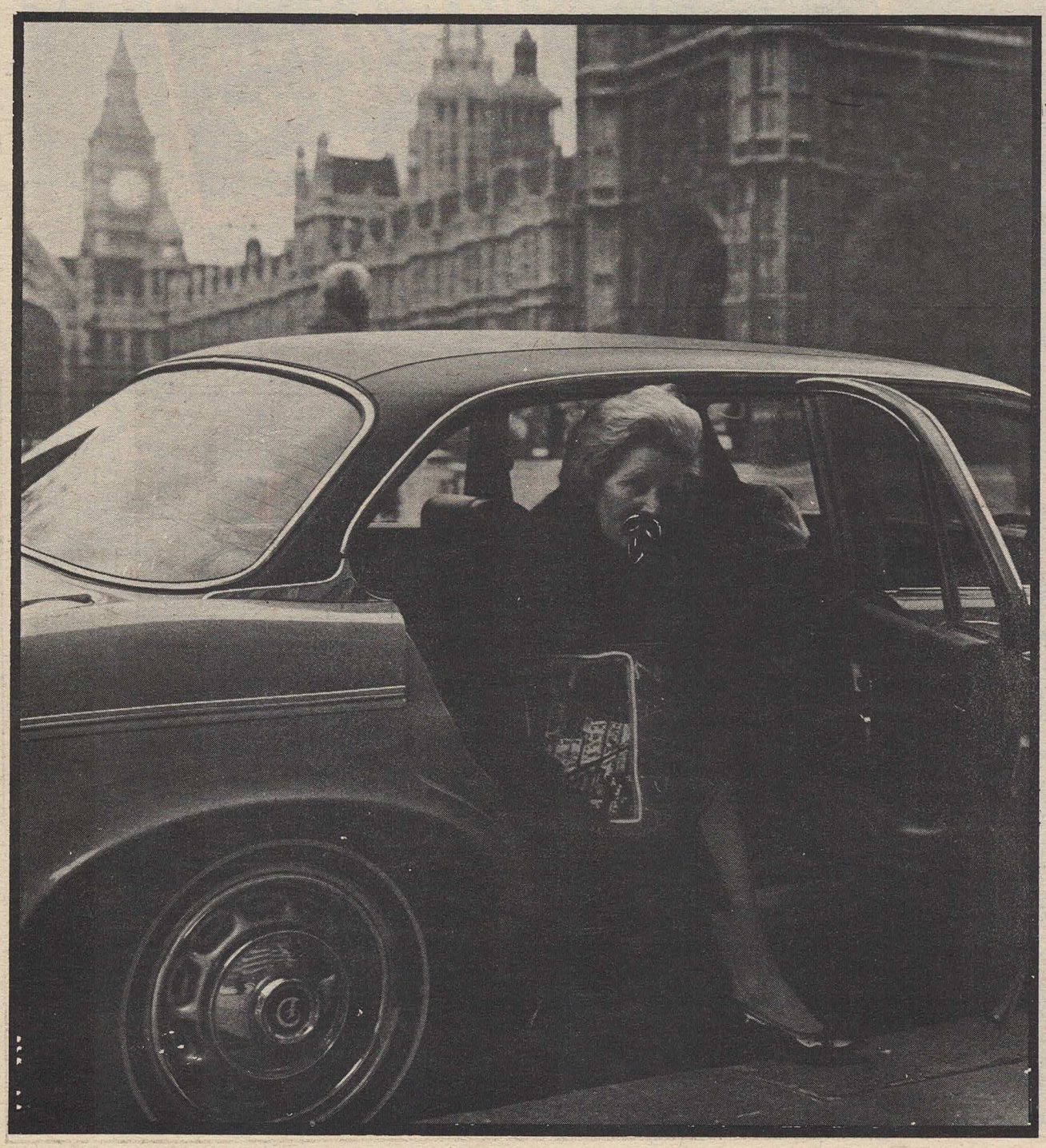
"Harry, now," he explained when we met at a recording studio hiding behind the suburban facade of a quiet Thames backwater, "is about the fact that we're all the same so why don't we just stop messing around, instead of all this 'you're a queer and you're a jew and you're a nigger'. I'm a great believer in everybody just getting along with each other, but instead of putting it across in a sentimental fashion, like 'people got to love each other', I thought I'd put it across in a really powerful way."

It affected, for one, Tom Robinson, who freely admits that he was inspired to drop the "discreet performance" of Cafe Society for the upfront tactics of the TRB by Bobo's onstage ferocity. Asked how this approach came about though, Bobo is decidedly vague.

"Insanity . . ." he offers. "Neuroses that I had built up over the years. I've been doing it like that since we started without really thinking about it. I've always" — he adds drily — "been a good dancer."

The seven years he spent on the dole must have given him lots of time to

Bobo does his dirty Harry. Pic: Pete Hill.



I heard 'Zappa in New York', but it didn't do a thing for me

Listen to this album once,you may think that it hasn't affected you, but in a day or two you'll feel a great urge to hear it again. . .and again . . . and again.

ZAPPA IN NEW YORK. . .
it's bound to make you a different person.

DISCREET
K 69204

Four Dead Fingers and a former Spider (L-R): Andy Linklater, Bobo Phoenix, Mick Ronson, Jeff Parsons, Tony Carter. Ain't they sweet?

practise. And as for neuroses . . . a Christian Science fanatic trying to resolve uncertain sexual habits and a life of crime with Sunday School, wood carving and early Velvet Underground records must have had plenty to work with.

Not to mention Dead Fingers Talk — as yet unknown by that name — whose seeds were sown eight years ago when guitarist Geoff Parsons, then in his mid-teens, put an ad in a local paper and through it met the equally young Bobo and drummer Tony Carter. They played their first gig the day after they met. They have been, despite some long periods of inactivity, banging their heads against the wall ever since.

To wit: the assault began in '76. By '77 they were, according to Geoff, "County Durham's top band, They thought we were the best thing they'd ever seen up there."

"Yeah," cracks Tony, "And we'd have been even better if we'd had longer hair."

Geoff: "We used to go down an absolute storm everywhere we played. Because there was such a good buzz from the audience we had a strong period, playing real tight."

Tony: "But then you start to realise that you're doing all these great gigs but you're still not getting the press, not the A & R men, because you're out of London."

So they moved to London.

However, life, as mentioned earlier, did not prove to be a barrel of roses, and crisis point was reached some six weeks ago at the Music Machine.

Bobo had been ill and homeless since Christmas, and was considering leaving the band. They should have been at the peak of their energies, having just signed with Pye Records, but instead were ragged and sloppy, their performance heartless in the face of a motley crowd of Monday night piss-artists on the prowl for skirt.

Yet, inevitably, the after effect of that debacle was some hefty soul searching to find out why the sheer drive and pressure had dwindled. One assumes thay found the answers, because the ensuing three weeks of intensive rehearsals gave them seven new songs and inspiration for their first album — currently in production with another Hull lad, Mick Ronson, at the helm.

What went wrong and why is it going right again now?

Tony: "Before, we were rushing around like mad. We couldn't afford rehearsals, we rushed our act together. It wasn't until recently that we've really had the time to think about the music instead of all the hassles of running a band."

Geoff: "Before, somebody would have a song and we'd just bash it out. Now we don't play as much within a song, like I'll play quieter for a few bars to let the vocals come across."

Bobo sums it up: "We've increased our communication level dramatically. The songs we do now have a lot more content, and more texture. We used to have a lot of songs that were just here and gone — basic tap-your-foot rock songs — now we've moved away from all that.

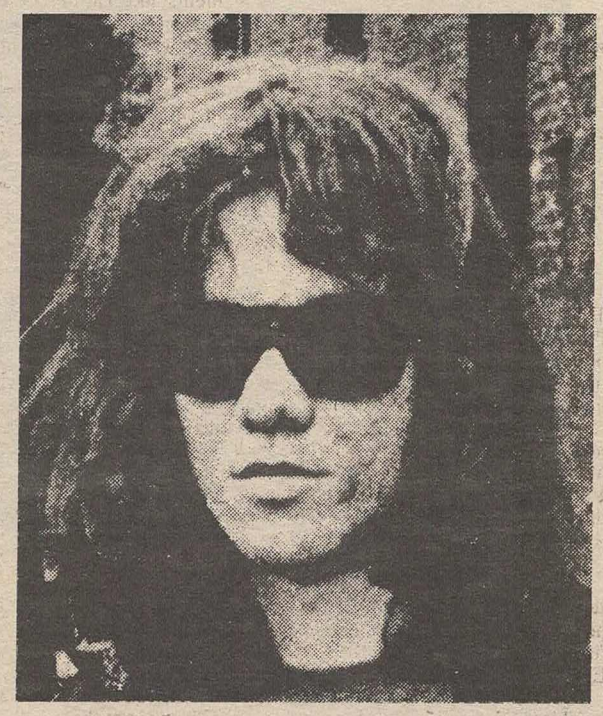
"Our music right now," he continues, "what I see '78 as, is strength. Still the strength of the punk thing, but we want to bring more sensitivity into the music, more thought and reason. There seemed to be a lot of insensitivity about last year to me. Everybody was just tearing things down. It's easy to tear things down, but it's not so easy to create something to put in its place."

Dead Fingers Talk, like TRB, are about social commitment aligned to rock music. Almost too common place as bedfellows these days, but bear in mind that DFT have had a message to tell for a long time, certainly before such things became chic.

And if that sits awkwardly with their intention to release a blatantly commercial first single, then remember also that it didn't do Tom Robinson any harm.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS



IS THIS THE ABOMINAL SNOWMAN?

THE EXISTENCE of a creature similar to the legendary abominable snowman has been reported by villagers in the remote wastes of North Eastern Siberia.

They call it "chuchunaa", meaning fugitive or outcast, and it is described as a thin shaggy figure with a dark face, dressed in reindeer skins, with arms that reach below its knees. Usually spied at dawn or dusk, the chuchunaa utters shrill cries, eats raw meat and sometimes steals food from houses.

Sceptics dismiss the claims, but one Soviet scientist, Dr Semyon Nikolayev, says: "Descriptions by witnesses coincide in too many details of the chuchunaa's appearance, manners and behaviour."

One theory is that the chuchunaa is the remnant of Siberia's Stone Age people, who have gradually been retreating from civilisation for centuries. Another is that it's the new Ramone . . .

DICK TRACY THE END

. . . we here at Thrills wish that the tubby, ill-proportioned little self-styled superstar would just piss off back to his disease-ridden 'ethnic' Islington bed-sit with his Man and Suzi Quatro albums.

– the early sound of punk Americana. A collection of emergent American New Wavers recorded live in 1976 at the world famous home of punk rock in New York, Max's Kansas City.

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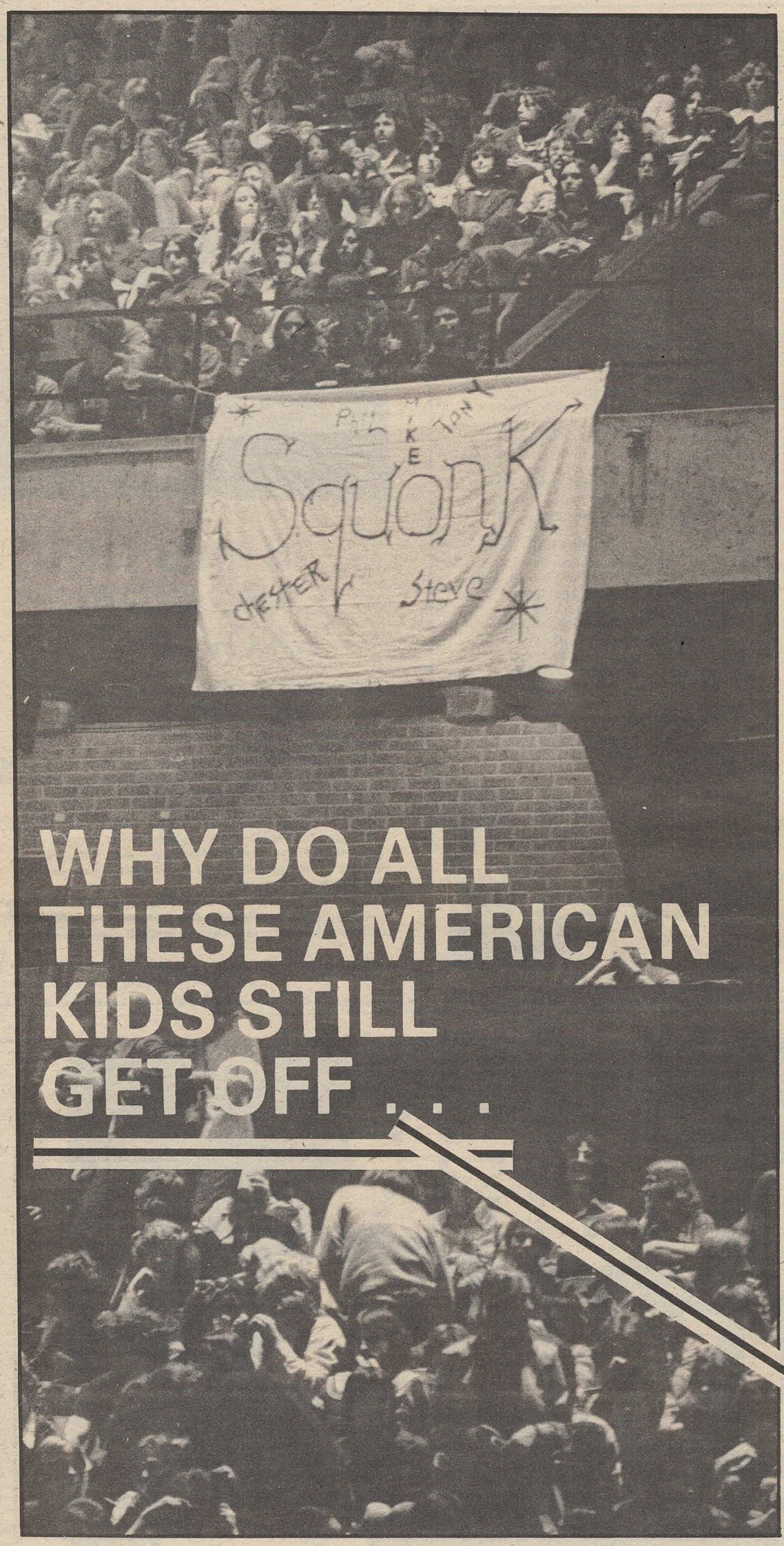


WHY DO ALL THESE AMERICAN KIDS STILL GET OFF . . .

PHIL COLLINS of Genesis takes his duties as singer, drummer, and compere pretty much in his stride. It's just that before a gig he can't sit still.

In the band's dressing room in Chicago, Phil runs on the spot, shadow boxes, tap dances, sings "Oh For The Wings Of A Dove" in a gross soprano, practices his drumming on table tops, does impersonations of Tommy Cooper and Eddie Waring, and offers help to all who seek it.

When guitarist Mike Rutherford can't find his gym shoes, Phil rummages in holdall and finds them. When a visiting hack can't find the rest room, Phil provides directions.

"Piss on the floor if you want to, maan," he says, "We're a rock band, maaan."

Genesis take the stage at eight sharp, but by then the Phil Collins variety show is already well under way.

THIS FOUR week American tour is very important for Genesis. They've got a new stage act, with selections from their new album of pop songs. And a new guitarist, Daryl Stuermer, to replace Steve Hackett.

Not that changes of key personnel matter much to American fans. After Stuermer takes a solo early in the set, a kid shouts at him: "Awright, Steeeve!"

"Maybe he thought Steve had curled his hair and gotten a moustache," says Daryl, "Oh well . . ."

In ten years time, when Chester Thompson and Daryl are the only remaining members of the present Genesis line-up, the band will no doubt be packing out even bigger stadiums and selling even more product than now.

Of course, Chester will have taken over as lead vocalist by then, with Daryl doing all the lead work. The rest of the guys will be a pick-up band. Possibly Dave Greenfield (keyboards), Colin Moulding (bass) and Chris Miller (drums). Or something like that.

Whatever the line-up, Genesis will still be offering the same mixture of ornate melodies and baroque lyrics. A little bit of English eccentricity, but nothing that would alarm Mom and Dad.

It's a weird paradox. Where others flounder with the loss of their mainmen, Genesis seem to go from strength to strength. Their fans have an unusually deferential attitude. It's as though mere membership of the band is enough to bestow authority upon the musicians, whatever their new roles and regardless of past loyalties.

That makes Genesis something of an institution. It's not the individuals that count, it's the continued existence of the dynasty. A bit like the Royal Family, in a way.

How does Phil Collins explain it?

"I think the fact that Pete (Gabriel) and Steve have left is coincidental. I think the band gets better anyway. It's the way we affect people. Once you get into the music, it stays with you. And that's why we've always attracted a fanatical cult."

Phil thinks the strength of Genesis lies with what he calls "the oddness" of people in the band.

"I'm pretty normal, right?"

(This is intended to be a rhetorical question).

"But Tony (Banks) and Mike are not the normal kind of people you find in bands, and neither were Peter and Steve.

"For example, Tony is basically a writer. He's in the band because we play his songs. If Genesis finally split up, you wouldn't find Tony joining anyone else."

Mike Rutherford's the one who's responsible for lead guitar in the studio now that Hackett's gone. What's his view of the band's ability to survive?

He thinks that not much has changed. "Both Steve and I played lead guitar in the past," he says. "I was the only guitarist on the new album, but onstage Daryl and I both play guitar.

"Broadly speaking, Daryl plays lead on the old songs, and I play lead on the new ones. Though it's not really as simple as that. But then it really never is."

If you thought Genesis were an intellectual cult band, then you never saw them play the Stadium in Chicago. The band may still sound the way Yes would if Jon Anderson was replaced by Dave Cousins, but to be a Genesis fan the minimum qualifications are no longer Phds in Music and Greek Literature. All you need to be is 14, American, and the owner of an eight dollar ticket.

As Collins puts it: "If they weren't seeing Genesis, they'd be in the back seat at a drive-in screwing their old woman. You know?"

Quite what all these 14 year old back-seat plungers make of some of the more esoteric moments of the Genesis set is none too clear. Basically, the 15,000 kids at Chicago cheer the old songs, the lasers, the drum solos, and the bits that sound like parade music. Otherwise, they're a little uneasy. Intellectual adventure is okay, if you've been there before.

As if in response to their new following, the latest Genesis album, "And Then There Were Three", is their most accessible to date. Short tunes with words you can understand without recourse to the dictionary.

But then surely that was the point about Genesis. Nobody really understood what they were on about. The pleasure came from the intellectual kudos you got from carrying their albums about the campus.

"I'm quite prepared to believe that we did avoid writing simple songs at the start," says Phil Collins. "With the first four or five albums, we had a kind of self-righteous thing that it had to be tricky, beyond everybody's grasp, clever-clever."

But isn't that a major part of the band's appeal for some people?

"For some people. But others prefer things like 'Los Endos' that I was more involved with. Our appeal is in different areas."

WELL, HE may be right. But at Chicago the kids didn't really take to the new stuff. "Follow You, Follow Me" was a total

BOB EDMANDS sees kidz, and notes

KRAFTWERK

bummer, though the band insist it'll go better in Europe. Thin, wispy melodies like "The Lady Lies", "Say It's Alright Joe", and "Down And Out" also slacken the pace of the set. Only "Deep In The Motherlode" really takes off, and that's because it's a simple, ponderous riff, not too far removed in places from the staple heavy metal diet of the American rock circuit.

Of course, Genesis get their encore, complete with the massed cigarette lighters routine. But it's two hours into their marathon set before a substantial portion of the crowd get to their feet. And that can seem like a long time, believe me.

Phil Collins denies that there's been a change of musical policy. The new album may have more songs and simpler melodies than usual, but he says it wasn't an attempt to be more commercial.

"It was just an experiment — which I think succeeded. But it doesn't set a precedent. Next time we may do a double album — with one long work on a particular theme — like 'The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway.' It depends how we feel at the time."

Was the "experiment" influenced by the New Wave's success in moving away from long-winded instrumentals?

"No," says Phil Collins. "It was just a coincidence that we decided to do a lot of songs.

"Incidentally, did you know that Nick Lowe auditioned to be lead singer when Peter left? We had his pictures and his biog in the rehearsal room, and the *NME* carried a news item about it. Amazing, really. I think he's very good. But lead singer with us? I bet the thought would really make him freak out now."

It's in Chicago that a strange lapse of judgement is evident on stage.

Phil Collins does a number of comic monologues to introduce songs, a bit like an East End patter merchant on the back of a lorry, and in one of these monologues, he starts going on about women's tits. How they droop when women get older.

Using the twee euphemism "bumps", he says "women's bumps sag right down to their waists."

The point of this is to introduce a song called "Ripples" (not "Nipples"). But the "joke" seems not only offensive, and somewhat tactless in a country where feminist attitudes are so strong. When I point this out to Collins later, he seems surprised.

"Well," he says, "I think humour is a good part of our thing. 'Ripples' just happens to be a song about the passing of time, and the people never look the same again."

Yes, but why pick on women? Men grow uglier, too. In response, Collins says something very weird.

"Right," he says, "But it's funnier if a woman grows uglier."

This statement is obviously so bizarre, that it seemed almost unkind to pursue it.

Collins continues: "The thing is we're relating to the drive-in crowd. To me it's what's natural. It's my kind of humour. I view everything from a Monty Python point of view."

I say I noticed his funny walks on stage.

He says: "I'm quite prepared to believe that what I do is awkward. But I'm still discovering. Each show is a major growth for me. I'm happy with what I do now. But perhaps I'll look back in two months time and say 'Christ, I was a real geek when I did that'."

Later, a member of the band's entourage says: "I don't know why Mike and Tony let Phil do those routines on stage. They just don't go with the music, do they?"

But Tony Banks, for one, is not unhappy. En route to the next gig in Cleveland, he talks with evident fond amusement of the kids' response to Phil Collins' performance. "It's strange what they laugh at," he says. "The things you find funny don't amuse them, and the other way round. You never know."

IN TRUTH, Phil Collins is a very able front man, clearly holding the entire act together, scampering between his front-stage mike and his battery of percussion instruments on the plynth behind. He's clearly the main focus of attention, and it's only the shortcomings of the heavily unionised spotlight operators that prevent him from hogging the show.

At the Cleveland Coliseum, the band play to 18,000 kids. Like Chicago, it's been a Genesis stronghold in the past. The show sold out in two hours, and there was a riot at the box office, with 30 people taken to hospital.

Having resorted to civil disorder to get here, the kids are naturally enthusiastic about having made it. The response is far stronger than in Chicago.

Daryl Stuermer, in particular, really asserts himself. The suspicion is that he's a more accomplished guitarist than Hackett, though perhaps less individual.

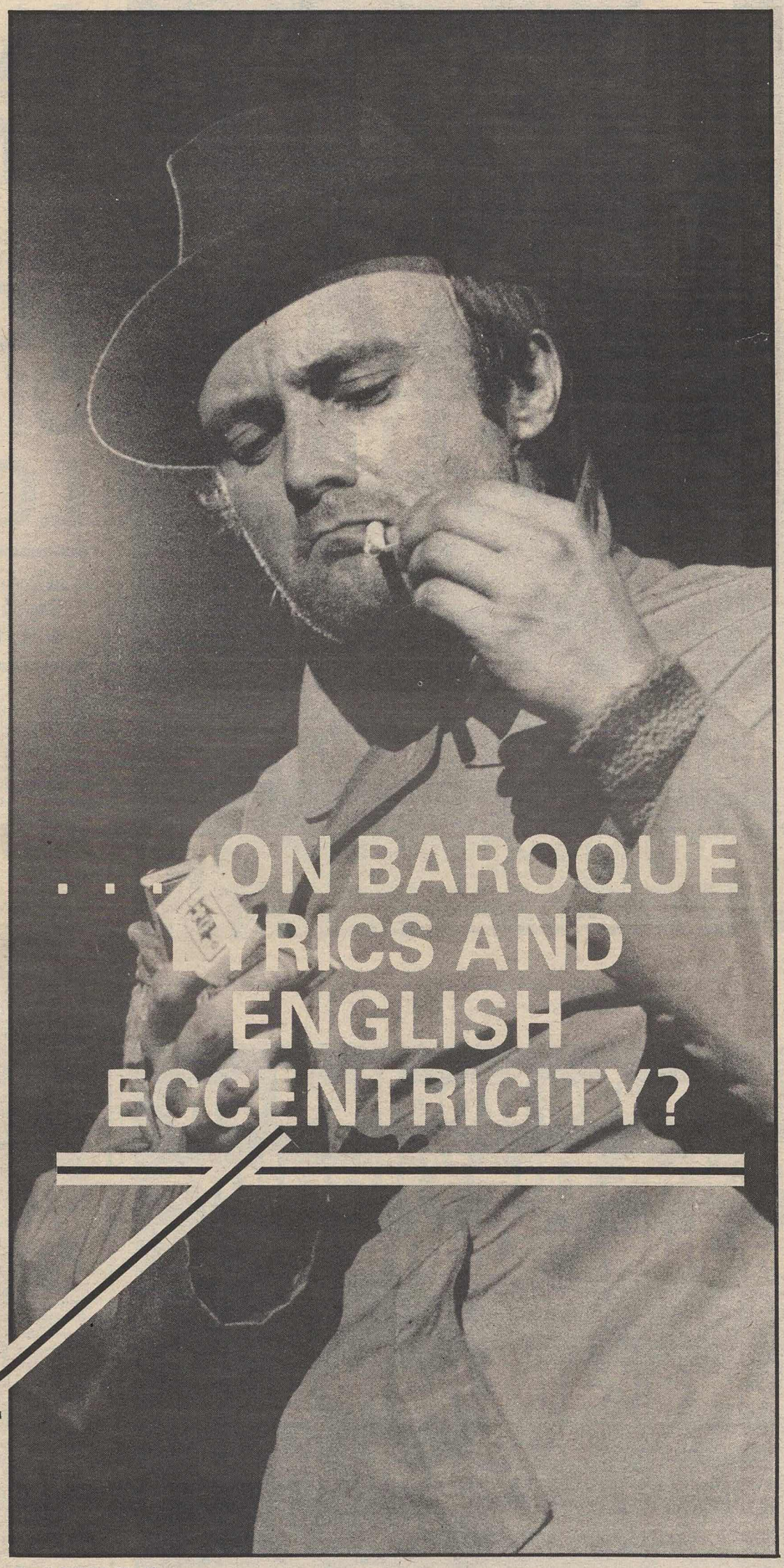
Once again, golden oldies go better than the new stuff. The elegant melody of "One For The Vine" is a standout, but the kids foam instead over the more pedestrian "Squonk".

Several times, though, the goodwill created by the familiar songs is dissipated by the newcomers. It's as though the band are deliberately squandering the audience's enthusiasm.

Afterwards, Mike Rutherford admits there are flat bits in the set, but says it's done on purpose. "We couldn't go on flat out all night," he says. "We need something in reserve for the last few songs. If we were playing what we call our festival set, we would do all our strongest material. But that's a different sort of occasion."

Obviously, Rutherford must know his business. The band have built up their American following over the course of six years' touring. Initially, it represented a huge investment. But in the past 18 months, they've moved into profit. And that's on a big scale — though no one in the band actually says so.

One informed source put the nightly *net* takings at about 50,000 dollars. If that's true, it works out at a million dollars profit for every 20 gigs. Not bad for a former college cult.



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GENESIS, sees the the changes.

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There's a chance to get a specially priced CBS jazz compilation album featuring such giants as Ramsey Lewis, Al DiMeola, George Duke, John McLaughlin, Bob James, Stanley Clarke, Billy Cobham and Eric Gale. For full details see May's issue.

In addition there's a feature on Paul Kelly, one of the undiscovered greats of American soul music, an article on Front Line, the new reggae label from Virgin, plus all the usual and unusual news and reviews.

BLACK MUSIC & JAZZ REVIEW
the music mag of the 80s—here ahead of its time

JAZZ

ANOTHER MUSIC FOR A DIFFERENT LOFT

*Altoman **BLACK ARTHUR BLYTHE** weighs into the Big Apple for California, tells ours man how, why, and when. By **BRIAN CASE.***

NEW YORK, like London, sucks the talent from the regions, and some disappear down the plughole while others secure a purchase in the firmament. Most of Chicago's AACM and St. Louis Black Artists Group have relocated and established a reputation in that grudging city.

For some reason, nobody ever thinks of California which too has rendered up its hottest sons. Writer-drummer Stanley Crouch comes from there, so do the incandescent saxophonists David Murray and Black Arthur Blythe.

First the name. Anyone extrapolating some kinda scary racialist apparatchik from Black Arthur's prefix can forget it. Built like the late Cannonball Adderley, bearded avuncular chuckling, Black Arthur may be proud of his heritage, but he ain't about to dish out the old armpit to the paler races.

"Some friends gave me that name," he explains. "One night we were all together and socializing, and I'd been doing some reading on black musical history. I think I was reading something about Scott Joplin at the time, and I was just so enthusiastic and elated about what I'd read that I was telling my friends, Look at what I found! I was just bending their ear, and they said, Well man — please give us a break — that's fine, but give our ears a break, you know. Here comes Black Arthur giving us that Black Talk again!

"I was expressing racial pride — but not hostility towards other ethnic peoples. They put the Black on me, and it sorta stuck. That was about 15 or 16 years age. Then the press got it, and I thought, well — if that's it, that's it. You get it."

He sits on the hotel bed and guffaws, old T-shirt, jeans, forearms big as bolsters. He's got quite a reputation as an altoman. Village Voice: 'Blythe and Murray tower over the Loft Underground'; Chico Hamilton rates him the finest alto since Dolphy, and Stanley Crouch puts him second only to Ornette.

"David Murray told me you'd been an influence on him," I report.

Black Arthur is modest. "Well, maybe in the sense of someone he listens to sometimes. We might sit down and talk about something, but David, he's a fine musician himself. I don't wanna claim I taught him in that sense, because I really haven't, but I've maybe inspired him to seek certain areas for himself. Maybe ..."

Stanley Crouch had been teaching at Pamona College with a bunch of the cats like Black Arthur, Bobby Bradford, Charles Tyler, Butch Morris and Walter Lowe in attendance, when David Murray was deciding on a college: some curriculum.

"Do you think the rise of Black Studies in the colleges reflects government panic after the riots?" I ask.

"It might have been some of that. It was like a pressure valve move, keep people cooled down a little bit. That period has passed now. There's not that type of tension no more concerning the black white situation. It might be more like a peaceful co-existence now. We have to live with one another, so let's try to deal with it the best way we can.

"Even at the time of the riots my personal attitude was that the music was Black Music in the sense that I'm a black person making it, but the music was for everybody. It was for all peoples of the world. It wasn't for like an elite group of people — one of our objectives was to share it, man."

Along with Horace Tapscott — LA's answer to Muhal Richard Abrams in Chicago — Everett Brown, David Bryant, Lester Robertson and Walter Savage, Black Arthur was a founder-member of Southern California's UGMA — Underground Musicians Association. Like the AACM, the organisation aimed at combining the contributions of the past with the present, and spreading the word through teaching in the colleges.

The jazz scene had receded since the storming Central Avenue days in the '40s — The Brown Bomber, The Bird In The Basket, Papa Lovejoy's, The Downbeat, The Last Word, The Jumble Room, Billy Berg's — and ebbed even further with the extinction of the white West Coast movement. The New Wave saw a resurgence with Dolphy, Ornette, Bobby Bradford and, John Carter active in the LA area.

"Things have changed since Dexter's day, because the colour line was more imposed then," Black Arthur explains. "Nowadays we can get into the system a little bit more, expand — and the culture has suffered a little bit.

"See, we had an area we had to stay in — like Central Avenue — and when we expanded out, our thing got diluted. When the history was happening heavy, the post-war period, the money was flowing in a different kinda manner and it made Central Avenue activities feasible."

Black Arthur left the coast to cut a second album with fellow UGMA member Azar Lawrence, who was with McCoy Tyner. He'd played an astonishing solo on "Warriors Of Peace" from "Bridge Into The New Age", and Azar wanted him to move to New York for the next album.

"I had eyes for going to New York myself anyway, and this gave me a reason and the money to do so. The record never did manifest, but I got hooked up in another situation. It was my first time in New York. I had a friend where I could go lay and stay for a minute to get my bearings, see how I could manoeuvre in the city, my best way to survive, you know. I got me a little day job at 150 dollars a week, and then went back and got my family.

"I'd worked with Charles Tyler's group, he gave me a coupla little hits every now and then, what he could stand, you know. I was working with Leon Thomas for three or four months, and then I was hitting and missing. I was only able to stick in there because I'd saved up a little money prior to moving to New York. Well, I got a call from Chico Hamilton who like needed a horn player, and I worked with Chico for the next three years."

Chico's band has changed up since the old swinging cello days, and he now fields alto and a coupla guitars. Black Arthur still plays with him, as well as playing in the Gil Evans Orchestra and heading his own unit.

"I'm trying to balance it all out. I don't know what category to put Chico in. He might do a rockish kinda thing, and then we might get heavy off into the tradition and I'll do 'Sentimental Mood'. He's open. He has his own ideas about continuity, and I try to play within his setting. He gives me room. I can play personal within his perimeter. I'm learning from Chico and Gil. Chico has made me aware of presentation — how to create a flow from Point A to Point B over a set — type of music to start with, type to end with."

What was it like playing with Gil Evans?

"Everybody in the band is a soloist, man. In Chico's band I be the major soloist, but here I'm just one of them, and I've gotta take my turn. Gil isn't like a hard-driving bandmaster. He gives you some music, shows you what he wants you to do with it, but he leaves a large responsibility on the individual player to get it together.

"You know if you're not doing your job, and so do your constituents round you, so Gil don't put a lotta pressure like 'You missed a B flat 7th!' He

BLACK ARTHUR on the sleeve of his album "The Grip" (India Navigation Company).

lets you work it out with yourself. I've been with him a year and a half, so I'm familiar with his book."

I had wondered whether Black Arthur's debut album, "The Grip", owed anything to Gil Evans' sense of tones and textures. One of the most sensitively varied and unusually instrumented musical programmes of recent years, "The Grip" is a triumph of imagination.

"In using instruments like the tuba, the conga and the cello, I have tried to tie together elements from the entire range and history of the music," writes the leader. "My purpose in formulating this particular instrumentation is to rekindle old thoughts and feelings with modern ones."

"Prior to getting into Gil's band I had aspirations about using the tuba," says Black Arthur. "When I got in the band I met Bob Stewart and that made the availability. I met the cellist, Abdul Wadud, on Julius Hemphill's album, 'Coon Bid'ness', and I'd known the conga player, Muhammad Abdullah, from California. So, the elements were present, and when the opportunity to record came up, I said Lemme JUMP on it!

"When a musician has the freedom, I think of that as freedom of choice, rather than to omit or disregard the structure and groundrules that were laid out. My thought about freedom is to increase my vocabulary, to have the choice to extract from the past what I wanna use. I try to play a variety. Throughout the day, the emotions of an individual, they vary. You don't stay GRRRR or happy all the time. It fluctuates. I hope the listener digs what I dig, and I use a little spice to keep him in tune with me. Sometimes it doesn't work, and you be off a little bit. I still be learning."

Unlike most of the New Music, Black Arthur's is irreducably simple and melodic. His sound is huge and declarative, and although his technique is phenomenal, he subordinates it in favour of emotional impact. The musician's spirit comes across above all else.

"I've been basically sounding like that all along. You know, like a diamond is a diamond in the rough or the polished, and I think about it like I'm constantly polishing it, but it's gonna be the same shape. It wants to keep going on, up and out — as long as life is going, you know. Let's see how much of a shine ...

"I first got a saxophone at nine. I wanted a trombone because I'd heard a player with a blues band, and it fascinated me how he could do that sound — WHAA-WHAA. I told my mother that's what I wanted, but at that time she was in tune with music like Johnny Hodges, Tab Smith and Earl Bostic. She wasn't a musician, but she useta sing around the house.

"Later on when I started to get more involved, I get in tune with Thelonious Monk — my first major influence — and she'd be listening to the records. I'd say, WOW; — Ma's OK, you know. Well, she got me the alto, and back then Earl Bostic's 'Sleep' was one of my records. I thought that was really happening.

"Time went on, and some of my peers were influential. I remember a tenor player in San Diego named Daniel Jackson, fine player. He knew a lot about the ethnic character of music, how it was supposed to sound, little inflections just like in your culture there are little ethnic inflections that make it what it is. He gave me a direction. Also during my teens. I had an alto teacher called Kurt Bradfield who useta work with Jimmy Lunceford's band. So, I was getting input from many sources, many areas ...

"Melody — that be one of my thoughts. I look back at those alto players. I want to keep certain aspects of the culture alive, and try to add my present day feelings to that groundwork. I wanna build another room onto the house my forefathers laid out — not start another house over here by itself."

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

HORACE TAPSCOTT: "The Giant Is Awakened" (Flying Dutchman).
AZAR LAWRENCE: "Bridge Into The New Age" (Prestige).
CHICO HAMILTON: "Peregrinations" (Impulse).
CHARLES TYLER: "Voyage From Jericho" (Mustevic).
STEVE REID: "Rhythmatism" (Mustevic).
JULIUS HEMPHILL: "Coon Bid'ness" (Arista Freedom).
ARTHUR BLYTHE: "The Grip" (India Navigation).

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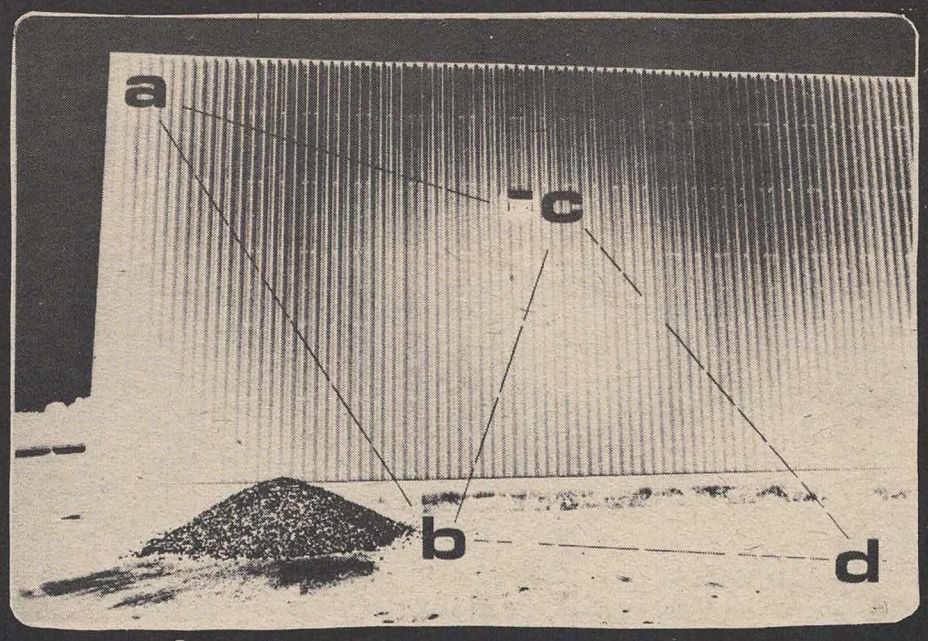

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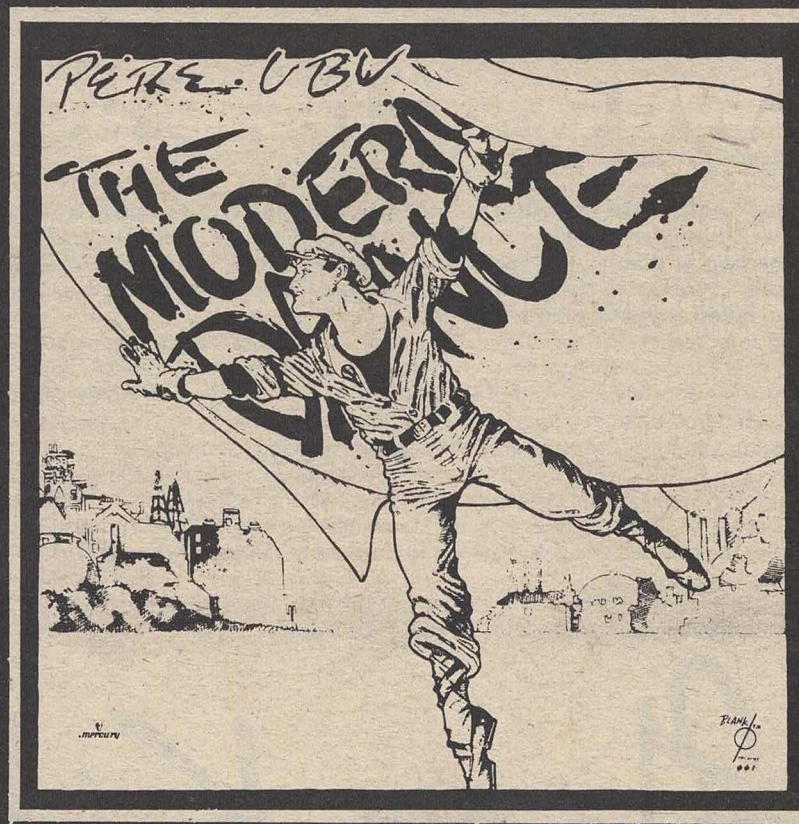
SUNDAY 30TH APRIL	ROUNDHOUSE, LONDON (WITH GRAHAM PARKER)
MONDAY 1ST MAY	ROUNDHOUSE, LONDON (WITH GRAHAM PARKER)
TUESDAY 2ND MAY	BARBARELLA'S, BIRMINGHAM
MONDAY 8TH MAY	MARQUEE, LONDON
TUESDAY 9TH MAY	MARQUEE, LONDON



THE MODERN DANCE
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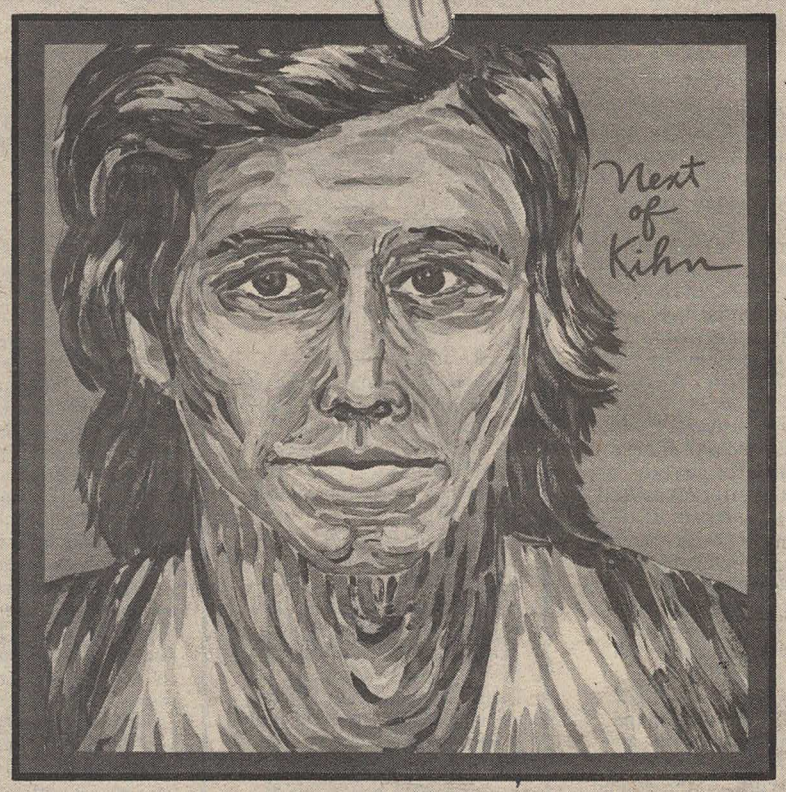
"Jesus!", said God.

"Jesus!", said God.
"Something bugging you?", retorted Gabriel from across the desk.
God heaved a long sigh and gave his second-in-command and assistant programme controller one of those long lingering looks that had put the wind up lesser men.
"I do wish you'd cease trying to talk like a musical journalist. It sounds awfully pretentious."
Gabriel was a trifle miffed but nevertheless took the hint and went back to cataloguing the new releases.
The Almighty meanwhile resumed his plodding through an enormous box of tee shirts, decorated mirrors, stickers, badges and assorted promotional paraphernalia that had just arrived at Radio Heaven from CBS. Reaching down into the bottom of the box he finally came up with two rather crumpled records, the dogeared sleeves of which he examined with disdain for a few seconds, stroking his grey beard ponderously before depositing them both in the waste bin unopened and unheard.
Reaching for his cigarettes and swinging his sandalled feet onto the desk top he blew a cursory smoke ring, picked his nose distractedly and mused. Musing was his wont at times of extreme frustration.
Gabriel scratched under his right wing and looked up at the omnipotent one.
"Go on. You can tell me. There's something buggi... er... bothering you. I can tell."
The Heavenly father decided to make a clean breast of it.
"Oh, I don't know. It's just that none of these records seem to give me the buzz they used to. There's nothing you can play nonstop for a week anymore. You remember those old Byrds albums and things like 'Beatles For Sale'. Those things were never off my deck for weeks. You could get excited. And now what is there? Devo? Don't make me laugh. It's so... so... unconvincing. No fun anymore. No fun."
"Know what you mean boss", offered Gabriel, putting aside his felt tip and warming to the subject. **"There's just got to be more to life than the next Wire album, hasn't there? I feel like I want to get into something with a more 'up' kind of feel to it. Something more positive."**
There was a silence as both men nodded sagely.
At that moment the library door burst open to admit John the Baptist, Radio Heaven's Rock DJ, sporting a ripped Banshees tee shirt, a two thousand year growth on his chin and carrying a pile of Stranglers albums. Parting his shoulder length hair to reveal a grizzled and manic countenance, he peered round the room.
"Hi Jove! What's happening?"
"Not much", offered Gabriel, **"all these new albums stink."**
"Oh yeah? Well now it's a good job I came in when I did, 'cos have I got the platter to lay on you, to make you lose your blues and put on your rock and roll shoes and boogie all night long..."
At this God saw red.
"Now look, I told you what would happen if you tried to push one of those Mahogany Rush albums on me once more. The whole number... the locusts, the bolts of lightning, the boils, the sores, the graves opening... the full works. Got me?"
"Naw", interjected the Baptist, **"it's nothing like that. In fact it was Augustine who layed this one on me".**
God and Gabriel exchanged quizzical glances. Augustine was the late night presenter and well known as the station wimp. How could his tastes and John the Baptists converge? But they had. And the subject of this agreement was **'NEXT OF KIHN'**, the third and finest album from the extraordinary Greg Kihn Band, a masterpiece of dynamic tuneful and heartwarming rock and roll. God listened.
He dug it. Right now he's on this third copy, it's been top of Radio Heaven charts for weeks and all the opposition is considering retirement.
Now that he's got into it, everybody down here is going to need a good excuse to ignore the fact that the Greg Kihn Band are right at the top of their particular tree.
John Lee Hooker used to say 'Nothing but the best. Later for the garbage.'
He could have been talking about **'NEXT OF KIHN'**



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Beserkley "Home of the Hits"
BSERK 13

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Suddenly, at home, with its boots on.
NO FLOWERS. Beserkley, 37 Kingston
Hill, Kingston-Upon-Thames, Surrey.

● *The above sleeve is the winning design entered by CAROLE PASCOE in the recent NME/Rubinoos competition.*

REVIEWED THIS WEEK by KIM DAVIS

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
TOM ROBINSON BAND: Up Against The Wall (EMI). Not only the best single in the heap but, discounting the various album tracks being sprung on the public by bands marking time in the songwriting department, the only 45 here I would have spent money on.

Co-written by Roy Butterfield, original TRB guitarist, this doesn't just make it as a slice of social/political conscience (although it'll be nice to see *TOTPs* squirm). It's a catchy tune with a powerful hook, a perfect single with a hard rock edge. *"Whitehall, up against the wall . . ."* Don't be too sure.

NOW THE SINGLE OF THE ALBUM:

BLONDIE: (I'm Always Touched By Your) Presence Dear (Chrysalis). Most of the other quality items are familiar territory; let's put out *another* track from the album so the punters don't forget our wunnerful hit combo. This isn't Blondie at their best but it's the obvious follow-up to "Denis," another'70s Shangri-Las work-out. Inevitable hit but the group deserve it.

ELVIS COSTELLO: Pump It Up (Radar): The professor rests on his laurels. After "Detectives" and "Chelsea" a third consecutive masterpiece is hardly mandatory. You get an affable mid-tempo stomper, probably fine for a disco between funks, with Elvis sounding marginally less miserable than usual. Why the rush to chuck this at the charts? More dignified to wait a couple of months for new material.

RUBINOOS: Rock And Roll Is Dead (Berserkley). Tongue-in-cheek heavy metal battery from their debut album. It's not typical of their lightweight pop approach and it's not their most commercial shot — but anything that can make Ted Nugent funny must be worthwhile.

XTC: This Is Pop? (Virgin). More polished version of the track from "White Music." *"What is that noise that you put on . . .?"* It ought to be a successful noise, because it's more instant than "Statue Of Liberty" and not too clever for airplay.

999: Me And My Desire (United Artists). The third single from the first album? That's really stretching it; I've got a lot of time for 999 but they're developing a tendency to spray singles at their audience like free badges. This is respectable, efficient punk but so were the other singles and all three were better left as album tracks.

NEW ENOUGH WAVE TONIGHT: Money That's Your Problem (TDS). Jabbering, shallow pop in the same vein as the unbearably sickly "Drummerman," Supertramp go bubblegum. It's clean-cut, wholesome young lads like this that give Southend a bad name.

THE STRANGLERS: Nice 'n' Sleazy (United Artists). Skipping the hit formula at last; greasy white reggae with bubbling bass line. Hugh Cornwell snarls earnestly; oh, isn't life tough, cruel world. Po-faced band of the week.

JOLT: Whatcha Gonna Do About It (Polydor). Beware, there is life on this record, a neat cover of the Small Faces' classic from a young Scottish band. Their own "Again And Again" on the B side is equally lively and only slightly less tuneful. Keep watching the grooves.

READYMADES: Terry Is A Space Cadet (Automatic). Unexpected off-the-wall genius from conglomerate of American punks (ex-Avengers, ex-Crime). This one's zany, (remember that word) on a Jonathan Richman level of charming inanity; a soft sci-fi, N.Y.Dolls at three-years-old, lost in space love song. Move over Troy Tempest.

THE WARM: Floosie EP (Warm). This is what garages were built for. A curious, obscure, cosmopolitan UK band have produced an EP so awful in conception and execution that it actually becomes enjoyable listening. This is a really dreadful two-chord trash for people with bizarre eardrums. I love it.

PORK DUKES: Telephone Masturbator (Wood). Try not to look at the cover. Pant, pant lavatory humour from people too old to know better. Monotonous destructive aural graffiti. The sort of record that makes you want to lose your dinner. Produced by Willie Dunnit. Ho, ho . . .

URCHIN: She's A Roller (DJM). Professional Vic Maile product but ultimately faceless music. Urchin are a distinctly long-haired pub band, and seem destined to remain such.

REDUCERS: Things Go Wrong (Vibes). They do indeed — like independent labels being formed for the aimless purpose of vomiting out this level of impenetrable kiddipunk.

VENUS & THE RAZORBLADES: Workin' Girl (Spark). More Kim Fowley robots. Dyan Diamond is this month's version of Cherie Currie, bleating trite West Coast pop.

THE TUBES: Show Me A Reason (A&M). There was I waiting to snigger when suddenly . . . nothing funny happened. Here the Tubes grasp for commercial credibility with a smoothy, Beatle-ish MOR crumb from the live album.

BOMBERS: I'm A Liar Babe (The Label). Inoffensive, aging punk (two beards and one baldie but hip shades) with a "Statue Of Liberty" riff. They've missed the bandwagon by about six months and nobody's got the heart to tell them.

WILLIE ALEXANDER AND THE BOOM BOOM BAND: You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin' (MCA). I thought this emaciated cult figure was supposed to be Boston's latest sliced bread substitute. I presume he's capable of more than a lacklustre grind through an over-familiar standard. Over-acted, over-bearing and overrated.

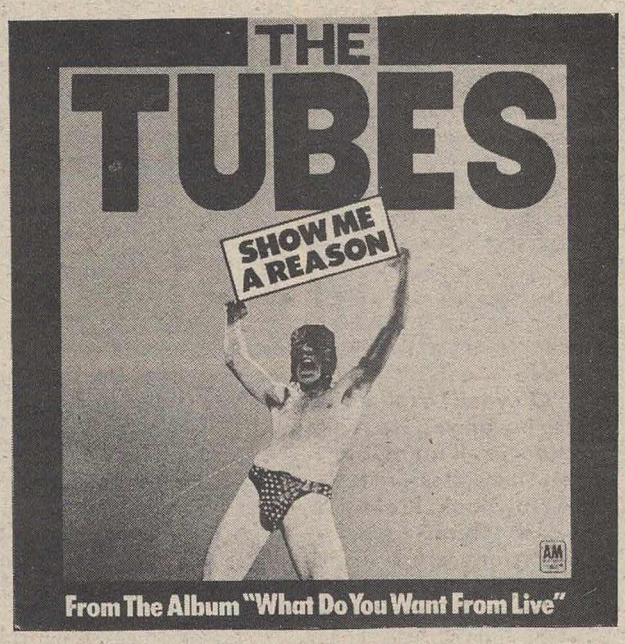
FRUIT EATING BEARS: Door In My Face (DJM). Once semi-cult pub rockers, now the first punks to try for Eurovision fame. This record is why they failed. Burn it.

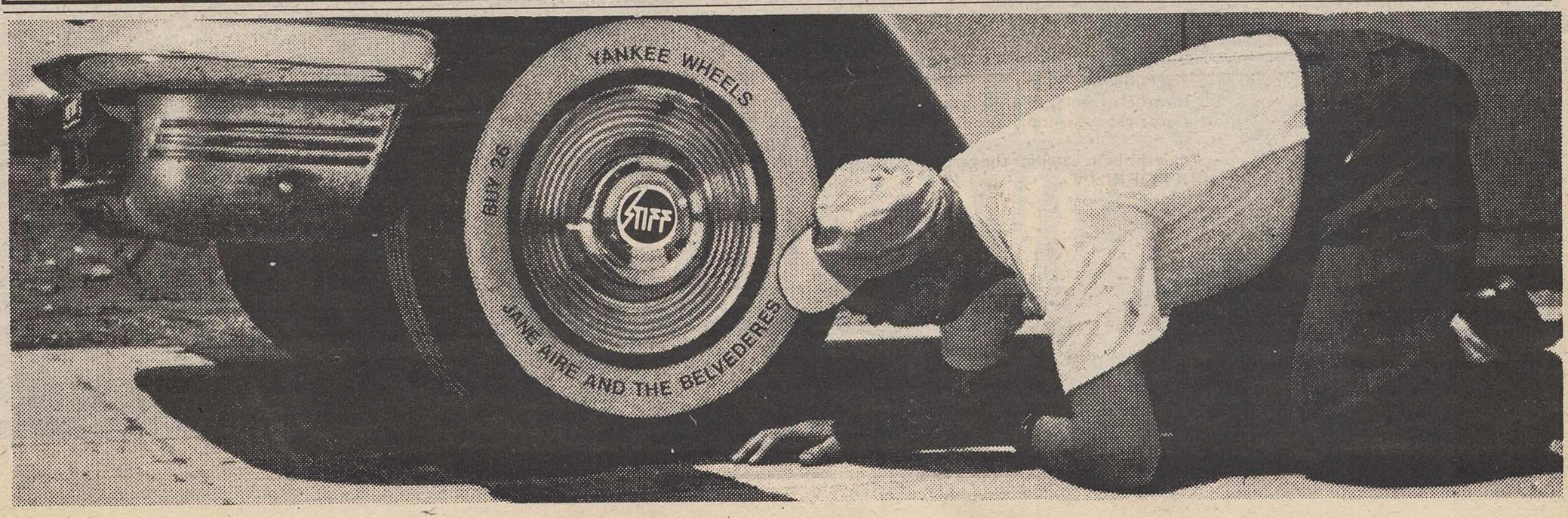
CHRIS SEIVEY & THE FRESHIES: Baiser (Razz). Despite sub-Residents promo material this rivals The Warm in ghastliness but not in charm.

SCHOOL MEALS: Headmaster (Edible). I say, yes, the Head is a frightful chap, isn't he! Such angry young men.

BILBO BAGGINS: I Can Feel Mad (Lightning). Pleasant, brainless rubbish. The B side, "Dole Q Blues", displays either a ready wit or a complete absence of mental faculties.

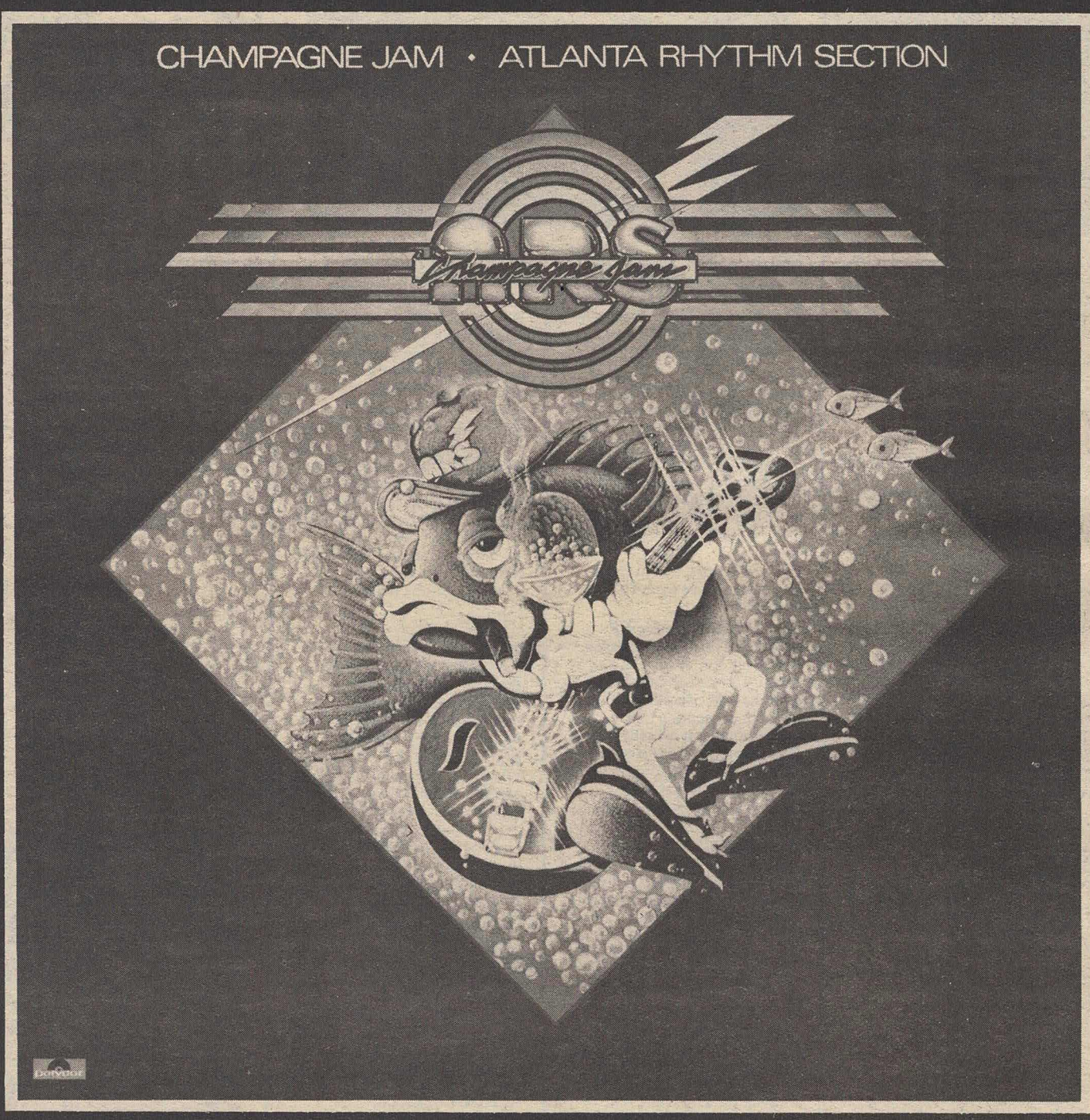
■ *Continues page 27*





THE TOAST OF ROCK & ROLL
ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION

CHAMPAGNE JAM • ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION



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Album 2391 319·Cassette 3177 319

Including The Single
"IMAGINARY LOVER"
2066 910

PRODUCTIONS

polydor

SINGLES

■ *From page 25*

STARSHIP: Vampire For Your Love (Scratch). Remember White Plains? This is almost the same group cowering behind new picture-sleeve-thin credibility, taking a Marc Bolan line and doing nothing with it.

PAUL SHUTTLEWORTH: Mixed Up, Shook Up Girl (Epic). The golden tonsils of the extinct and greatly missed Kursaal Flyers try a Willy DeVille ballad as a solo exercise. Nice idea but someone let Mike Batt into the studio with a big lush orchestra. It must be raining in Southend.

AKA: Heroes Are Losers (Vanity). Breathlessly sincere 12 inches of street pop. Aka fronts an unusual mixture of backing musicians (from Reggae Regular, Monochrome Set, Chelsea) and produces an intriguing reggae/softrock concoction with smart, sub-dub interjections but no real power. It's loose and messy but at least it's interesting.

THE REST

RED BALUNE: Capitalist Kid (MCCB). Music of the revolution, like Kraftwerk falling down a lift-shaft with somebody elses instruments.

RIFF REGAN: All The Nice Boys And Girls In The World (MCA). You could probably fit their names on a postage stamp. Anyway, how did this ugly fellow wangle a picture sleeve. *Fab 208* fodder if he was prettier.

ROY HILL: George's Bar (Arista). Diluted calypso drivel. It's all about having a few bevys, dancing in the streets. Do that round here and they call it drunk and disorderly.

HELEN SCHNEIDER: Until Now (Windsong). One for enquiring pensioners.

FERGUS: Blue-Eyed Boy (Rondercrest). An Irish Andy Fairweather-Lowe. Cheerful and harmless in a small, round, black sort of way.

DOLPHIN: Linda Lovelace (Private Stock). C'mon down to the disco, you can flap your baggies to this one. It's not a heavy breathing number, just dull, half-hearted, funk.

TERRA COTTA: EP (Terra Cotta). Grossly old-fashioned, slushy excuse for rock. Easy listening that's not even hip.

DHAIMA: Ina Jah Children (Lightning). Commercial, crossover reggae in the Althia and Donna mould. Unobtrusively tuneful with a fairly predictable dub side.

SMOKEY ROBINSON (Madam X (Motown). I remember him. I think.

DENEICE WILLIAMS: Season (CBS). Infectious but totally clinical MOR soul. She's a good vocalist but so are a million others. The B side's got the daftest title since "The Whiffenpoof Song" — "God Is Amazing". Course he is, after all, he's God, ain't he. No point having a mediocre God.

MARSEILLES: The French Way (Mountain). After the exhaustive, hot breath advertising campaign comes the limp, repetitive anti-climax of heavy metal, failed machismo tripe.

STEVE GIBBONS BAND: Eddy Vortex (Polydor). Archetypal Gubbins, with drawling confused lyrics — possibly designed to ingratiate his band with any currently fashionable arena of musical taste — over a cop from "Summertime Blues." Top ten.

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON AND RITA COOLIDGE: I Fought The Law (A&M). It's painful to admit but this is fairly unobjectionable. An old Sonny Curtis song — but a version which suggests these American stars of screen and cabaret were actually wide awake when they recorded it.

HERBIE FLOWERS: Don't Take My Bass Away (EMI). Yes, leave his bass alone. Just grab the mike and stop him trying to sing.

FIVE HAND REEL: Pinch Of Snuff (RCA). Hey-nonny-no with stringed things.

RESURRECTIONS

PETER COOK AND DUDLEY MOORE: Goodbyee (Cube). The once hilarious finale from the *"Not Only . . . But Also"* show now sounds very dated. On the other side, Dud's Welsh music teacher shows Pete's rich oaf round a keyboard. Funny at least twice.

CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS: My Little Sister's Gotta Motorbike EP (Charly). The first rockabilly band I ever saw and by far the best. Cavan Grogan's veteran Welsh mob don't just churn out purist re-treads, they add a tangible individuality to four raucous originals.

MR. BLOE: Groovin' With Mr. Blow (Old Gold). A seminal Kenny Laguna construction. Apart from that, I've heard groovier weather forecasts.

T FORD AND THE BONESHAKERS: Quarter To Three (Splash). Remember doo-wop? Showaddywaddy do and this shares a similarity with "Dancing Party." Very classy, without The Dart's humour or Showaddywaddy's crassness.

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MAY	2	OXFORD Polytechnic
	4	EASTBOURNE Winter Gardens
	5	CHELTENHAM Town Hall
	6	LONDON Thames Poly
	7	BRISTOL Locarno
	11	PLYMOUTH The Metro
	12	SALISBURY City Hall
	15	FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall
	16	CARDIFF Top Rank
	18	COLWYN BAY Dixieland
	19	LIVERPOOL Erics
	20	NEWCASTLE University
	21	REDCAR Coatham Bowl
	22	HULL Tiffanies
	23	MANCHESTER Polytechnic
	30	EDINBURGH Tiffanies
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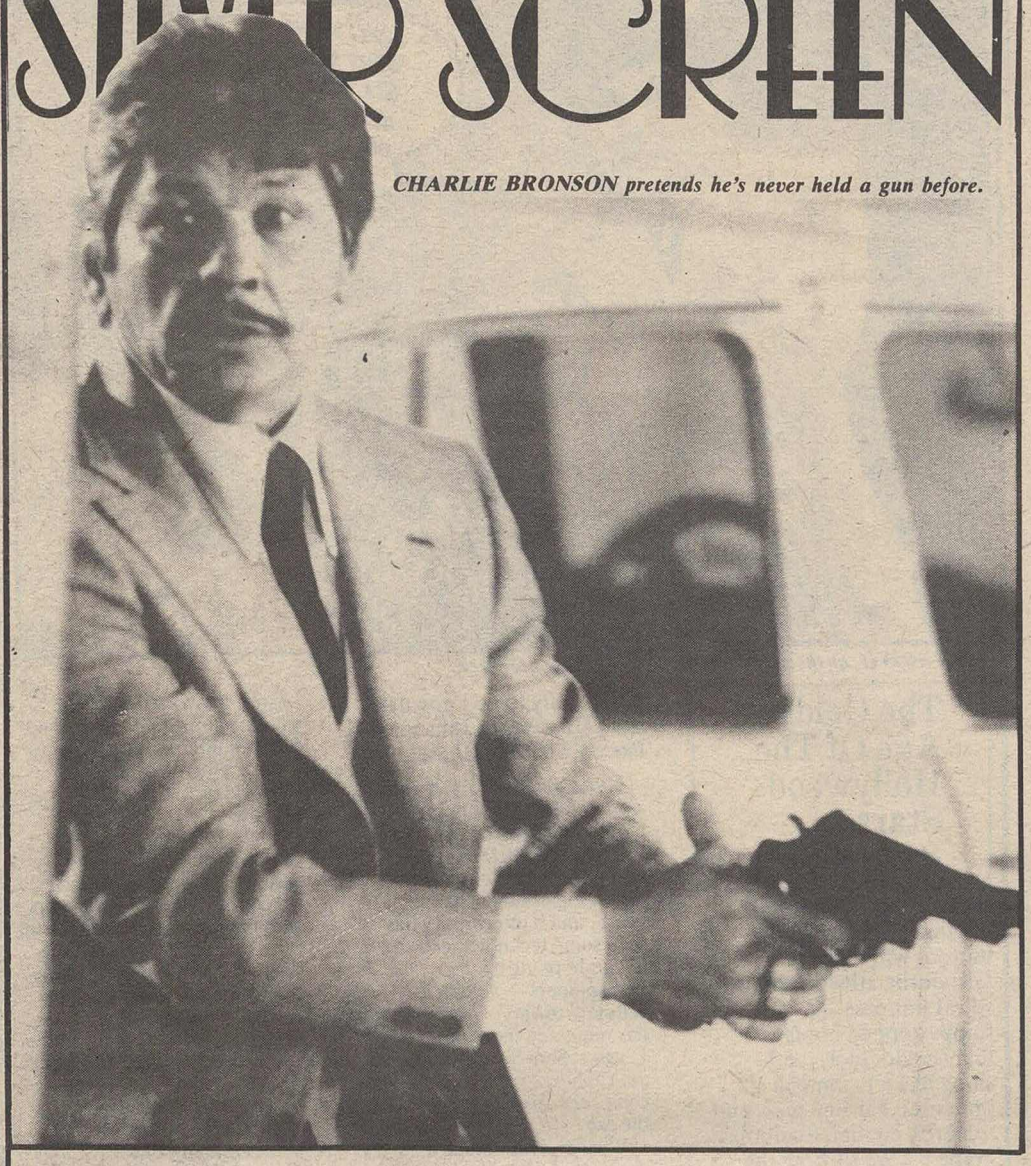
SILVER SCREEN



***CHARLIE BRONSON** pretends he's never held a gun before.*

The Goodbye Girl

Directed by Herbert Ross
Starring Richard Dreyfuss and Marsha Mason
(Col-War)

TA-TA

WITHOUT PUTTING Richard Dreyfuss down, I'm blowed if I know why Hollywood should dignify a turn with its coveted Best Actor Oscar. Health foods, meditation, bumptiousness — the role is the usual Neil Simon book-end, devised to grate upon its opposite number rather than stand independently, and, fair play, Dreyfuss does invade these flat, stale and profitable waters like an alka-seltzer. But Best Actor. . .?

The situation, like *The Odd Couple*, revolves around the incompatibility of a flat-share, Dreyfuss as the cuckoo, Marsha Mason and daughter the incumbents. Throughout their neat but unfunny exchange of hostilities there lurks a sense of rubber sabre-rattling: you know that someone's gonna get their blankets tucked in.

In fact, the potentially funniest scene in the film in which Dreyfuss, dressed as Richard III, comforts the weisenheimer button (Quinn Cummings), goes for nothing due to an excess of schmaltz.

The Broadway sit-com convention, pretty well patented by Neil Simon, doesn't pretend to last much longer that Baby Cham bubbles, but this one is more rubble than bubble, structurally shambling and laboured. **Brian Case.**

TELEFON — CHEAP RATED, EVEN FOR WET WEEKENDS IN WIGAN

Telefon

Directed by Don Siegel
Starring Charles Bronson and Lee Remick
(CIC)

IF A STRONG suggestion of Justice Shallow hung about *The Shootist,* then Don Siegel's latest, *Telefon,* is indelibly associated with Polonius. Empty, footling, antiquated.

As a B-film director, Siegel — like Sam Fuller and Budd Boetticher — showed what brevity and sharp editing could do for the action movie: *Riot In Cell Block Eleven, Baby Face Nelson, Invasion Of The Body Snatchers.* His track record in the major league has been less impressive, with tedious passages between the convulsions, and only *Dirty Harry* the glittering exception.

The story of *Telefon* is perfectly functional — and Siegel at his best has never needed more than a rising crisis to hand his gifts on. Back in the Cold War, the Russians planted a network of psychologically conditioned saboteurs in the most innocuous American settings. A top Russian (Donald Pleasence) defects, and buckets about the States activating the human warheads. Moscow sends in a man (Charles Bronson) to stop the defector and pull out the wiring before the current entente with America can be jeopardized. The Americans send in Lee Remick to keep tabs on Bronson and kill him.

Plenty of scope, then, for closely observed tensions and detonations. All of them are missed. Bronson looks Russian but bored; Remick has nothing to do; Pleasence relies on his stoatish physiognomy.

The opening scenes in Moscow suggest that Don Siegel has fallen among thesps, with Patrick Magee and Alan Badel turning their lines every way but loose: the Vowel Rubato. In fact, the only performance worth a fart comes from the girl boffin in charge of the CIA computer: cameo performance, bijou fart.

Even the highpoint — a confrontation in a backcountry bar between Bronson. Pleasence and a snake — went for nothing. There is a category of film rating called Wet Weekend In Wigan. This fails to gain admission. I saw it on a plane — captive audience, no chute — where the only competition was the lifebelt instructions. The lifebelt instructions won by a nozzle.

Brian Case

THE TRUCK and BRIDGE, two stars in WAGES OF FEAR

Wages Of Fear

Directed by William Friedkin
Starring Roy Scheider and Bruno Cremer
(CIC)

REMAKES ARE notoriously difficult to bring off and William Friedkin has had enough problems with *Wages Of Fear* to dissuade any film-maker from ever attempting one again. His film opened last year in the States under the title *Sorcerer,* running two hours. Audiences, expecting more gore from the director of *The Exorcist,* were perplexed when confronted with a tense drama involving four men driving two truck-loads of volatile notro-glycerine over treacherous terrain in South America.

The distributors acted swiftly, changing the title and, possibly embarrased by the implied criticism of US involvement in South American oil fields, lopping half-an-hour off the final cut for good luck.

Friedkin's disowned this version, the crowds are still staying away and no-one's happy.

Henri-Georges Clouzot's 1953 original is accurately considered a masterpiece of suspense. He used the 200-mile hourney undertaken by the four desperate men to sustain tension and examine his characters' shifting relationships. Although credulity was often strained perilously close to the limit, the film still overall possessed powerful verismilitude and endures as an epic drama of failure.

Frustratingly, enough remains of Friedkin's movie to suggest that his version would have been a worthy testament of Clouzot's classic (it remains 'dedicated' to the Frenchman).

Roy Scheider, as always, convincingly conveys a harried menace and the superb camerwork (by John Stephens and Dick Bush) manages to suggest an almost tactile sense of dirt, grease, heat and sweat in the seedy, impoverished little community. And the telephoto shots of the huge trucks in traction make them resemble prehistoric leviathans as they lumberingly negotiate ungodly terrain.

But the enforced cuts ultimately defeat Friedkin's purpose and we are left with an unsatisfying crimped and sordid little thriller. Incidentally, *Sorcerer* is the name of one of the trucks (the other is Lazaro).

Monty Smith

MIDNIGHT EXCESS

AFTER MUCH deliberation, it has finally been decided that one of the first widescreen drug movies ever to come out of Britain will be an official entry at this year's Cannes Film Festival.

Midnight Express, directed by Alan Parker of *Bugsy Malone* fame, is the true-life tale of American Billy Hayes who, aged 21, was busted trying to take two kilos of hashish out of Turkey. The lower court in Istanbul sentenced him to four years two months imprisonment for possession but then, just 53 days before he was due for release, his case was reheard in a higher court in Ankara, the charge was changed to smuggling, and he was sentenced to life imprisonment (later reduced to 30 years). After serving about a year of this, Billie Hays managed to escape into Greece where he was given political asylum.

Brad Davis plays the part of Hayes and the movie also stars Randy Quaid *(The Last Detail)* and John Burt as a junkie called Max. Not surprisingly the film has already become something of a political hot potatoe. The French were worried about approving it for Cannes as it paints a bleak portrait of the Turkish penal system and the French were worried that it could jeopardise their diplomatic relations with Turkey. **Dick Tracy**

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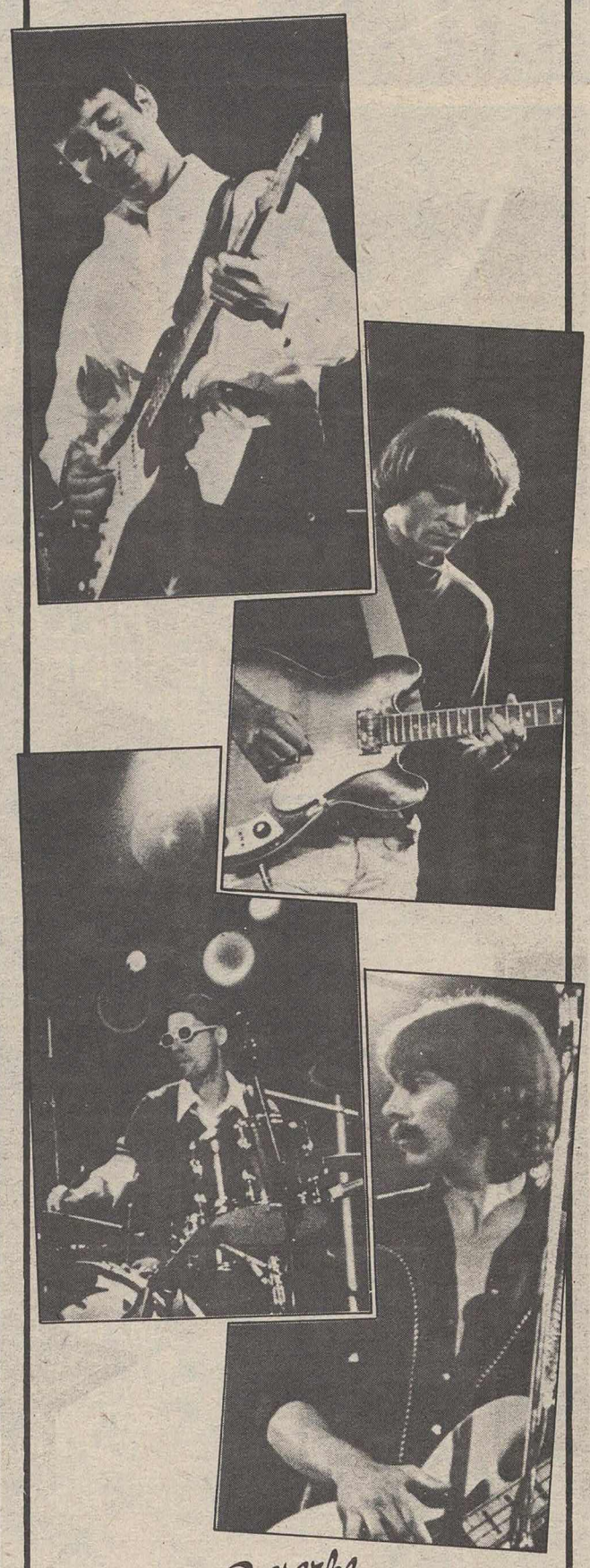

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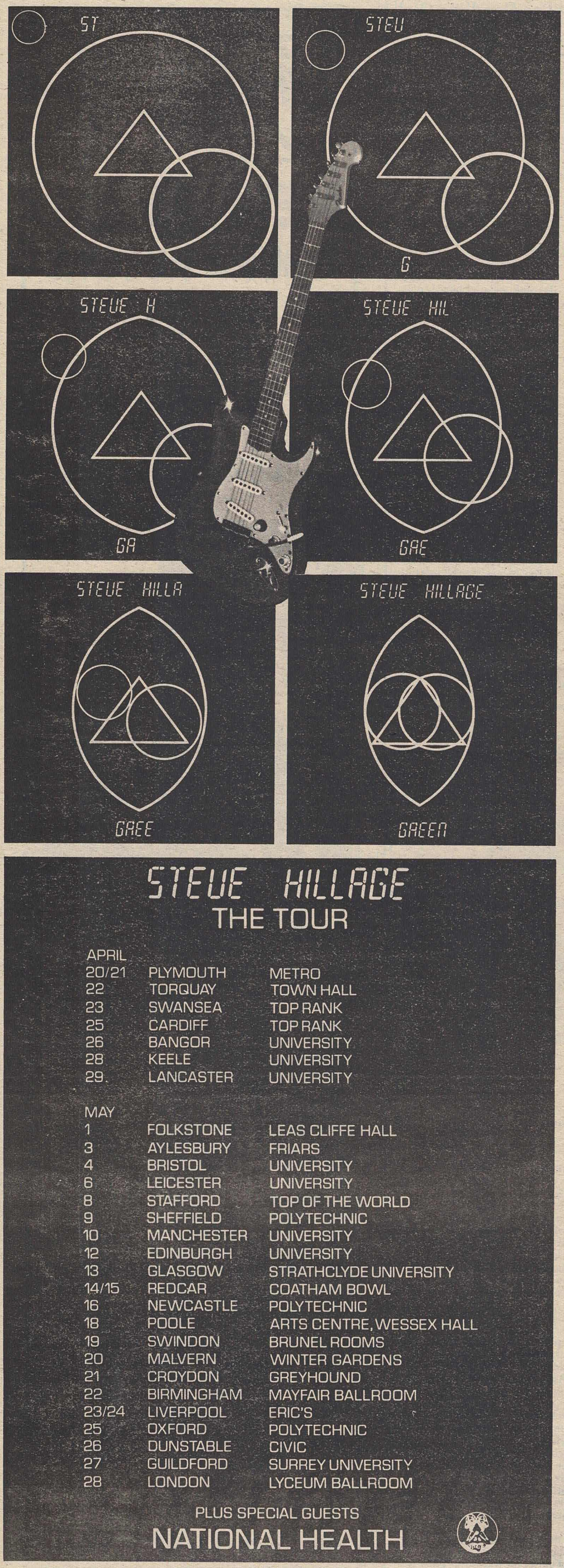

STEUE HILLAGE

THE TOUR

APRIL		
20/21	PLYMOUTH	METRO
22	TORQUAY	TOWN HALL
23	SWANSEA	TOP RANK
25	CARDIFF	TOP RANK
26	BANGOR	UNIVERSITY
28	KEELE	UNIVERSITY
29.	LANCASTER	UNIVERSITY
MAY		
1	FOLKSTONE	LEAS CLIFFE HALL
3	AYLESBURY	FRIARS
4	BRISTOL	UNIVERSITY
6	LEICESTER	UNIVERSITY
8	STAFFORD	TOP OF THE WORLD
9	SHEFFIELD	POLYTECHNIC
10	MANCHESTER	UNIVERSITY
12	EDINBURGH	UNIVERSITY
13	GLASGOW	STRATHCLYDE UNIVERSITY
14/15	REDCAR	COATHAM BOWL
16	NEWCASTLE	POLYTECHNIC
18	POOLE	ARTS CENTRE, WESSEX HALL
19	SWINDON	BRUNEL ROOMS
20	MALVERN	WINTER GARDENS
21	CROYDON	GREYHOUND
22	BIRMINGHAM	MAYFAIR BALLROOM
23/24	LIVERPOOL	ERIC'S
25	OXFORD	POLYTECHNIC
26	DUNSTABLE	CIVIC
27	GUILDFORD	SURREY UNIVERSITY
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PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

NATIONAL HEALTH

EDWARD G. as the biggest LITTLE CAESAR ever seen.

The Golden Age Of The Hollywood Stars

(United Artists)

WHAT BOY HAS NOT dreamed of doffing the buttons with Guy of Gisbourne athwart some spiral staircase — floppy-topped boots, unlaced doublet, teeth slung like a hammock under the hairline tazz, and temerity enough to nibble a grape before spitting the sneerer? Beats there a heart so sluggish that its owner has not eaten his ticket as the socially-maladjusted in the crombie yells out his defiance of society before dying of its morse metal reply? Lurks there a reviewer who does not yearn daily to be known as Mad Dog Earle, Johnnie Rocco, Captain Blood?

Nostalgia then, and dreams — but this double album of movie soundtracks is more than the chronicle of simple heroes and simpler houses. Mythologies don't change much, and if our century has seen some technological hedge-hopping by the yarnspinners — vellum to celluloid to vinyl — the content has remained the same. Ulysses, Sam Spade and Elvis are rubbing togas in that comprehensive Pantheon in the sky.

Warner Bros fielded a phenomenal bunch of talent. Bogart's career, for example, remained beached for years because the studios had all the hoods they could handle in the triumvirate of Cagney, Edward G. Robinson and George Raft. Pat O'Brian's collar never had a chance to go to the laundry. In the swashbuckler too, Warners swashed the board with Errol Flynn as the roistering redistributor of wealth in forest and main, and Basil Rathbone in opposition, using a wide vocabulary to show his lack of decent impulses.

Bette Davis and Joan Crawford took care of the suffering, cornering the market in spoiled heiresses and lovers with the life-expectancy of fruit flies. Olivia de Havilland was sweetness itself; no-one made this Marian in Sherwood Forest. Ann Sheridan, the original Oomph Girl, had seen it all twice and dealt wisecracks from the hip while serving coffee'n'hash. Bacall and Bergman shared Begie between them, one whistling, the other requesting.

We all have our favourite movies, and the compilers have included a near-psychic number of mine: *The Big Sleep, The Maltese Falcon, Casablanca, White Heat, The Adventures Of Robin Hood.* From now on, no excuses for getting Cody Jarrett's epitaph wrong will be accepted. Buy it.

Brian Case

George Burns is God...

and John Denver doesn't believe it either.

A CARL REINER FILM

"Oh, God!" A IT'S AN ALMIGHTY LAUGH

A JERRY WEINTRAUB PRODUCTION

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Produced by JERRY WEINTRAUB Directed by CARL REINER

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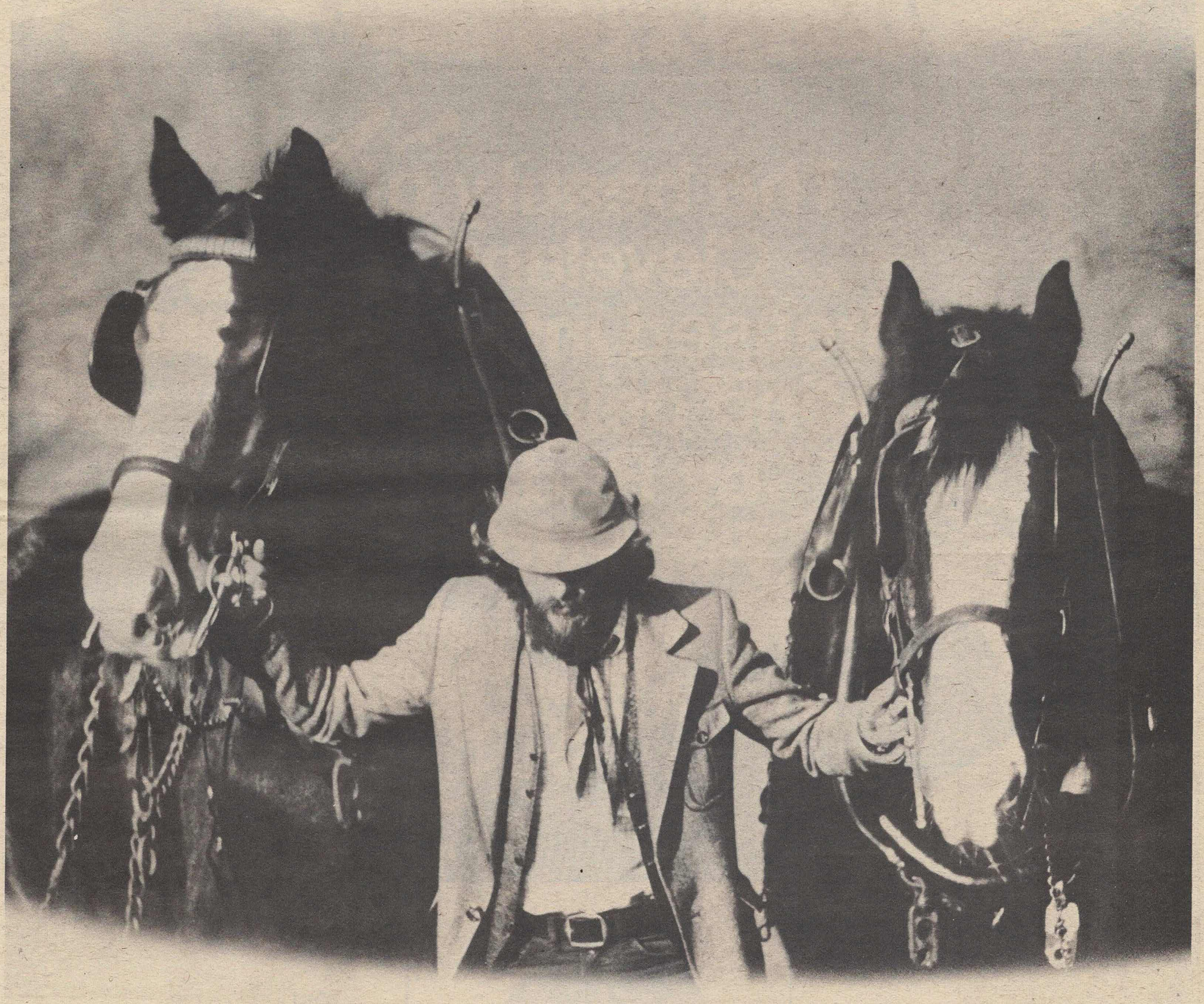

Heavy Horses is the new album from Jethro Tull. Just one album ago, the world discovered a new and different Ian Anderson. Still exhibiting his wonderfully wicked sense of humour "Songs From The Wood" also lovingly took a musical tour of the English countryside.

"Heavy Horses", dedicated to the Shires, Percherons, and Suffolks that were once the backbone of rural England, travels through the same pastoral country of today exploring even newer directions. Musically it's one of the best Tull albums, Ian Anderson's lyrics being as sharp and perceptive as ever.

Included on the album you'll find the single "Moths" which has "Life Is A Long Song" on the B side, and if you're lucky, you'll be able to see Jethro Tull on their forthcoming sold out UK tour.

In the meantime take a listen to the album.

Heavy Horses is the one worth coming home to.

May 1st	Usher Hall	Edinburgh.
May 2nd	Apollo Theatre	Glasgow.
May 3rd & 4th	Apollo Theatre	Manchester.
May 5th	Odeon	Birmingham.
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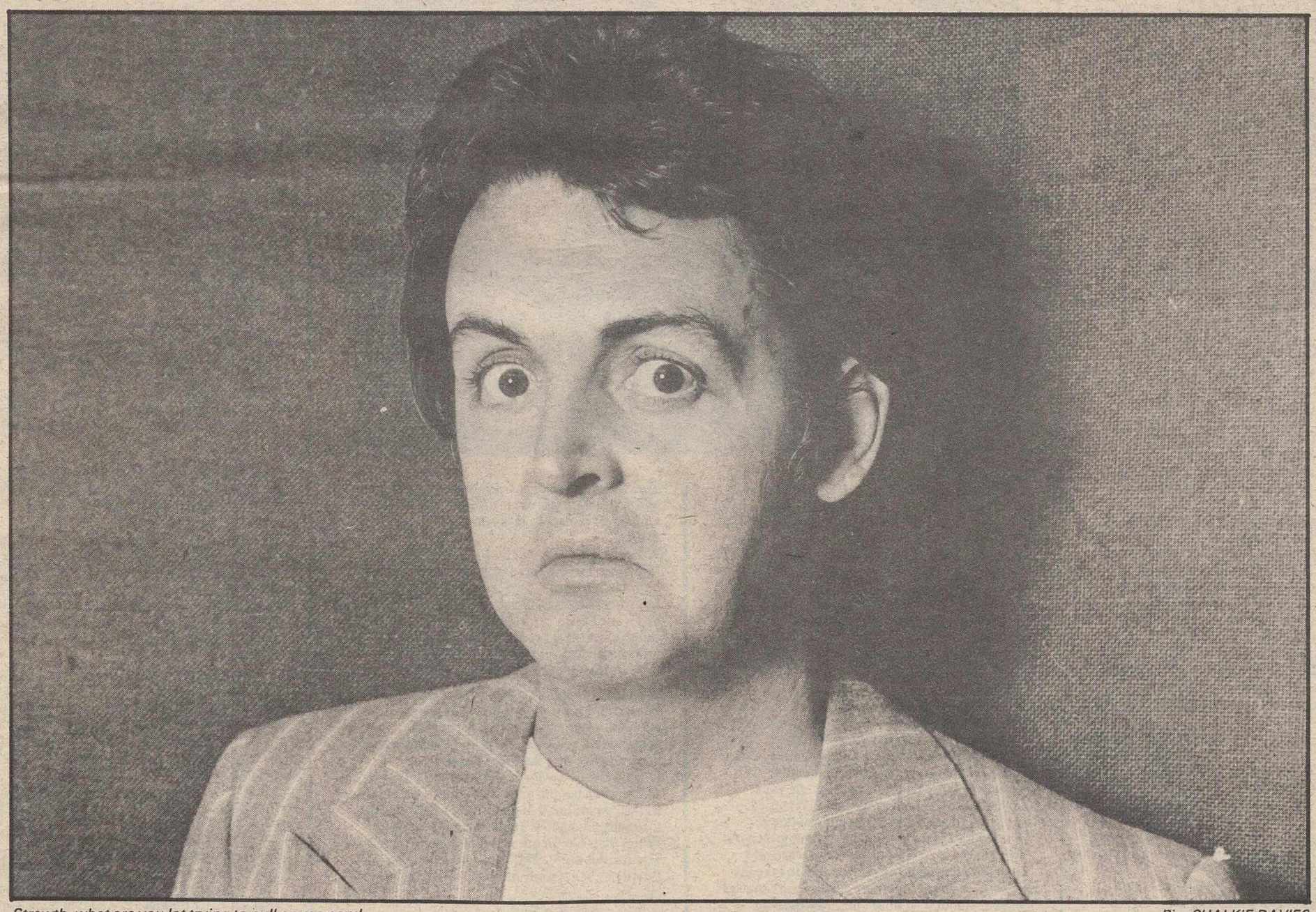
THE TRIAL OF JAMES PAUL McCARTNEY

IMAGINE THAT Paul McCartney didn't bury himself in hermit-like seclusion in Liverpool after the assassination attempt by Jack Ruby that followed the break-up of The Beatles. Imagine instead that he formed a group with his wife, put out a massively successful string of easy listening albums and singles, became the most prominent of the ex-Beatles and climaxed his career with a tribute to his Scottish home-from-home*. And imagine NME sent ROY CARR to interview him . . .



Strewth, what are you lot trying to pull on me now! *Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES*

ROY CARR: Once they've attained a certain level of popularity, many artists consider it unneccessary to converse with the public through the media . . .
PAUL McCARTNEY: Just do it through their music . . .?
Yes. So why do you feel it important to do press interviews?
One of the reasons is that I like to meet the people who do interviews and who're slagging me off in the papers. When they're just faceless figures, it can drive you a bit mad, so I prefer to meet them face to face.
I know for a fact that you follow the music press more than most artists care to admit to?
Yeah, but it's fallen off a bit lately . . . they seemed to be slagging off everything for a few months and it kinda put me off. Except for who was the newest face that week, nobody seemed positive about anything or anyone.
But in terms of intense activity, parallels could be drawn with the kind of excitement that was generated during the '60s British beat boom?
Oh sure — get rid of the old and bring on the new. I don't mind that one bit, but what put me off was the way it was done in some papers. It just tended to be millions of new groups and nobody seemed to know if they were good or bad. It was all those young Hampstead kids trying to be ultra-hip and ever-so-cool. (Mimics). 'So I sez to 'im, "What's s'happenin' maaan?" and 'e sez "Fuck orf." ' It quickly became a cliche and boring to read.
But then, that's always bound to happen, every few years, when rock is rejuvenated and the scene experiences a drastic upheaval.

** This deception is purely to soften the blow for any reader who finds the factual Paul McCartney hard to take. Face it kids, this interview's for real.*

Nevertheless, despite the over-enthusiasm of some people and the lack of vision of others, a lot of good music has been made over the last couple of years.
Actually, I quite like a lot of the new sounds . . . I quite like Elvis Costello. I like Nick Lowe because I've known him for a very long time. I really do like what they're doing . . . being a bit more adventurous. That's what I like most about what they're doing.
What's your immediate reaction when suddenly you're confronted with photographs of some of the groups lumped under the power pop hype? Is it like looking at a photograph of yourself when you were 19 and pretty new to the business?
Oh you mean people like The Pleasers! Yeah, there are a few of them trying to *do* The Beatles and you have The Jam *doing* The Who. I suppose it's quite *pleasant!*
But many of the so-called power poppers wouldn't have stood an earthly if they had been in direct competition with the groups they are slavishly emulating?
Probably not. But I don't know enough about their music to offer constructive judgment.
I'd say most of them are like all those Mersey groups who cut a couple of singles on the

Continues over page

MULL OF KINTYRE: I nearly didn't put it out . . . I knew old folks, Scottish people, the Campbeltown Pipers liked it . . . but at that time *everything* was punk. But I checked it with a lotta young kids and they liked it, so we went on with it . . .

From previous page

strength of Beatlemania and disappeared just as quickly?
Could be . . . but I'm quite sure that if we were *all* back in the early '60s . . . all the same age group, I'd have a good go at blowin' them off the stage. 'Cause that's what it was all about back then. Competition was really tough.
Trouble is, the New Wave was, to some extent, concerned with getting back to making killer singles, but a lot of bands failed to do that and many of the also-rans were rushed into making albums before they were either ready or had built up a strong enough following?
Correct. That's why I particularly like Elvis Costello. He writes and performs good material. There have been a few great records to some out of that whole thing. I like "Pretty Vacant." You liked "Pretty Vacant," didn't you? I remember your review . . . it was like The Second Coming?

AS AN ARTIST you're in quite a unique situation. Having been tremendously successful twice over . . .
Two bites of the cake and *both* with the cherry on top!
To one section of the public you're a *national monument* . . .
(Laughs) Like Nelson!
Your past runs concurrent with your present. Stateside, adverts appear in the press for McCartney look-a-likes for the latest "Beatlemania" stage show whilst at the same time the latest Wings record is topping the charts.
I suppose it's funny when you stop to think about it. I just look upon all that kinda thing the same way as everyone else does . . . that they're *re-doing* The Beatles . . . it's just something interesting to read about. So, I'm living with it the same as everyone else.

If anyone asks me what I'm doing *now*, I talk about Wings. People think I must feel very strange seeing my old life constantly coming back, but it's no different than, say, Diana Dors writing her exposes. To me The Beatles are just old newspaper clippings. The fact that people still live it out is just a compliment to me. Rather they live out *our* past than Cliff's (Richard).

Actually I quite like it, there's lotsa great memories and the only time it really offends me is when they take something and try to lay down the *exact* story of what went on . . . like trying to do your autobiography on film. People have wanted to do that a couple of times. I don't think I'd enjoy that very much. It'll be OK when I'm dead, but I don't want to see some actor representing me and saying this *is* what it was really like — because the only person who knows that is me.
What has been the biggest crisis you've had to face since forming Wings?
I think just the idea of going back and starting all over again . . . knowing that inevitably people are gonna compare it with The Beatles, and knowing that there was absolutely no way you could ever be that good. Wings were a new group and people forget The Beatles took ten years to get as good as they got. That kinda situation made me well-paranoid, as to whether it's good enough, are we good enough, should we keep going; or should we even bother in the first place?

I mean, why not just sit back and live off the money we've already got. Sure, there was quite a bit of that kinda thinking goin' around.
It was really that serious?
Oh yeah . . . when you've got a big American tour lined up . . . see, I was trying very hard to play it all down . . . keep casual . . . . we're just taking a band to America and we'll have a good time lads. But then you start getting the journalists saying, it's ten years since former Beatle Paul McCartney has been back to the Beatle stage and Beatle Beatle and is it going to be as good as the Beatle Beatles and will they play Beatle Beatle songs, or is it gonna be . . .?

Suddenly, that kinda thing starts piling in on you and you start to have these horrible thoughts, well it just might not be as good like . . . but we'll have a good go like. So first night gigs in America and stuff like that tend to be nerve-racking . . .

The worst gig we ever did for nerves was Elstree. There were a couple of moments during the set that I went into a blind panic. After the gig, we put on a front and said we weren't nervous but you should have seen us before the set . . we had a black trombonist (Tony Dorsey) and I swear he went white with nerves that night!
It seems that you're forever haunted by your past. Whenever you're about to release a new record or announce tour dates, the event has a habit of being slightly overshadowed by "Beatles To Re-form For Jubilee Concert" - slanted press stories. Does this get you down?

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

If you're gonna survive . . .

Never mind how I feel, how do you think Denny feels? Obviously, everybody immediately comes to me like I'm Mick Jagger and Denny is just Bill Wyman. Again, it's just another of those things I've learned to live with — but hopefully time will out. Let's be honest, a speculative 'Beatles To Re-form' story always make a good headline.

(Pauses) . . . Yes, it really does get you down. I'd like to explain a few things to you . .

When you first come into music — show-biz — you come in all dreamy eyed and think it's all like the movies — *Expresso Bongo* or *The Girl Can't Help It.*

For instance, you can be out somewhere and a press cameraman can come up to you and feel that he's got the right to take your picture. Now, before you get into this business you really don't realise that it's gonna happen all the time . . . you don't realise they're gonna invade your privacy quite so much as they do in America — here too! Those kinda things get you down. Like, when I first met Linda I'd about grown out of it. I knew exactly what the scene was and when the press came up and wanted to take my picture, I'd learnt that there really wasn't much I could do about it. It didn't matter where we went, photographers used to pop up and say can we take your picture and I'd say no. They'd ask why and I'd tell them, I'm having a quiet night out and I didn't feel like it, which I maintain is the right of anybody. So they'd turn round and say, my editor has instructed me to either follow you around or squat on your doorstep until I get a picture, so have I to sneak a shot or . . .

Once you realise that kinda mentality exists you either spend your whole life trying to crusade against it or you just stand there and grin rather sickly. At least that way there's a picture of you looking vaguely happy, otherwise they print one of you looking like you're on the run and you end up hating that even worse.

If you're gonna survive, you learn to cope with the press . . . and people coming up to you in a restaurant when you're trying to have a quiet meal with your old mates and sticking an autograph book under your nose. It can get to be a drag but then it's an occupational hazard.
That's the price of stardom. What I want to know is how you react when someone you don't even know suddenly gets his name in the papers and appears on television offering The Beatles millions of dollars to re-form for a one-off concert?
What can you do about it? It's like when Muhammad Ali wanted people to stop calling him Cassius Clay . . . well, I wish they'd start referring to me as a member of Wings instead of ex-Beatle Paul McCartney's new group. You can't get too upset about it. You have to be gracious and try and look upon the good side of it . . . at least they're still writing about us.

Not everyone thinks along those lines. I was in a local record shop when a bunch of young schoolkids came in, picked up a Beatles compilation, recognised you and I heard one of them enquire who the other three were?
It's like Derek Taylor said, he couldn't imagine a time when people might not know who The Beatles were, but it happens. Let's be truthful, the really young kids know much more about Wings than The Beatles. We're making records, The Beatles don't. They just look upon The Beatles as being some old group I used to play in!

LINDA, when you married Paul you came in for a lot of adverse criticism for marrying 'public property'.
LINDA: For a long time I never took it seriously . . .
McCARTNEY: She thought she was just coming over to England to marry me and that we were just gonna have a nice time. She'd forgotten just how famous I was and people would say, look at her!
It got worse when you joined Wings.
LINDA: I was pretty innocent about those matters at that time. And I kept on thinking it didn't affect me.
McCARTNEY: But it *did* affect you. It was lousy and no one likes that. If you kinda know Linda — see her day to day — she's nothing like the image she projects. Quite the opposite. People often come up to me and say Linda's not at all like they imagined her to be!
What image have they formulated?
Quite a hard image. But, she's not really like that.
LINDA: I thought, here's all these people who I've never met actually writing about me, discussing me in their papers and worse still, most of it was untrue. Things about my childhood . . . my whole life, and people believed what they read.
McCARTNEY: That whole ludicrous Eastman-Kodak thing. They hade her appear like some big Eastman-Kodak heiress . . . and most people must have thought, hey-hey, that figure's McCartney's got his feet under the table and married her for her money and a few rolls of film!
LINDA: It still lingers . . . I've just had an exhibition of my photographs in L.A. and the critic from one of America's big art magazines wrote something to the effect — 'Linda McCartney, even though she is from the Eastman-Kodak family . . .'
They may have let Linda off the hook, but Paul, how do you feel about recent criticism that you are trying to play the Young Country Squire?
Oh, you mean that thing that appeared in *People* magazine which said: 'Paul McCartney with his aristocratic posture . . .'

Dunno about an aristocratic posture, more like piles . . . Yeah, it's weird reading that about yourself. It's like a school teacher saying something unpleasant about you that's not true, but they're just saying it to have a go at you. (Pauses) . . . I suppose there is some basis there for truth . . . Yes, I can see why they think I'm trying to affect an aristocratic posture . . . but I'm not. It's not what it appears to be.

The country gentleman bit . . . that's really all down to when I was a kid . . . as a kid you like the earth, love rolling around on it. Well, when you grow up you assume that that feeling is gone, but when I bought the farm in Scotland I realised that it *hadn't* gone. Suddenly I could lay down in a field exactly the same way as when I was a kid, enjoying the same emotions, and that had absolutely nothing to do with wanting to pose as the big country squire. I just wanted a field to lay down in. I'm lucky to be able to afford one and have a good time. What with some of the stuff that's gone down in the past, I could have easily gone under.
Such as?
The Beatles breaking up!
At that time, of the four, you were portrayed as being the villain of the piece. It was Paul McCartney who broke up The Beatles!
Yeah, I was the baddie . . . but only because I was fighting Allen Klein. And, as I knew Klein was the baddie, and the other three didn't, I had to do anything to fight him.

UNLIKE MANY artists — especially American — you've never been surrounded by a large entourage of yes-men and hangers-on?
Certainly not. I hate all that, but even so it's very easy to get into. I'll tell you how it happens. If you go working places like Las Vegas or get involved with some big agency or top manager it can start happening without you ever becoming aware of it until it's too late, and suddenly there's dozens of hangers-on that you've never seen before.

Whereas some people *need* to be constantly surrounded by people to make them feel like a star, our set-up is much more down-to-earth. Anyone who works for us has a specific job to do. If I feel like a star, it's because I feel I'm writing extremely well and not because I've got people on hand to tell me I'm a star. It's not like a life-style. I've always been against the trappings . . . chauffeurs . . . I've always driven myself.

I hate sitting in the back of limo with the chauffeur persistently turning round and telling you who he's had in the car and what they said and what they did. I had more than enough of that with The Beatles. You see, in those early days, I kinda tried out all those things — the trappings of stardom so to speak — and I suppose it's those artists who do drag around all those hangers-on who liked it and now have reached a point where they can't live without it. They're the ones who probably feel insecure.

I used to have a couple of people living-in but in the end they knew my house better than I did and I felt daft asking *them* where things like my books were. So I got rid of 'em and one of them sold their story to a magazine for £8,000 and as it turned out it was all lies. Had me having orgies with Julie Felix, when all that happened was that she dropped by one evening to play me her new record . . . honest!
But those who write about the aristocratic posture might think otherwise?
True. I went up to Liverpool and I was sitting around with some friends having a drink when this young sculptor said I was *not* working class. I said, 'Piss-off I *am* working class . . . I've never gone into any other class. I earn a living and if that's not working class what is?'

PAUL'S PUNK SONG: At the moment I've got a punk song but I daren't do it. If I release it people will only slag me off. It's called "Boil Crisis" — "One night in the life of a kid named Sid, he scored with a broad in a pyramid . . ."

Have you become immune to criticism?
It's just part of the whole game and that's the way you're supposed to look at it. But then, you read things where someone is doing this big put-down number, claiming I'm snotty rich — that's the kinda thing I don't like. Look, I'm just like anybody else, I don't like being slagged off, especially in public . . .
LINDA: Especially by someone who can't do what you do . . .
McCARTNEY: . . . that's the worst thing . . . when someone says my bass playing is real lousy. You feel like handing them the instrument and saying O.K. son, you show me how to do it. Their reply will always be, no I can't do it, but I can tell you that you weren't playing good . . .
LINDA: Throughout their life, all the really artistic people who I have admired got slagged off by the critics . . .
McCARTNEY: I know that anyone who has to either listen to or review 16 albums a week isn't gonna end up loving music now is he? They probably end up hating it. The one little album he does like is therefore gonna get an incredible review . . . I bet "Rumours" didn't get unanimous favourable reviews when it was first released. I sometimes feel sorry for writers but normally I hate 'em, because they're slagging me off. But I am fully aware that they've got a tough job on their hands.
In so many interviews you come across as extremely affable, but by the same token you have a way of talking a lot and saying very little. Is this intentional. Are you that guarded?
Yes I am . . . You've got to be guarded. You're laying yourself wide open by doing interviews.
Do you have stock answers prepared for emergencies?
Yes and when I find that happening I try and cut an interview short.
And you don't allow yourself to be unduly provoked?
Right. But then I'm not easy to provoke. I go back to memories of Brian Matthews coming out (on *Thank You Lucky Stars)* and saying "She Loves You" is the worst thing that The Beatles have ever done and a week later saying "She Loves You" grows on you and will probably do *quite* well! So when you're aware that those kinda things exist, it's really not worth retaliating. You've got to be cagey, but then I can always give as good as I get.

WITH YOUR track record, you must be extremely aware of precisely what a large section of the record-buying public want to hear and what they will subsequently rush out and buy. Having almost patented this fail-safe formula, do you apply it to everything you write?
DENNY LAINE: That's taking it a bit too far . . .
OK then . . . do you feel that as a songwriter you're still adventurous?
McCARTNEY: If you're just making No. 1 hits, no . . .
DENNY LAINE: Paul's only gonna write something that pleases him . . .
McCARTNEY: Sure, you can write stuff and know, ah this will get 'em and at the same time secretly think to yourself, yeah but they're daft to buy this one — it's just pap! But let me tell you, those are the songs that *don't* work. From the start, you have to be a bit intrigued with the idea or something about it . . . or, when you play it to a mate he has to say, yeah, I like it.
But because of who you are, there are not many people who would have the nerve to turn around and tell you that you'd just written a piece of crap?
That's true, but on the other hand you can get too worried about all that stuff and start analysing the hell outta everything to the point where you're too hung-up to write a note. There is a possibility that if you're in it just to sell records — which everyone is — when you've been doing it for a long time and become good and very successful at it, I agree, there is a risk that you're not gonna be as adventurous as you could or should be . . . we've been talking about that very thing quite recently.
Many people cop-out and take the short-cut?
Sure, but on the new LP we're trying to do both things at once . . . put on nice ballads like "I'm Carrying", but with things like "Morse Moose And The Grey Goose", the more commercially-minded people will say, what the hell's that on there for . . . it's plain silly!
When you released "Mull Of Kintyre", you must have known at the back of your mind that you'd come in for heavy critical flak?
And that's why I nearly didn't put it out — and that's a fact. I knew old folks, Scottish people and the Campbeltown Pipers liked it . . . but at that time it seemed that *everything* was punk. You know, I could almost picture the lay-outs of the singles pages in the different papers.

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES
. . . you learn to cope with the press.

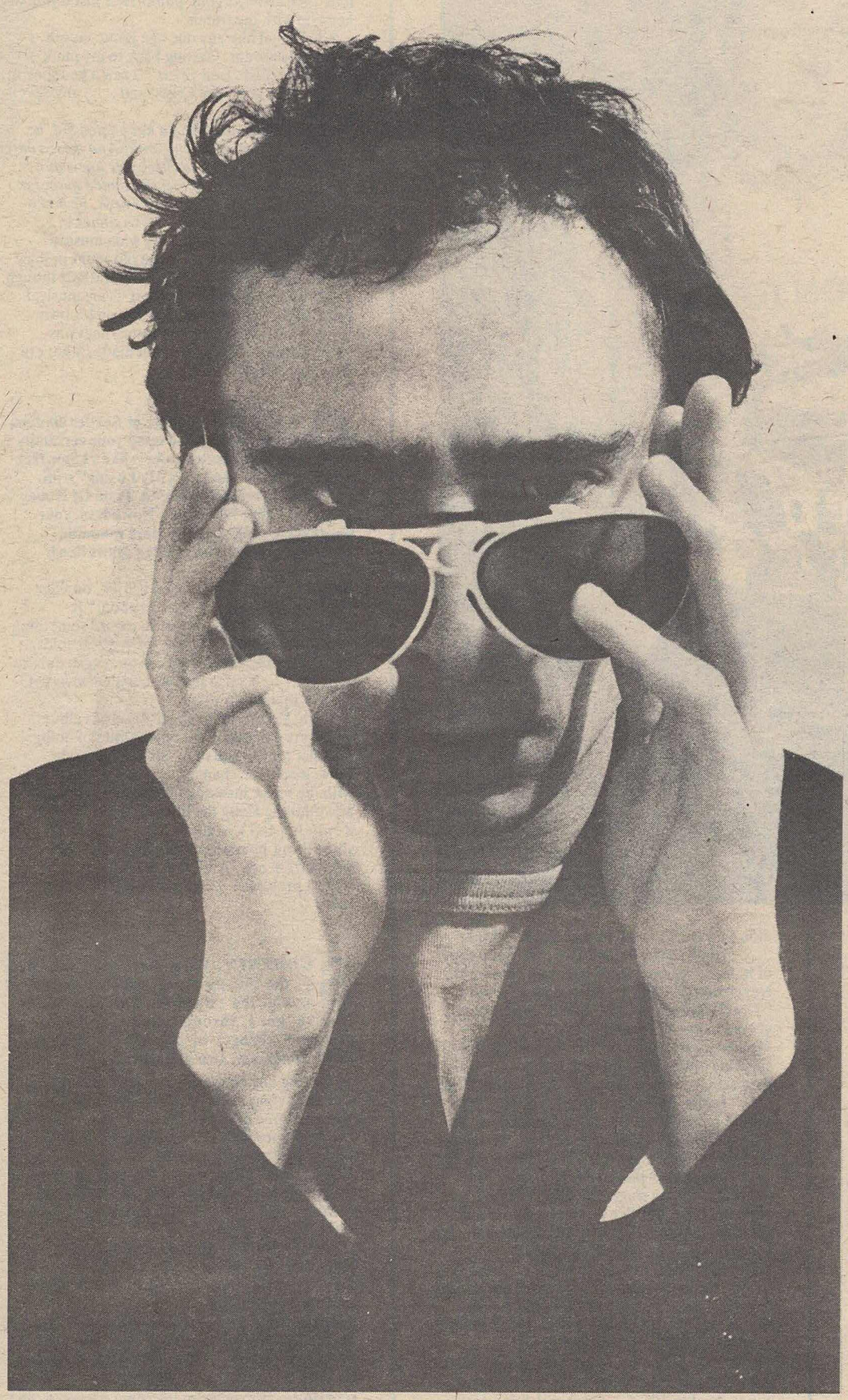
Amongst the headings 'Crash!! Yuck!! Rodents!! Destroy!!' I could see a cutesy little picture of the three of us. But I checked out "Mull Of Kintyre" with a lotta young kids and they liked it and so we went with it. But you can't not release records because someone is gonna slag it . . . you just go along with your instincts and hope that you're right.
It's like you set yourself up for the chop with "Mull Of Kintyre" but at the same time vindicated yourself with the flip "Girls School"?
That was the exact reason for putting that song on the flip and that's why it was a double A-side. "Girls School" was aimed at the young kids who are just into dancing. However, releasing it as a double A-side in America was a mistake and it didn't do very well as a result.
Except for a couple of cuts, in particular "Name And Address", the new Wings album is very short an uptempo rock material?
That's an Elvisy-type, Sun one and not a screamin' Little Richard-type track. It's held back. But the more rocker side is starting to come out much more since I made that album and maybe that will be the style of the next album. We do keep talking about going in the studio and cutting a no-nonsense rock 'n' roll album, to just get it out of our system. It's primarily just down to what songs you're writing at any particular time and at the time we were preparing "London Town" we didn't seem to be writing any real hard rockers . . .
If anything there's a subtle psychedelic undercurrent on many cuts. Some of the arrangements can be traced back to "Sgt. Pepper" and "The White Album".
I suppose we were going for that kind of feel by doing more complex arrangements but I'm not about to analyse it. Next time around we'll go for a bit more sweat. Really, it's down to writing sweaty numbers and believe me, they're the hardest of the lot to write.

HOW DO YOU feel about the release of The Beatles' "Hamburg Tapes", "The Hollywood Bowl Concert" and the "Rock 'n' Roll" and "Love Songs" re-packages?
"The Hamburg Tapes" . . . er, a bit numb really. On a personal level it's quite nice to have a memory of those days, but other than that it didn't mean too much to me . . . it's alright . . . actually I don't think I've even got a copy of it. On a business level, it was all very weird. Nevertheless, I don't think it does any harm.
"The Hollywood Bowl Concert" was over ten years too late in coming out . . .
We never wanted it out. But then about five or six years after we'd split with Capitol Records, they acquired the rights to all that material and didn't bother asking us any more about what should be released. We never used to like the tapes of those two concerts, because we always thought all the songs were played much too fast — see, we always played everything twice its original speed on stage. We also thought it was all out of tune, but I've heard the record and I gotta admit it sounds pretty good. Screaming's good. Sounds like a bunch of seagulls.
But like I said, nowadays we can't even say if we like the cover artwork or not, it's got nothing to do with us. Actually, all those old Beatles repackages smell a bit like a rip-off to me, but if people still want to buy it that's fine.
To me, The Beatles were a great group, but unfortunately they broke up so what are you gonna do about it . . . sit around doing nothing for the rest of my life, living in the past or do I keep playing? Wings is the band I'm now with and thankfully I've passed through the period of thinking, can I still do it, which I went through directly after the break-up. I spent hours moaning to Linda about can I still write . . . worrying if I'd dry up!
Was that just a temporary trauma?
We still managed to make albums at the time, but it was probably just my usual paranoia. I've listened to those albums since and the ones I thought sounded crummy then they sound alright now.
The impression one gets from some of your early solo material is that, following the break-up of The Beatles, you were testing the market?
I can't answer that. I was just writing songs and putting out what I felt to be the best at any given time. I never think about doing market tests. I just work on the assumption that there are a lot of people who like my stuff and that's all there is to it. Sure, I sometimes have my doubts about certain songs . . . like I said, at one point I wasn't going to put out "Mull Of Kintyre" as a single — a Scottish ballad, it's gonna sound ridiculous. At the moment I've got a punk song but I daren't do it!
Why not?
Dunno. I suppose because if I released it as a single, people will only slag me off and say, oh look McCartney's goin' punk! He's just trying to keep up with the trends.
I don't feel like any one age group myself. I see all age groups. Getting back to my punk song, it's called "Boil Crisis". I saw a headline in a paper that said, 'Oil Crisis' and . . . anyway, it goes like this:
"One night in the life of a kid named Sid, he scored with a broad in a pyramid/And there's only one thing holding him in check, He knew that during the ancient dance, if she should glance at the huge unsightly boil upon his neck, he had a boil crisis!" And then the chorus comes in . . .
Look, I've always had very wide musical tastes. I mean, I love all those old songs in that *Pennies From Heaven* TV series on BBC, though I pale when it gets to Engelbert — my musical taste doesn't go that far. For me, on his own terms, Fred Astaire can be just as heavy as Robert Plant — see, it doesn't matter what era they come from.

ON THE FIRST couple of Beatles albums, praise was lavished upon your versatility in programming rockers like "I Saw Her Standing There" and "All My Loving" with down-tempo melodies like "A Taste Of Honey" and "Till There Was You". Nowadays, your penchant for exposing the more romantic aspects of your character often draws harsh criticism?
Well that's me. I did "When I'm 64" on "Sgt. Pepper" and what was that all about? It wouldn't be difficult for me to record something very adventurous . . . free form guitar solos, things like the reverb they use on reggae dub records . . . it's just that you don't always get around to *actually* doing it.
Yeah, I'd like to do an adventurous album and we're discussing the possibilities of doing just that for the hell of it. No formula style . . . I'd welcome the change . . . love having fun with the music instead of getting my head down and thinking along the lines of, 'I am Led Zeppelin and I've got to come out with something heavy because that's what they expect from me'. And, that probably is the biggest problem . . . getting yourself pigeon holed . . .

SUDDENLY, Wings have gone full circle — the line-up being depleted to that of around the "Band On The Run" period. You've gone through quite a number of personnel changes in a relatively short time: three drummers, two guitarists . . .
In putting any band together, you're lucky if you can find compatible personalities and it seems that the three of us (Linda and Denny) are really the only ones who've remained compatible. The others just stayed sidemen.
Could this have been because they were intimidated by working with an ex-Beatle?
Some people have said that and I tend to believe there was a bit of that in it.
DENNY LAINE: But once they get to know you, then it's purely down to whether or not they want to push themselves and make a positive contribution.
Judging from the credits on "London Town" (Laine co-wrote five songs with McCartney), there appears to be sufficient latitude for anyone to step forward and contribute to the Wings repertoire. It's never quite come across as just Paul McCartney and backing band.
But it does end up a little like that because I write a lot of the songs and do most of the singing. From the very beginning, I never intended that Wings should just be me and anyone would do to play back-up. But as to why there have been changes . . . look, when you've been in bands, when you've been through all the hassles . . . how can I put it, you reach a point where you realise that you don't need a situation where, if someone is a brilliant player but just being around him gets to be obnoxious . . . who needs it! I'm not saying that's the reason why we've had so many personnel changes in Wings, all I'm saying is that you've gotta feel right together and enjoy one anothers company.
You've gotta be able to say, I don't feel like working today, and not have everyone jump on yer back.
I'm not a kid any more. I don't need to have anyone tell me, you gotta do this, yer gotta do that . . . I want some time off . . . if not, then the whole thing ain't worth anything.

GRAHAM PARKER



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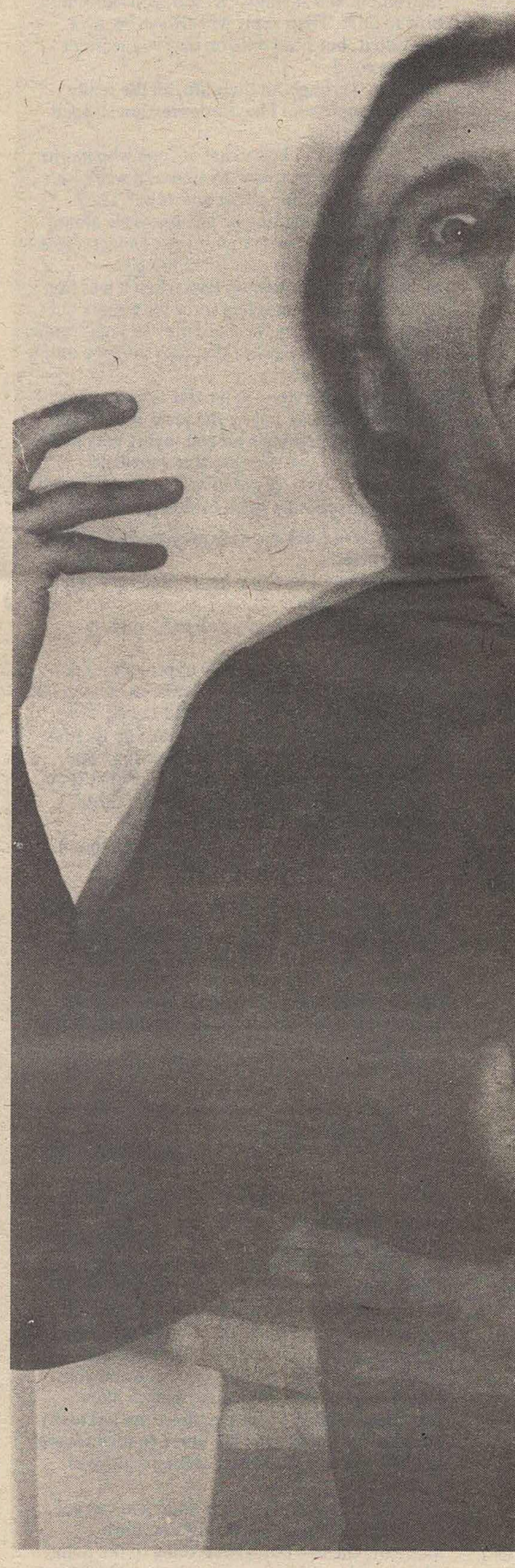

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KRAFTWERK: (Left to right) Ralf Hutter, Florian Schneider, Wolfgang Flur and Karl Bartos.

MIND MACHINE MUSIC

Who Are These Men And Why Are They Wearing Red But Looking Right?

ANDY GILL Enters The Modern Metropolis To Find Out

KRAFTWERK
The Man Machine
(Capitol)

IT IS rather unfortunate that Kraftwerk's current popularity is based, to a large extent, on the chic appeal of David Bowie's favour. True, such favour helps shift units, but the inevitable result is that there are now a lot of folk around who don't know why they like Kraftwerk, but are sure there must be something in them because David likes them. Even worse, there are some who take the band unquestioningly and appropriate the desire to be machines themselves.

There is, however, a lot more to Kraftwerk's music than mere romantic realism. "Autobahn" could have been said to have introduced the romantic realist phase — cars singing, as the band describe it — with lots of Doppler shifts and the like set in a lengthy, repetitive (but not strictly minimalist) piece which, due to the essentially shallow concept, palled very quickly.

"Radioactivity", a rather patchy concept album, nevertheless held the germs of Kraftwerk's current stance, especially in Emil Schult's visuals. But it was in "Trans Europe Express" that all the elements finally came together. With that album Kraftwerk metamorphosed from gimmicky sound-effects peddlars into possibly the most interesting band working in the rock field.

Devo can doddle around in their silly suits and give evasive answers to questions about their 'philosophy' for all they're worth; the fact remains that Kraftwerk are the only completely successful visual/aural fusion rock has produced so far.

This success is rooted in the conceptual framework they impose on their work — a framework which dissolves the argument about form and content usually levelled at them, arguments like: "Yeah, I see what they're doing, I like the image but not the music." Surely if you like the image, you'll see the music couldn't be other than it is. The form determines the content.

So what is the form? And why is "The Man Machine" the most successful exposition of this same form? And — more importantly — can the band go any further within their current framework?

The form can probably only be fully understood in relation to the German cultural and psychological make up — although it would be too easy to see the garish red, white and black cover to "The Man Machine" solely, as having a blatant Nazi connotation. More likely, it's a reference to totalitarian ideologies in general.

After all, communism and fascism are effectively two sides of the same coin: both require a reduction of the status of the *individual* to that of one unit in a society of identical units — an economic function that just happens to be a biological entity.

All societies tend towards this to differing degrees — it's known as "government" — but in totalitarian regimes the subordination of the individual to The State is held as a fundamental law of society. The "mass man" is promoted from the fantasy of constructivist theorists (of whom more later) to the cold reality of enforced uniformity — be the stereotype the blond-haired, blue-eyed Aryan or the cloth-capped Soviet worker. Internal peculiarities are cleansed away by increasingly subtle methods of coercion, backed up by the threat of force; the iron fist in the velvet glove.

Where Kraftwerk succeed is in their analysis of the unthinking bourgeois tendencies of post-war Europe as being themselves a variant on the totalitarian societal norm.

In the face of an increasing communist threat, frightened Europe entrenches itself deeper in bourgeois stereotypes: the *"parks, hotels and palaces"* and *"promenades and avenues"* of "Europe Endless" (from "Trans Europe Express"), resulting in the *"real life and postcard use"* of a continent-sized tourist resort living on the glories of a bygone age.

Those who believe the European situation to be a far cry from the oppression of the Soviet bloc need only glance at the enforcement methods recently introduced in West Germany to combat the terrorist threat to bourgeois attitudes and lifestyles. For instance, it's now an offence against The State to say things in public that aren't totally condemnatory of the Red Army F(r)action. The measures are even referred to as Enabling Laws, the exact term used in 1933 to describe those giving Hitler dictatorial powers.

In view of West Germany's current political climate, the seemingly innocent statement "Produced In West Germany" on the back cover of "The Man Machine" takes on a rather symbolic light. It is, after all, well know that Kraftwerk operate out of Dusseldorf, and yet you don't normally get a record's country of origin specified so ostentatiously.

The great age of the rise of totalitarianism was, of course, the '20s and '30s. Witness this quote from Joachim Fest's immense biography of Hitler to explain the popularity of fascism:

"During the '20s and '30s the melange of elements that were regarded as modern and in keeping with the spirit of the age were technology and collectivist ideas, monumental proportions, bellicose attitudes, the pride of the mass man, and the aura of stardom."

It is surely not accidental that the six tracks which comprise "The Man Machine" are infused with these same elements. Occasionally, as on the title track or "Metropolis" (homage, one presumes, to Fritz Lang's film of the same name), the reference is direct and unmistakeable; on others, such as "Space Lab" and "Neon Lights" (the best and longest track on the album), the emphasis is on technology.

But more importantly, Kraftwerk manage to convey the entire "melange of elements" by musical means alone: the sparsity of the lyrics leaves the emphasis squarely on those robot rhythms, chilling tones and exquisite melodies.

The mastery with which Kraftwerk handle these aspects results in the most extraordinary unification of science and art, turning on its head the commonly accepted Kantian split between the classical and the romantic.

"The Robots" — soon to be a single — seems on first hearing to be merely an extension of the disco piss-take of "Showroom Dummies" (from "Trans Europe Express"). But try and decipher those computer-voice lyrics and you get menacing totalitarian overtones — *"We're charging on to victory ... We are the robots"* — combining with a Russian phrase (also on the back cover), which seems to read "We are men, we are robots". It all leaves the listener rather disconcerted.

Musically the album combines the inexorability of "Trans Europe Express" with the rhythmic intensity more usually associated with Giorgio Moroder — although it's worth noting that Kraftwerk were experimenting with such

Continued on Page 41

Rory Gallagher

Thanks for yet another Sell-Out U.K. Tour

Quarry PROMOTIONS

From Page 39

rhythms long before "I Feel Love", and that Moroder has openly acknowledged Kraftwerk's primacy in this field.

Of course, this is a bitch of a dance record; but its complexity of construction (there's a lot more than electronic percussion in there) makes it just as enjoyable for those with broken legs.

Anyone who's seen this necessarily static band on stage will realise that they take great trouble with their visuals, relating them to the music in a way which goes beyond the disparate "theatrical" antics of most rock musicians. So it is with the cover of "The Man Machine".

Waiting for Bowie, Iggy — and Lang?

Karl Klefisch's artwork utilises the *Proun* geometrical composition and diagonal emphasis pioneered by Russian constructivist Lasar El Lissitzky. Lissitzky was actively involved in the Russian Revolution, and formulated theories of geometrical machine art which, since these were produced by machines, were the art of everyman, and perfectly suited to a communist society.

All this would naturally result in a "mass art" which admits of no variables or exceptions — repressive, totalitarian art for a repressive, totalitarian society.

Needless to say, Kraftwerk's application of this principle to the mechanically reproduced mass art of recorded music is at once theoretically sound, perfectly executed and didactically cutting.

Lissitzky had connections with The Bauhaus, and it's pertinent to remember the 'Haus architect Le Corbusier's definition of a house as a machine for living in — and to ponder just what could live in a machine for living in. Answer — a machine, of course.

The crux of the matter, it seems, is whether Kraftwerk are satiric / didactic in intention, and are demostrating the frightening logical conclusion of the totalitarian ideal or — God forbid — whether they really *do* desire this status for the mass man.

And if the latter — is the desire sincere, or merely the application of Prussian thoroughness to art? (Like one Rudolph Schwarzkogler, who took his art of self-desmemberment so seriously, he eventually offed himself. Beat that, Iggy.)

Whatever, "The Man Machine" stands as one of the pinnacles of '70s rock music, and one which — to answer my earlier question — I doubt Kraftwerk will ever surpass.

You will buy it, or you will be deemed mentally unstable.

Andy Gill

DAVID BOWIE / EUGENE ORMANDY & THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

Prokofiev's Peter And The Wolf / Britten's Young Person's Guide To The Orchestra (RCA Import).

COMPOSER SERGEI Sergeievich Prokofiev was born in Sontzovka, Ukraine, in 1891 and died in Moscow in 1953.

Up until 1948, Prokofiev was described as a musical wit, enfant terrible and probably the greatest single influence in Soviet music. It had been said that much of his work was parody and that mockery was his *metier.* However, shortly after Prokofiev's death, fellow-composer Khatchaturian wrote: "Prokofiev was one of the greatest masters of modern orchestration and achieved effects stunning in their force and expressiveness. He was a tone painter who portrayed striking images with the palette of the orchestra."

That may well be the case, but on February 10, 1948, Prokofiev was one of a number of Russian composers publicly castigated in a resolution passed by The Central Committee Of The Communist Party. It states that Prokofiev's work, in particular two operas ("Duenna" and "The Story Of A Real Man") plus his "Ode On The End Of The War" and his Fifth Symphony, was "complex, marked by intellectuality, and divorced from reality . . . marked by formalist perversions."

As it transpires, Prokofiev went along with the pompous charade and apologised; as a result, all his work leading up to his death was praised.

Though, amongst his varied and prolific work, Prokofiev had composed the soundtracks for Eisenstein's movie masterpieces *Alexander Nevsky* and *Ivan The Terrible,* by far his most 'popular' work was a symphonic fairy tale he'd written in 1936 called "Peter And The Wolf".

Some musicologists have argued that "Peter And The Wolf" was more than just a children's fable, insisting that an analogue can be drawn between the characters in the tale and political life in the USSR during the 1930s.

Unfortunately, the composer is no longer available for comment. Over the years however, a number of 'popular' entertainers (!) have seized upon Prokofiev's fantasy and made bizarre attempts to personalise the narrative. As a child, I vaguely recall Danny Kaye's abomination. Similarly, a more recent rock treatment (sic) left much to be desired.

To his credit, The Master Of Disguises plays it dead straight, as does the Philadelphia Orchestra under the expert baton of Eugene Ormandy. As you may have already sussed, this is not the follow-up to "Heroes", neither is it a rock album by default. The fact that it appears on RCA's Red Seal classical label affirms this point.

It's strictly a one-off shot, apparently recorded by Bowie for his son Zowie and, I guess, children of all ages. Having long ago learned that all that one can expect from David Bowie is the unexpected, it is possible that, being in a position of some influence, he has taken this opportunity to introduce a section of the record-buying public to a field of music they would normally ignore. By the same token, Bowie is probably aware that the traffic might not be just one way!

I trust that people won't buy this album (the first few thousand are pressed on green plastic) just to update their Bowie collection and shelve it unplayed. Furthermore, I trust they won't ignore side two — Benjamin Britten's "Young Person's Guide To The Orchestra" simply because Bowie wasn't involved.

Prokofiev's son once said that his father wrote quite ordinary music and then *Prokofievised* it. I suppose, one could say the same thing about Bowie. Kindred spirits and all that, eh!

Roy Carr

IMPORTS

IN THE jazz age, they were known as the territory bands; Outfits like Boots and His Buddies from Texas and Bennie Moten from Kansas City, bands that made it big in certain areas but either through choice or necessity failed to really make on a national level.

For a long shake, Bob Seger seemed to epitomise the rock equivalent, a riot at Detroit's Cobo Hall but Mr Nobody at other points along the Greyhound route. And now *Hounds,* whose album "Unleashed" has been released by CBS, are being toted as prime examples of the genre. "Big in the middle-west", states their plugsheet, at the same time admitting that John Hunter (vocals and keyboards), Jim Orkis (guitars), John Horvath (drums), Glen Rupp (guitars), and Joe Cuttone (bass), who together comprise *Hounds,* have only grabbed support roles on out-of-state tours headed by the likes of Manfred Mann and Geils. So will they blast out of Illinois and blitz the world?

Somehow I think not. For though "Unleashed" has its moments there's an equal preponderance of overworked cliches, some predictable titles like "Drugland Weekend" and "Love Me, Shove Me" ("Every successful album must have its real stoned drug song and explicit, poke-in-the-alley, love or sex song" — The Swami Lou Reed) which all come allied to some dire inner sleeve posing. So once again, I think not.

More to my somewhat eclectic taste is "Adam Wade" (Kirshner), an unpretentious soft-soul item. I don't know if the singer is the same *Adam Wade* who quit his job as a bio-chemist at the Salk Laboratories in order to become a hit-maker for Coed back in the early '60s. If he is, then his voice has undergone a remarkable change.

But whoever the guy is, he's got class of Jerry Butler-like dimension and a handy line in Gene Allan and Gary Knight songs on which to test his tonsils. The album contains at least a quartet of cuts in the eminently palatable single stakes. Okay, so it won't alter the face of soul history and won't make any best album listing. But "Adam Wade" is upper-class Philly schmaltz — and as such, it's great.

Those who can afford Nipponese imports are hereby advised that Flyover Records of 15 Queen Caroline Street, Hammersmith, London W.6, have just come up with a new catalogue listing around 2,000 Jap albums. No less than 28 different *Beach Boys* LPs appear — including "Shut Down Vol. 2", "Beach Boys Today", "Beach Boys Concert" and "Beach Boys Party" — while others that appear include *BTO*'s "Live In Japan" (KOR 104), *Deep Purple*'s "Last Concert In Japan '74" (KOR 70), "The Greatest Hits Of T.K. Soul" (KOR 19), "Heads, Hands And Feet" (KOR 89), a double-album; *Miles Davis'* "Miles In Tokyo" (AS 2046) and nearly 80 different singles by *The Beatles,* all in full colour sleeves with lyrics.

My advice is to send Flyover a large S.A.E. and enclose a note stating whether you're interested in jazz, rock, soundtrack or all three. Replies come courtesy of Kamikaze Incorporated.

Fred Dellar

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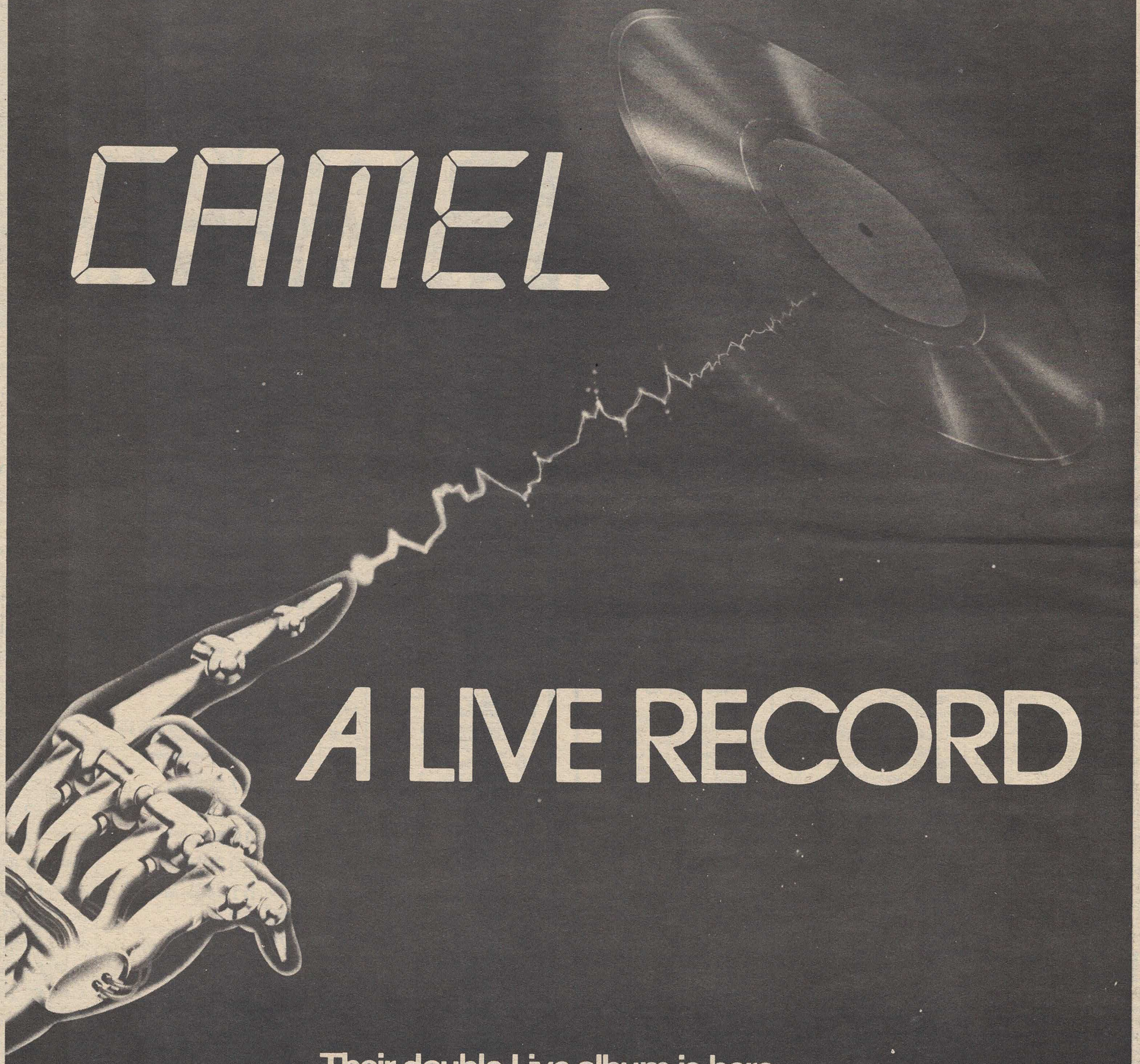

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From A Romeo To A Rolls

Bram Tchaikovsky watches sky, spots Steve Hillage.
Pic: CHRIS WALTERS

THE MOTORS
Approved By The Motors (Virgin)

REMEMBER THE Motors? A band that reminded many people of a weird cross between The Byrds and Status Quo? A band that others considered a sort of New Wave Heavy Metal act?

Well, forget them. They no longer exist. Those Motors obviously put themselves through their own M.O.T. test, decided that they didn't make it, and took themselves off the road.

Now, it's true that there's still a group called The Motors, and that they happen to consist of exactly the same four individuals. But there the similarities end. This is a whole different class of Motoring. Depending on your point of view, it's the difference between an Alfa-Romeo and a Rolls-Royce. Or, conversely, the difference between an Alfa and a family saloon. The point being that your attitude towards the nature of pop and rock will strictly determine the way you respond to the band's new style.

Personally, I subscribe more to the Rolls metaphor. This is one of the most stylish, immaculately designed, beautifully constructed albums I've heard all year. The new Motors have got nothing much to do with The Byrds or Status Quo. They're a weird cross between The Beatles, The Beach Boys, Roxy Music, Alex Harvey, Neil Sedaka, The Hollies, the original Bee Gees, Procol Harum, The Foundations, and almost any other major pop group you care to recall.

These Motors play pop music with a range and talent that few other contemporary operators can offer. Since it's pop performed with a lot of power, then no doubt it'll get tagged with that tedious overworked label. But really this album transcends that kind of category. A comparison with Nick Lowe will perhaps suggest itself. To be honest, though, The Motors make old Basher sound like an old Banger.

The first clue that this is a whole new band comes straight away, with the opening cut "Airport". Not just no 12

string guitar, but no guitars full stop. The entire song is based on keyboards. Synthesisers and a concert grand Rule OK. The resulting effect is remarkable, even though it might sound like a recipe for a disastrous loss of credibility.

Synthesisers have been entirely rejected by the New Wave because of their odious association with aged rock millionaires. Here, though, they gain a whole new sense of purpose. There's no loss of energy. The song hurtles along at the familiar Motors pace. It just sounds entirely distinctive, that's all. What's more, there's a great hook, featuring subtle deployment of vocal harmonies in a way that will start all those comparisons churning through your mind.

Next up is a great ponderous guitar song "Mamma Rock-'N'Roller" with brutish vocals that suggest John Lennon's style circa the double white album. Not that there's a hint of those nasal Merseyside tones; it's more to do with the spirit of the thing.

Then there's a thoroughly cute pop tune called "Forget About You". Rock purists are liable to be somewhat offended by this cut — a dead cert to win the Eurovision Song Contest, if they'd entered it. "Do You Mind" is a truly bizarre ballad with twisted, sadistic lyrics, and a vocal delivery that Alex Harvey might be proud of. If it had turned up on "Motors I", it would have been entirely out of place. On this set, it's just further evidence of a wide-ranging eclecticism.

"You Beat The Hell Out Of Me", the last but one single, and "Breathless" are the closest link with the original Motors sound. Both cuts have much of the force of "Dancing The Night Away" and its ilk, but there's a harder edge to the band's attack. The songs rock rather than glide.

"Soul Redeemer" is a further cut that edges dangerously close to Eurovision. It's got the sort of sweet hook that would make Tony Blackburn drool, but the quality of potential admirers should not detract from the song's achievement. The album's only let down is "Dreaming Your Life Away", a somewhat sluggish ballad, though even in this case the skill on display goes some way to redeeming it.

All in all, "Approved By The Motors" is a largely unqualified success. One of the bravest changes of direction you're ever likely to hear from a new band. The risk, however, is that people who consider pop to be an inferior form to rock may well want to reject the entire thing without reservation.

In fact, the only way that anyone can fail to respond to this remarkable album is on the basis of such prejudices. And that would be a pretty dumb thing to do.

Bob Edmands

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PICTURE PARADE of THINGS

(Above) Some of the most contented winter bus queues in the world can be found in Paris. For overhead heaters have been fitted at many of the stops there, providing the waiting passengers with a plentiful supply of warm and welcome air!

(Below) Here's a novel idea! Singing group RADIO STARS have been promoting their smashing new single, called "From a Rabbit" — with strange little muscle-men with jolly rabbit heads!!! what next — you may ask — and you'd be right!

(Above) Diving 60 feet into a shallow water-tank became too tame a pastime for a daring Danish acrobat — so he took to plunging headfirst into a foam rubber mattress! Crowds gasp at this astounding stunt, but this death-defying high-diver says it doesn't even give him a stiff neck!

(Below) "Space-men land in Middlesex!" This might well have been the rumour when local kids took to using glass globes from subway lights as SPACE HELMETS! But stern Police constables soon put a stop to the boys' activities!

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30 **Hemel Hempstead** Pavilion
May 5 **Newcastle** Polytechnic
6 **Leeds** University
7 **Shrewsbury** Tiffany's
May 12 **Birmingham** Barbarella's
13 **Liverpool** Eric's
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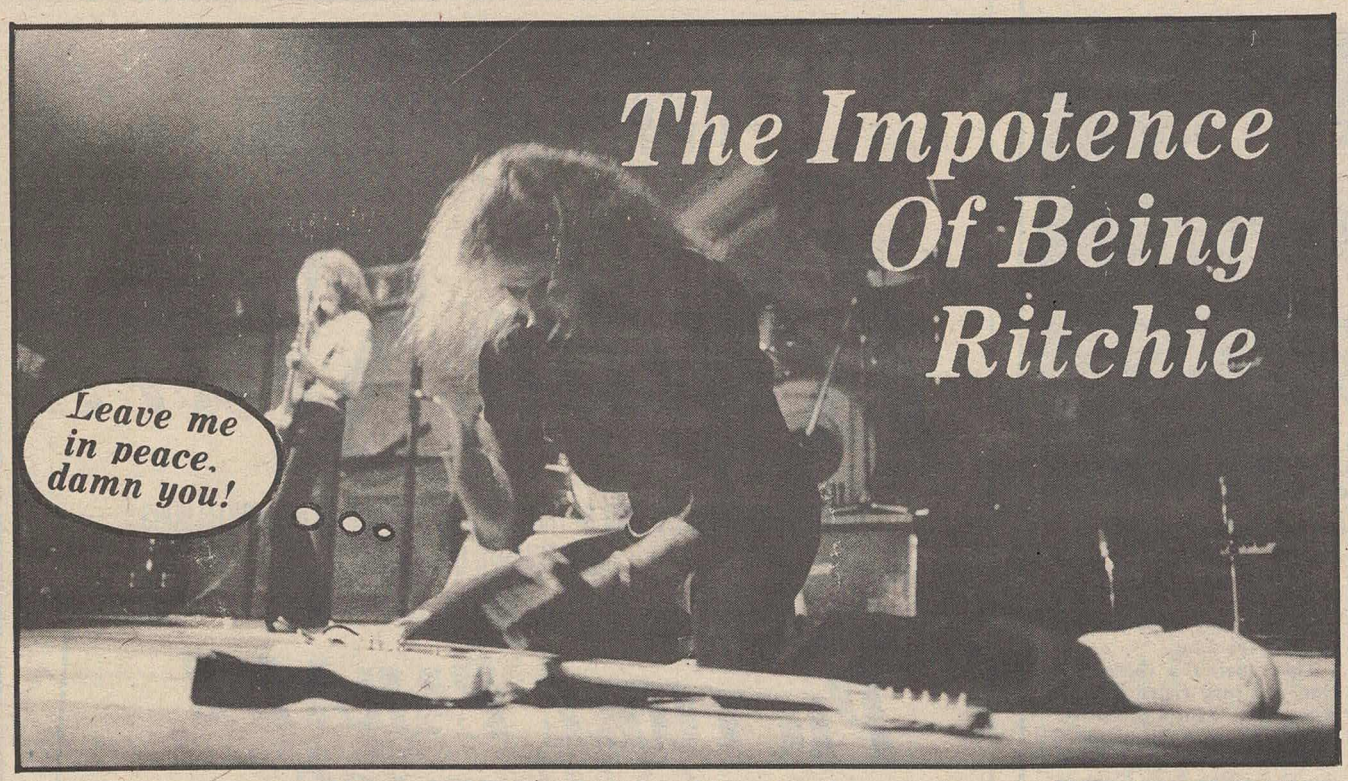


The Impotence Of Being Ritchie

RAINBOW *Long Live Rock 'n' Roll (Polydor)*

GLENN HUGHES *Play Me Out (Safari)*

DAVID COVERDALE *Northwinds (Purple)*

IT IS being said, in these the Telecommunicated '70s when everything — sex, death, politics, political death, sexual politics — can be, and is reduced to the one glossy common denominator of good media copy, it is being said that Disco Music is our (global) anthem. We the automotons. Our Surf Music.

This is wrong. Disco is still constituted of very basic, essentially very human properties, even if its own particular 'fever' ain't the kind we unholy shit-gawdamn rock 'n' roll types prefer.

The graces and emotions invoked are traditional — transient physical perfection in an atmosphere the exact turnaround of home life (TV life): lights out; sound inpenetrable; perfect brooding ground for narcissism and arrogance. If the actual music itself has become tantamount to soul-less, then that dehydration is only the historically inevitable intrusion of — quake — The Businessman and Technology. (Do you need second-hand Jungian trace-backs? Disco-pulse as sound of mamma's heart in the womb maybe?)

No, no, no, no! I have discovered the one and only TRUE sound of The Vacuum which threatens us all, and am at peace with my snakeskin boots.

Blackmore, Coverdale, Hughes. All at one warp or another were members of that wonderful British dragon Deep Purple. Blackmore played and demolished guitar, and away from the beast (is it dead?), maintains a similar schedule of rampant screechy macho-Merlin HM with Ronnie Dio who screeches, and Cozy Powell who is rampant.

Coverdale and Hughes are clone-alike, except Hughes plays more instruments. On "Play Me Out" (did it yerself, chief) Hughes operates electric devices which reproduce funky bleeps and W!O!O!S!H! noises from finger cymbal through to food blender. We hear the sound of Zen-in-LA Bannanamugga milk Zodiac-sign soul food, and P-funky it ain't.

Let us take the Hughes and Coverdale albums first. The collective enterprise is a spectacle akin to the local home-movie circle attempting a *Star Wars* cash-in. Vocals — both wish they were Stevie Wonder or, second choice, Robert Palmer. Lyrics — interchangeable. The usual hygenic cosmic jet-age pap, with a lot of ridin' home to lay my body down in the crystal silence of your obsequience. To that effect.

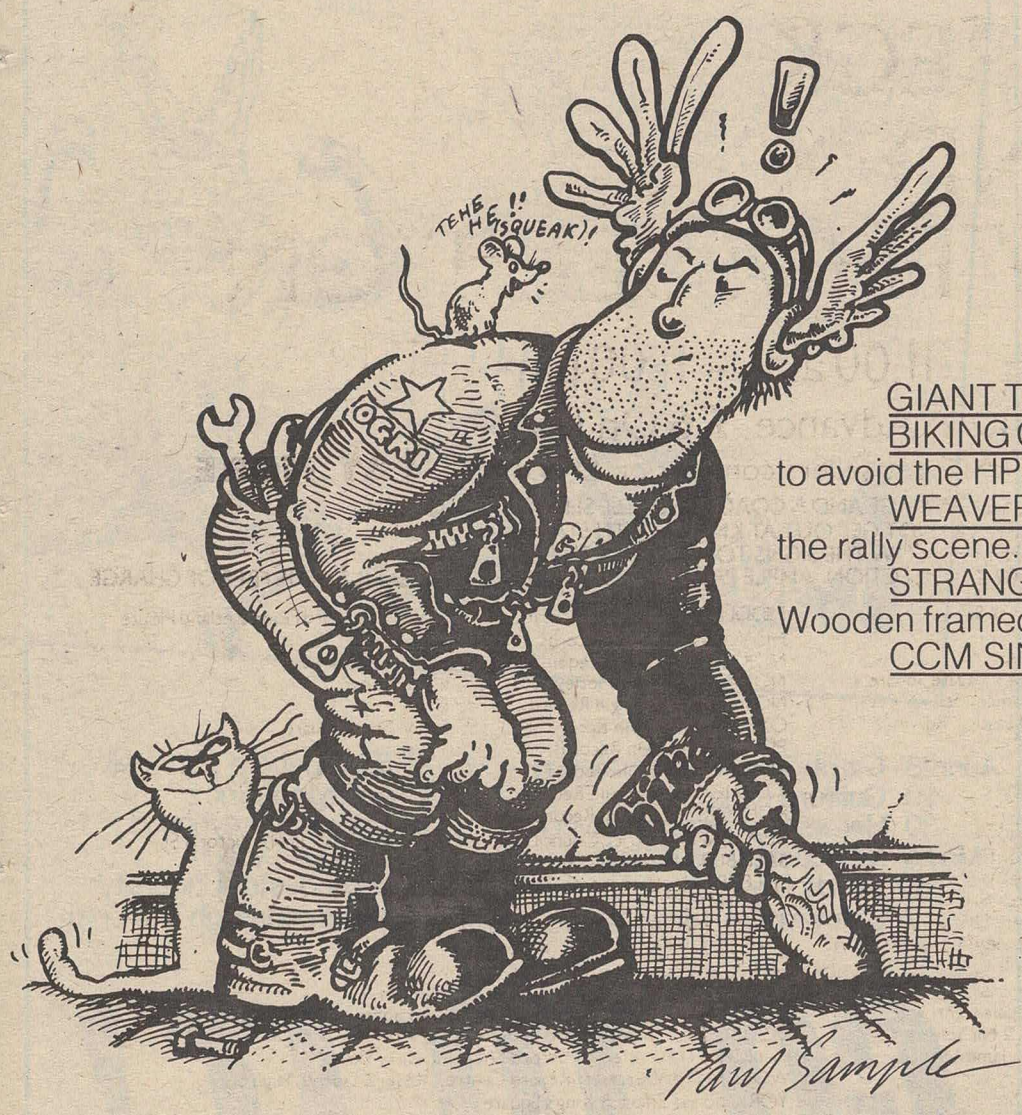
'Song structure' implies 'retread'. The 'playing' (session musician or hep heavy cat friend) is slightly 'shop-soiled', as if everyone had Elastoplast-wrapped digits. The — dare I suggest it? — purpose? These men will stop at nothing to have you perceive them as Real Musicians, with knobs on. Galore.

Rainbow even crack jokes like B.O.C., although their mystical lyrics pale beside the more heavy-edged clout of that same group's more Ouija Board out-takes. They are, I admit, almost constant, which might well justify the Grabba Grabba sales which will doubtless ensue. Barring, that is, the closing track "Rainbow Eyes" — very sub-MOR, very Sugar Puffs advertisment music. The contracted 240 seconds whip-sypoo which usually (not here) revs up into the cataclysmic meta-spasm flying lances bit.

Ouch, put down that mace. I'm sorry, is *that* the point? I fear it is; a plastic holocaust in your heavy heads . . . I can understand the Donna Summer school of faked orgasm (I hardly expect the por gal to do aught else but fake it). But these guys! Having to fake impotency!

Ian Penman

ENLIGHTENS, INSPIRES, INSTRUCTS, MASKS PAINTWORK AND BUNGS UP MOUSEHOLES.



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STEVEN T.
West Coast Confidential (Dream)

"TO EVERYONE out there who wishes they were in California, LA ain't just palm trees and white beaches and Hollywood ain't just movie-stars. You know we got the metropolitan madness too . . . the all-night backbreak and the death-dance . . ."

That's Steven's message to the world on the title track of his first solo album. Makes you weep, don't it? Of course, judging by the rest of the album, Steven's managed to avoid all that city misery and had a great time.

This is trite, breezy, West Coast pop making a futile grasp for dignity by injecting the lyrics with bursts of fatuous social commentary, just to remind you that pretty, bronzed, golden-haired Steven has seen a few basements and backstreets in his time.

Who knows, perhaps he's even been known to use the lavatory, just like less fortunate souls? You see Steven's one of these street poets. He's got the raw pulse of life sussed. He even knows big, grown-up words like 'transvestite', 'liquor' and 'moonbone'.

Moonbone?

He's been stamped as this year's Bruce Springsteen and, as I wasn't impressed by the original, I've got no time for the diluted, clean-limbed Kim Fowley version. That master of glossy product had a hand in the songwriting as well as the production of this album. There's a variety of hummable, inoffensive but entirely unadventurous tunes; "Outskirts Of Town" and "Face In The Crowd" are perhaps the most palatable. They make the mistake of including a lyric sheet so all the embarrassing cliches and condescending remarks you thought you heard are there in black and white.

The jerky, gagging beat of "LA Blues" is the funniest attempt at white reggae I can remember hearing. "These Are My Life And Times" is like the disco-Bee Gees without the funk. "West Coast Confidential", that woeful tale of parking lots and "the combat zone . . .", consists of Steven howling over a solitary piano with a saxophone complaining in the background like a disowned cat.

Maybe this makes sense when you're sitting in the California sun just like Frampton and The Eagles apparently do. In London, in the rain, it's annoying.

Kim Davis

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Hi! I was John Lennon until I took my Cordon Bleu

THE OUTLAWS
Bring It Back Alive (Arista)

DAGBLAMMIT, PARDNERS, youse guessed it — another brand spanking new live double platter!

Which, translated, means it's yet another platinum bore from yet another complacent US outfit only too keen to give addled American audiences what that want and, judging by the reaction, what they deserve.

But to call this set boring is to imbue The Outlaws with some sort of ability to impinge on one's consciousness which, palpably, is beyond them.

"The four guitar army", they're called in the brief introduction and one pointless dribbling riff is piled upon another. There are no songs, no discernible melodies, nothing remotely approaching the sporadic 'listenable' qualities of even the flabby Eagles (with whom Outlaws were once, risibly, compared), just three guitarists, a bassist and two drummers flailing away

like manic masturbators disappearing up their own sunsets.

The monumentally mistitled "Stick Around For Rock & Roll" cannot hope to prepare you for the massive tedium to come on the next three sides, culminating in side four's monstrous 20-minute paean to Lynyrd Skynyrd, "Green Grass And High Tides", all melodramatic Rush-like crescendos until the mundane chug-a-lugging sets in. Thank God they didn't have the audacity to actually attempt a Skynyrd number.

The First In A Succulent New Series. This Week's Menu By MEATY SMOFF

THIRD WORLD WAR
Third World War (Fly)

GOOD TO see Pye's Fly releasing something other than every bleep'n'squeak Mark Bolan ever laid on vinyl (God bless 'im), and "Third World War" is a genuine curiosity, sort of suss Edgar Broughton.

Public disaffection with the government, the police, the monarchy and the working class 'lot' is not exclusive to the spunky punkers, as this 1970 relic proves.

Terry Stamp and Jim Avery wrote brutally simplistic diatribes which now come over as sad, timely reminders that everything's always been bollocksed-up. Jagged and choppy, their songs lack the patronising tendencies of Lennon's political work and knock the new wave's neurotic whining sideways.

Mind you, they are/were real working class louts, so be prepared for a bit of queer'n'Commie bashing.

PRISM
Prism (EMI International)

THE SORT of mainstream early '70s rock for which no one will feel nostalgic. *"A giant leap for rock'n'roll, but it's too much for just one man,"* goes "Spaceship Superstar" (sic) before a whole slew of galactic cliches come roaring at you lyrically and musically (the bleeping synthesisers take care of that).

Ron Tabak's conventional oooooh-ah vocals are firmly rooted in the rock-pop school of shouters and the competence of the quintet behind him is numbing.

"Being on the road leaves you so uninspired," goes another song — yeah, it sure do show. Recorded in Vancouver, dumped in London.

ROKOTTO
Rokotto (State)

SUB-SATURDAY Night Fever disco-soul from a Scottish-based outfit boasting four blacks, three whites and (on the cover) one silver bum. Includes the hit "Boogie On Up", if that's any indication of the contents.

DAN HILL
Longer Fuse (20th Century)

YOUNG MR Hill shares one thing with fellow- Canadian songwriter Bruce Cockburn — an attractively vulnerable timbre. There the similarity ends because Hill lacks Cockburn's concise vision and cutting edge.

Sentimental arrangements swamp his banal love songs and cliched observations, which sound like a horrible cross between Elton John's early crass romanticism and Cat Steven's fey ditties for college girls in bedsits.

The album's hit, "Sometimes When We Touch", is a good example of Hill's rare ability to attract with his pleasing voice and melodic sense whilst simultaneously repelling by use of syrupy strings over the soppy slop he sings.

More Meaties on Page 49

ROGER GLOVER

FORMER BASS PLAYER WITH DEEP PURPLE HAS A DEBUT ALBUM

'ELEMENTS'

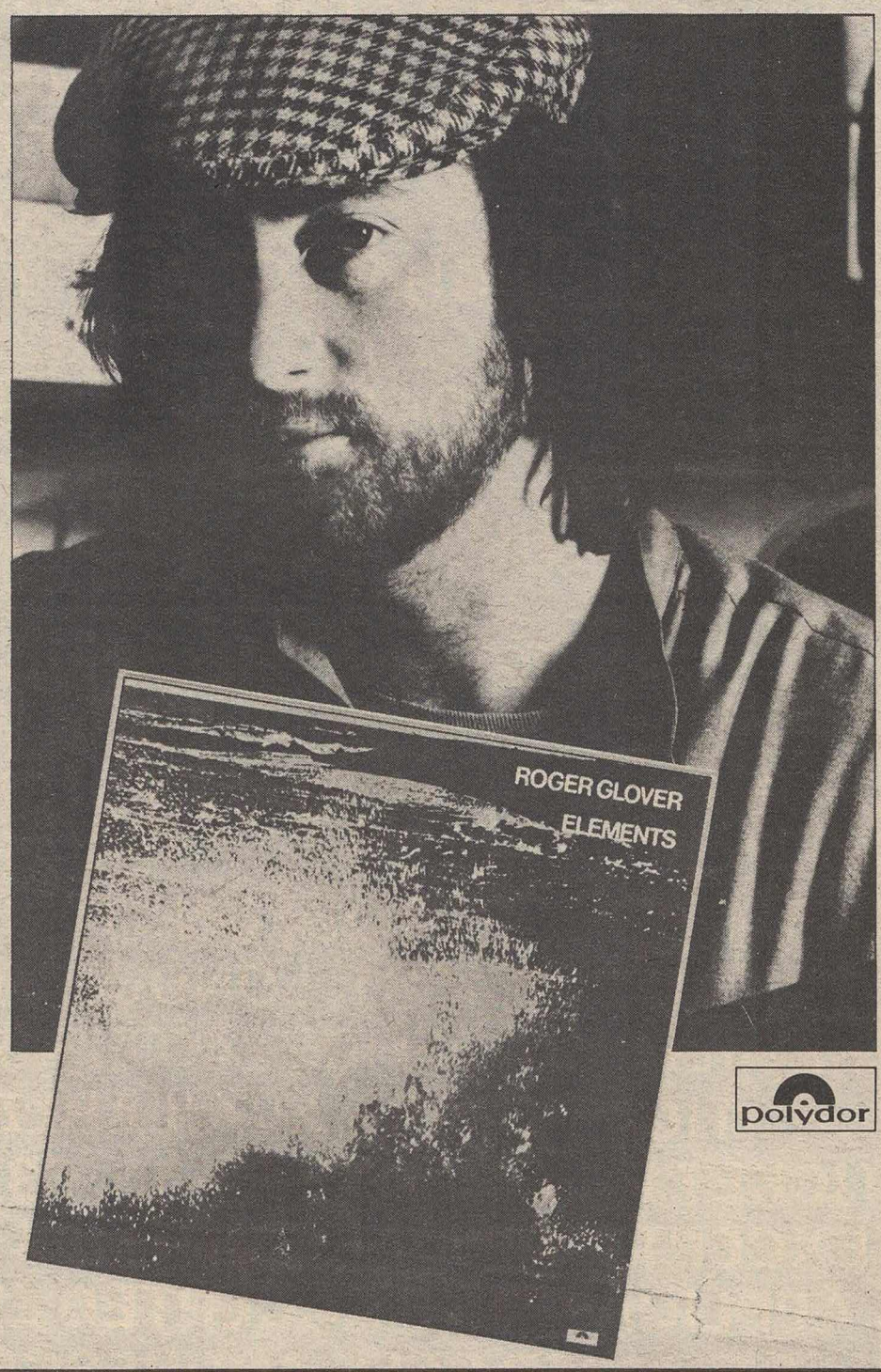
Featuring SIMON PHILLIPS, MICKY LEE SOULE, GRAHAM PRESKETT, RONNIE ASPERY & MARTIN BIRCH.

String Section of the MUNICH PHILHARMONIC
Produced by ROGER GLOVER & MARTIN BIRCH

In the night within your eyes
Where blackness tells no lie
A hand was seen to fall
As it reached up for the sky.

All fingers had a ring
And each with nine stones set
Around, a halo shone
Where truth and beauty met.

Roger Glover



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From Page 47

LEIF GARRETT
Leif Garrett (Atlantic)

NO ONE gives a toss if the appallingly wholsome Leif Garrett pits the sweetness of his 16 years against rotten old Dion DiMucci and Paul Anka songs but when his weedy pipes attempt to get to grips with classics like "California Girls" and, even worse, "Johnny B. Goode" then the time has come to put the twerp in his place — which, by the sound of this sacrilege, is in Chuck Berry's dressing room just after Chuck has been told the promoters have done a bunk.

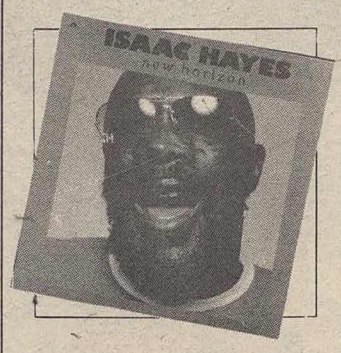
God forbid that Californian kids think this is actually rock and roll but then again they're stupid enough to swallow most substitutes.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND
Original Soundtrack (Arista)

With kleptomanic insistence, film composer John Williams continues to plunder the classics as the basis for his hack scores. Since *Jaws* — the ominous theme for which Williams borrowed from Bernard Herrmann's *Psycho*, itself a score freely adapted from the heavily rhythmic sections of Stravinsky's "Rites Of Spring" — he has been Hollywood's hottest music property, going on to compose *Star Wars'* tritely old-fashioned romantic score (a mix of Walton, Holst and Elgar pastiches) and now *Close Encounters'*.

Director Steven Spielberg calls the music "A serious symphonic achievement, timeless and without restraints." Which is patent rubbish. This time around, Williams lifts from Bruckner and Wagner — the film's content is 'heavier', see — and even cheekily plonks a bit of Ligeti (so brilliantly utilised by Kubrick, in *2001*) in the middle.

Never mind, when the movie moguls cotton on he can always flog his Oscars.



ISAAC HAYES
Chronicle (Stax)
New Horizon (Polydor)

THE OPENING sequence of *Shaft*, Richard Roundtree crossing a busy New York street and the giving the finger to an impatient driver, accompanied on the soundtrack by the fuzzy wah-wah, insistent hi-hat and descendant piano chord, is one of the all-time great movie moments.

Even the intrusive brass can't spoil it, but as soon as Isaac Hayes opened his mouth *(Who's the black private dick who's a sex machine to all the chicks..?")* the magic was lost and the film continued in disappointingly muddled vein.

Still, if for nothing else, we have Hayes to thank for the plethora of 'funky' cop TV/film themes. Besides that dubious honour, the "Chronicle" complilation reminds us that he had a predilection for taking contemporary 'standards' like "Walk On By" and "By The Time I Get To Phoenix" and turning them into egotistic monologues which even here in their truncated versions sound bloated.

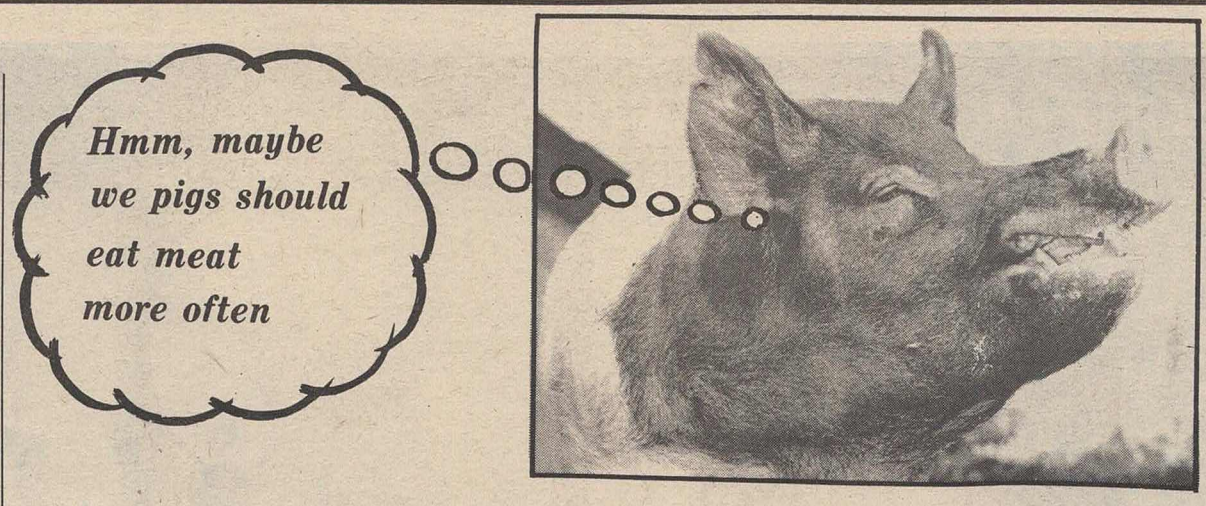
Aside from "Stranger In Paradise" (yes, the dopey "Take My Hand/ Lost In A Wonderland" one) everything — all four remaining tracks — on "New Horizon" is his own work, down to the playing of keyboards and assorted percussion. And it's the horrendously elogated mixture as before — earnest vocals which bear the unique Hayes' trademark of simultaneous macho and wimp sensibilities combined with fussily developed arrangements which utilise not only the kitchen sink but the bog cistern as well.

HOT CHOCOLATE
Every 1's A Winner (RAK)

IF YOU'RE going to work in the black-white-pink-brown field of disco-pop-rock-soul, give me Hot Chocolate over the Gibb brothers every day.

At least they understand that the form requires a modicum of balls, top-heavy bass at the very least, and in writer-singer Errol Brown have someone who can carry the can with a degree of conviction.

The two hits — "Put Your Love In Me" and the title track — sound as good here as they do thumping out of the pub juke box, or wherever. The rest is far from tasteless filler.



SAMANTHA SANG
Emotion (Private Stock)

ANAEMIC DISCO-POP, pitched slightly breathier (and, believe it or not, lower) than The Bee Gees, who contribute three numbers — and that sure sounds like Barry G. tarting up the title track. Thin as gossamer and about as substantial, "Emotion" floats off your turntable and clings desperately to the walls, papered or not.

Samantha may well have sang but no one actually listened.

PEARL
Pearl (London)

SISTERS LESLIE and Debbie Pearl ain't the McGarrigles. They ain't even the Beverleys.

Leslie's the writer, Debbie's the singer and these ten songs are extraordinary only by virtue of their ordinariness. Everything's been done by the book (Dean Parks on guitar, Russ Kunkel on drums, Norman Seeff on camera) but "Pearl" remains an ill-fated foray into the murky pop-soul realm.

WHA-KOO
Berkshire (ABC)

VOCALIST DAVID Palmer sang sweetly (far too sweetly) on Steely Dan's debut album and now he's fronting this septet of Great Pretenders.

Palmer writes the words, guitarist Danny Douma does the tunes (mostly) and the overall effect is of derisory deja-vu: smart-arse lyrics (as exemplified by the title track) allied to clever-clever rhythms. Becker and Fagen would've chucked out this lot along with the "Aja" rejects.

TOMPALL GLASER
The Wonder Of It All (ABC)

A BEARDED bruiser with an unlikely smooth Perry Como-like burr, Tompall Glaser sings straight C&W songs which are not so much hard-assed shit-kickers as soft-bellied shit-stirrers.

Most of the numbers are by Bill Chappell — including the best, "Drinking Them Beers" (*"Last night I had a little talk with myself/Just me and me, man to man/I said 'Self, you'll ruin yourself/They say alcohol can cook your brain'"*) — although Glaser also manages to make Mickey Newbury's fine "How I Love Them Old Songs" sound quite ordinary.

All the ingredients and the right cast list (a few beers, a saintly mother, a waitress in a greasy diner) are here but overall it's faintly glossy country, like it was tarted up for supper clubs or prime time TV.

EDDIE RABBITT
Rabbitt (Elektra)

AT LEAST Mr Rabbitt writes his own songs (alone or with producer David Malloy and Elektra warren-mate Even Stevens), but unfortunately they're a part of the 'new' Nashville which has had its admirably gritty origins eroded by a profusion of LA 'cowboys' infiltrating there, resulting in a MOR-ish sound of which you'd like to hear less.

The only song here to compare with the likes of Waylon, Willy or the redoubtable Mr Cash is the unashamedly tears-in-the-beer "Is There A Country Song On The Jukebox?" — which is something you can't beat when you're fully loaded and half-cocked.

Meaty Smoff

are you too
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to get SATISFACTION!
AVAILABLE SOON!
THE RESIDENTS ARE
I can't get no SATISFACTION!
ONE KNOWS
The residents released their SATISFACTION in 1976. It was immediately acclaimed as the most extreme and intense record ever recorded, a pre-punk masterpiece. The demand has since grown for this record to the point where people can no longer be denied the painful pleasure of hearing and owning this startling record, which Andy Gill of NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS called, "... probably my favorite 45 of all time.", and Jim Green of TROUSER PRESS flatly stated, "... the most determinedly repellent music I've ever heard ...".
Obviously not a record for the faint hearted. So the question remains, Are you too yellow today for a record that was recorded two years ago? Hmmm?
Ralph Records

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HI-FI: *By ROY CARR*

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AIWA AF5050 Stereo Cassette Music System — good value at an average discount price of £390.

NOT ONLY has the introduction of the *music-centre* rapidly replaced all those cumbersome old walnut radiograms which, along with the china cabinet, used to dominate many a front parlour, but the compact and sophisticated design has attracted the first-time buyer who normally wouldn't invest in expensive hi-fi hardware.

When purchasing any hi-fi system, the choice is usually whether to buy a disc-based system or focus in on cassettes. The music-centre is designed to give you finger-tip choice of both.

Most music-centres house a three-in-one combination: turntable, cassette deck and tuner — more often than not also including a set of speakers in the price.

Despite the accompanying pomp, the first music-centres to hit the showrooms weren't acknowledged by many hi-fi buffs as an audio breakthrough. Some even said they were the reverse — arguing that it was just as cheap/expensive to build up a sound system using individual components and that the music-centre's in-built lack of flexibility meant you would encounter difficulties should you ever decide to up-grade the system or add optional extras.

It was also pointed out that in streamlining the turntable, cassette deck and multi-band radio into one compact module (to fit on almost any bookshelf), discrepencies in the quality of one of the components (invariably the cassette deck) often resulted.

Should one of the three components prove to be inferior or not to your individual taste, you were well and truly shafted.

The critics did have a point.

However, many manufacturers were quick on the up-take, with the result that after a period of trial and error many of the initial problems have either been eliminated or improved upon.

By the very nature of the design, the music-centre has been the salvation of those among us who even have difficulty switching on a TV. It bypasses many of the hazards that can result from building up a hi-fi system with separate components from various manufacturers.

In other words, ole' buddy, it eliminates the problems of interconnecting each unit (and we all know what a hoot that can be) and then wondering where the hell to stuff all those wires!

In terms of operational procedure, nothing could be easier than the push button/slide control run - of - the - mill *compact* module.

However, as I always try to emphasise around this time in my sermons, when buying a music centre spend as much time as possible in the showroom listening to and comparing systems before shelling out the greenbacks.

And even then, try and arrange for an in-home audition.

For instance, you may discover that due to your locality, the FM tuner (even when connected to the antenna provided) may still be inadequate, and that an outdoor FM antenna may be required.

It usually takes me up to a couple of hours to set up and then re-check a complete hi-fi system. But it took me only 20 minutes to unpack, set-up and commence testing the **Aiwa AF 5050** music-centre (average discount price £390).

■ *Continues over page*

Tape-it-Live

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In addition, the CD-1635 Mk.2 has a built-in 4 inch monitor speaker and the KD-2B has the JVC "Dual-Ball Cassette Hold System" keeping correct tape-to-head contact, reducing wow and flutter when "on the move".

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CD-1635 Mk 2 Stereo Cassette Deck (left)
KD-2B Stereo Cassette Deck (right)

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Ferguson 3920 — £199.95
VHF/FM, LW, MW Music Centre with Dolby cassette deck with full auto stop, high standard turntable with 'S' shaped tonearm and 10W per channel speakers.

GEC A5022 — £189.95
Budget priced VHF /MW/LW/SW Music Centre with 3 speed manual or auto turntable, stereo cassette unit with Fe_2O_3/CrO_2 auto tape switching and auto record level. Complete with speakers.

Goodmans MCD 100 — £355.95
High performance stereo FM/AM/ L/M/S waveband music centre featuring a 35w per channel amp. stereo FM tuner with five preset selectors. Dolby cassette deck and belt drive turntable fitted with 'S' shaped tone-arm. Complete with Goodmans RB35 Speakers.

Hitachi 7785 — £405.95
Complete with AR 18 Speakers
True Hi-Fi Music Centre with SW/MW/LW /FM stereo receiver with 6 pre-tuned controls and AFC. Turntable with auto return and stroboscope. Dolby cassette deck with ferric/chrome/normal tape facility.

National SG-3090L — £399.95
Famous FM auto /MW/LW/SW model with FM preset facility and built-in AFC; belt-driven turntable with DC Motor, stroboscope damped cueing control; Dolby cassette deck with full auto shut-off, twin VU meters, pause and normal/ CrO_2 tape facility. Complete with Celestion Ditton 15 Speakers.

Sanyo G 2811 KL — £269.95
Very attractive music centre with belt-driven auto return turntable (cart. incl.), 18 W output amp., dolby cassette deck, LW/MW/ SW/FM radio with pre-select facility Complete with Sanyo MC2 speakers

Sony HMK-55 — £299.95
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HI-FI

■ *From previous page*

First, however, a few specifications:

Amplifier power output: 10W rms per channel.

Tuner wavebands: FM (87.5 MHz — 108Mhz). MW (525KHz — 1,605KHz). SW (5.9 MHz — 16 MHz). LW (150 KHz —340 KHz).

FM frequency response: 20Hz — 15,000Hz.

Tuner sensitivity (1HF) 2.5 micro-volts.

Cassette noise reduction: Dolby.

Turntable drive: Belt.

Speaker frequency response: 50 — 18,000Hz.

It seems that all hi-fi reviewers have personal quirks, and I'm no exception. Dunno if it's Freudian(!) but the very first thing I always check-out is the control panel.

What immediately impressed me was the way in which Aiwa had located the push-buttons, and also seen fit to install the cassette with a line of six oil-damped keys — meaning that, unlike most cassettes, you don't have to hit the keys so hard that you cause a tremor of Richter Scale proportions, with the possibility of ruining both stylus and record. Accordingly all those irritating clicks and clacks are vanquished. Tres bleedin' smooth!!

As for the cassette deck itself, the VU meters, record level faders and tape selector (Cr02/Fe-Cr/LH) are all elegantly elevated for easy use.

Seeing as Aiwa offer syncronised disc-to-tape/radio - to - tape facilities it was child's play to continually switch from one to another operation and back again before relaxing and comparing the quality of the playback.

As a check I tuned into *The John Peel Show* (the Phased Locked Loop integrated circuit on the FM band ensuring stability) and also played four contrasting albums: Elvis Costello's "This Year's Model", Bob Marley's "Kaya", The Bee Gees' "Saturday Night Fever" and "The Hope & Anchor Front Row Festival".

Furthermore, seeing as the Aiwa AF 5050 comes with a set of SC-50 speakers, for once I refrained from using my Celestion Ditton speaker stack (my yardstick through which I test all hardware) and tested this music-centre as nature intended.

With compact bookshelf/wall mounted speakers (clips provided), the SC-50s — considering their dimensions ($8\frac{9}{16}'' \times 13'' \times 8\frac{11}{14}''$) — proved to be more than adequate for the job. I was quite surprised that such small speakers could produce such quality. They offered good stereo separation and placement and minimum distortion. And to help make the reproduction compatable with room acoustics, a high-frequency level adjustment dial is fitted to the right of the 50mm tweeter and 160mm woofer in both speaker cabinets.

Only one slight criticism: I did feel that a slight improvement could be made on the bass slider, but taking into account that music-centres are primarily designed to appeal to those more interested in listening to the music than analysing the performance of the hardware, this is a minor quibble. The tonal quality of the AF5050 will probably satisfy most ears.

As I often find that cassette-corders and music-centres fall flat on the tape decks they install, I double-checked the AF5050 (using a standard pre-recorded commercial cassette — "The Average White Band With Ben E King" — and also with one I made up sometime ago specifically for test-runs). The playback was considerably better than that achieved by many of Aiwa's competitors.

Finally, I compared the recordings I made from disc-to-tape with the original vinyl, and was satisfied.

Aiwa are by no means the only company to promote up-market music-centres, but their AF5050 is a good unit by which to compare other modules. In fact, the other afternoon I spent a couple of hours in a West End showroom fiddling with various similarly-priced modules (to the annoyance of a salesman trying to do a quick-sale routine) and came away making notes to do test-runs on the **Hitachi SDT-7710** and **SDT-7675** — and in particular the **Rotel RM-5010** and **JVC MF-55LS.**

A year ago, if anyone had asked me to recommend a music-centre I would have told them to avoid them like the plague. However, the last 12 months has been a noticable improvement in performance. There are at least half-a-dozen models I'd give house-room to. With competition in the hi-fi world keener than ever before, hardware can only get better.

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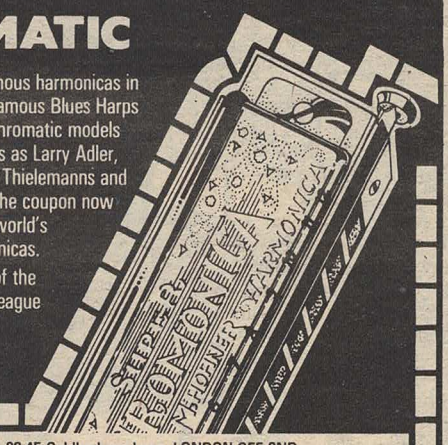

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ON THE TOWN

Squeezes the Pulse beat . . .

Squeeze
NASHVILLE

YOU NEVER quite know what you're going to get from Squeeze.

I remember seeing them once about a year ago at the Brecknock, Camden Town, and after saying "This is a way of saying goodbye to history", Glenn Tilbrook broke into a powerful performance of Hendrix's "Red House".

Last time I saw them — a few months ago — at the Rochester, Stoke Newington, the p.a. blinked out just before the end of the set and they just fell to pieces.

Perhaps they didn't really want to be there in the first place. But it would have been well within their ability to knock out an instrumental. Instead they finished with a row of dots . . . Manager Miles Copeland walks out appalled. Rightly.

Last Monday at the Nashville we got a pot-pourri of their own original rock numbers which — as you'll know if you've heard their "Packet Of Three" EP — is fast, greasy and exciting, plus some of their newer stuff from their recent (first) album, notably their "Strong In Reason" which seems to be about bodybuilding (Schwarzeneggerock) . . . and in the middle of it all the old Ray Charles number "Mess Around" with keyboard man and R&B enthusiast Jools Holland stepping out front.

Weirdest of all however is the heavy disco workout towards the end of the evening. I didn't realise that musicians actually *played* disco. I thought it was just an incidental spin-off from the aero-space programme.

Manager Copeland standing near the back starts to twitch . . . But it's O.K. I mean, it was exciting. Sporadic pogoing breaks out. They've pulled it off. The whys and wherefores must be left to *serious* rock critics.

But it has to be said. There are three forces in this band, two of them pulling in different — though not necessarily irreconcilable — directions.

In the red corner Chris Difford (rhythm guitar, vocals, lyrics) somewhat under the influence of Lou Reed/Warhol/New York punk medium-rare weird-out. In the blue corner the romantic Glenn Tilbrook (lead guitar, lead vocal, tunes) who loves Hendrix & Nils Lofgren and has a sheaf of blues/ballady stuff to make a song-publisher weep.

Somewhere in the middle, I guess, stands the modest Jools who'll turn his hand to whatever.

Now, maybe there's a contradiction here and maybe not. Maybe if they paced the entire set correctly and in the right order, you wouldn't see the glue.

But when Tilbrook is about to perform his (very fine) "Heartbreak" number and Difford prefaces it with some remarks about plastic penises (I think that's what he said), then the audience is led into downright confusion.

Okay, so punks are embarrassed by emotion (unless its super-macho hatred, or intellectually-respectable disdain . . . snobbery to you, John) but Squeeze never had much punk credibility anyway 'cos they played too well — so who needs it?

Besides, if punks are looking for truth, they'll have to learn to take the smooth with the rough. And to distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality.

Anna Bolic-Steroids

Steel Pulse
ROUNDHOUSE

IT SEEMED strangely appropriate that a British reggae band should headline at, and virtually sell out, a major rock venue the week before this Sunday's massive Carnival Against the Nazis.

And with this Roundhouse triumph and a single on the verge of the chart, Steel Pulse are the living proof that British reggae finally seems to have arrived in a big way.

The audience was unexpectedly Hard Core punk — many of whom seemed to be there as much for the pose as the actual music (never mind the riddims, luv, just watch yer don't smudge me Black-Star Eyeliner).

Steel Pulse, like many of the home-grown roots reggae bands, still suffer from an identity crisis. As someone once said to me at a Black Slate gig "They sing a Bob Marley song like Bob Marley and a Ken Boothe song like Ken Boothe".

Still, despite sound problems on stage and a set which seems to be cut prematurely short, there were signs that the forthcoming "Handsworth Revolution" album is going to get a lot more people moving towards the Pulsebeat.

Visually they are imposing — vocalists Fonso Martin and Michael Riley decked out in preacherman togs and David Hinds in stencilled HM Prisoner gear.

And if the band are laid back, even for reggae — and thus not as easy to dance to as others — their great strength is the percussive power they wield. Meaty drummer Steve Nesbitt is at the core of some of the most subtle rhythmic twists and turns I've heard in a long while.

Noticeable by its absence was their excellent one-off single for Anchor, "Nyah Love", but the encore was the inevitable "Ku Klux Klan"; the white hoods donned by the singers as they returned to the stage remaining as frighteningly powerful a visual ace as the first time I saw the band last year.

The Police opened the evening's proceedings and somehow I don't think A&M have gambled as inspiredly with this aging bunch, who last year backed Cherry Vanilla, as they did with Squeeze, (see left).

Classic bandwagoners, their leather jackets and peroxide jobs are just a thin veneer disguising well-played, cliche-ridden Heavy Metal rock.

It's one thing being solid, boys, another altogether being dense.

I'd often wondered when, if ever, **John Cooper Clarke** was going to go down as well with a London crowd as he does in his native Manchester. Even at last month's Buzzcocks Lyceum bash, our one and only Beat Poet had to fight a stream of abuse and a glass with shattered horrifyingly inches in front of him.

But, at the Roundhouse, he went down the proverbial storm.

Twitching and stamping nervously behind those impenetrable black shades, Johnny recited a testimony that proved poetry isn't only something you stock the shelves with in libraries (or something in the sole possession of Patti Smith, either).

"The Monster From Outer Space", "Bronzed Adonis" and others are already being greeted like the hits they deserve to be.

"He makes love like a footballer — He dribbles before he shoots", was just one line that stood out from a newer piece.

Over twenty minutes, he provided an entertaining interlude, though it's not the stuff of which headliners are made.

Adrian Thrills

The entertainment spectrum. Above, two bands apparently suffering, though overcoming, internal crises of identity: (Top) the distinct forces in Squeeze, Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook, and (above) Steel Pulse. The Commodores (below) just keep on with the job of taking it to the masses. Note, incidentally, how the trend for self-advertisement at gigs gathers pace. Pix: JILL FURMANOVSKY; GEORGE BODNAR; JILL FURMANOVSKY.

The Commodores
HAMMERSMITH ODEON

I SUPPOSE it figures that The Commodores, currently vying with Earth Wind And Fire for the position of America's number uno black act, think of themselves as a rock 'n' roll band.

After all, their idea of presentation has a lot in common with numerous rock bands. For starters, there's the snippet of grandiose classical music which is pumped through the PA to herald their arrival, the use of a mirror-ball, explosions, etc, etc.

As yet, there's no dry ice or lasers (or levitation stunts, something which EWAF specialise in). But judging from The Commodores' love of spectacle, now more in evidence than a year ago, that will only be a matter of time . .

Still, much of what the band do to present themselves to their enraptured audience (the teenage whites outnumber the older blacks) is old hat for black acts.

How many rock acts are there urging the audience to clap their hands before they are even into their second number?

And when did you last see a white rock band divide the audience down the middle and have each side 'compete' in a "Who can sing the loudest' contest?

And The Commodores' dance routines, disappointingly sloppy (still, they have been performing substantially the same act for a year), are as alien to a rock band as forgoing the encore ritual, something which The Commodores did.

The Commodores are a six-piece outfit, augmented by The Mean Machine — three horns and one guitar, one of whom doubles for Commodores' drummer Walter Orange, and who — it must be stated — proved a far harder anchor for the band than Orange himself.

In fact, having little knowledge of The Commodores, other than their considerable reputation, I was expecting something a little more musically resilient than was provided.

Surely The Commodores are a *funky* band, lots of fretboard defying bass and teeth clenching drums — something to "get down" with.

For my money, the only time The Commodores even began to flex their muscle was during the closing "Brick House", an allusion, so I'm assured, to a much sought-after region of the female anatomy.

No, it's not The Commodores' playing that has got them where they are today.

It's their material, much of which fits safely into the FM radio mould, and which, on stage, The Commodores squeeze every last drop from — sometimes extending arrangements when they just don't merit it.

"Easy", which Lionel Richie performs on a white concert piano positioned stage-centre and perched above the rest of their equipment, and "Just To Be Close To You" were both over-extended, guitarist Thomas McClary, who's unheard most of the time, making a right berk of himself during his solo on "Easy", posing to a ridiculous extreme.

In time-honoured fashion The Commodores wind their way to the end of their set by introducing each member of the band — these introductions also detail each Commodores' birth sign — before a sharp-suited MC skids onto the stage and calls an end to the proceedings.

Get the picture?

There's nothing wrong with the act utilising presentation devices to maximum effect, but it seems to me that The Commodores are now concentrating on the form to the detriment of content.

True, they worked hard and efficiently, working the audience up into the desired state of euphoria with manipulative ease, but ultimately The Commodores' succeed only as entertainers, and nothing more.

I wonder how many of their audience, a largely white audience, were actually moved by their performance.

Not very many, I guess.

Steve Clarke

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RECORDS GROUP

Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

OL' GRAVEL voice is back. And I'd been dreading it — anticipating "An Evening with Kris and Rita', going straight for the *Star is Born* crowd with a nary a look back over his shoulder.

Mind you, with seat prices at £10, you'd almost expect to be on stage with them.

However, The World's Most Elegible Male strolled out on stage looking relaxed and — dammit — as handsome as his photos, exuding the sort of charisma which, if bottled, would put Faberge out of business.

For the fashion conscious among you, he was dressed in a flowing white shirt, brown cords and did not have a beard!

Two minutes into his set any lingering doubts were dispelled.

A strong medley of "Loving Her Was Easier", the majestic "Sunday Morning Coming Down" and "Silver Tongued Devil" and he was away.

Despite an uninspiring backing from two guitars, keyboards, bass and drums Kristofferson sailed through a collection of his best material, including the touching and sensual "Casey's Last Ride", "Jody And The Kid" and probably the best track from his new album, "Sabre And The Rose".

"Living Legend" and "Spooky Lady's Revenge" — from "Easter Island" — came on strong . . . but the remainder was so damned relaxed that at times it verged on the somnambulistic.

After the interval it was Rita's turn. She proceeded very cautiously through her hit singles — but things livened up when jazz pianist Barbara Carey came on to join her, and rattled the 88s in the manner born on "Fever" and "For the Good Times."

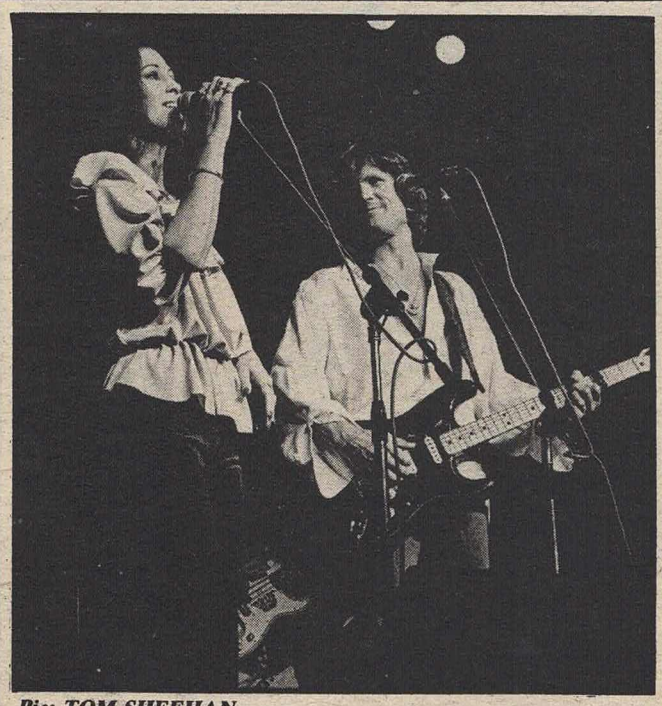
Mrs. Kristofferson remained stage centre throughout the evening and laid on an accomplished if unexciting set with about as much animation as Open Night at Madame Tussaud's. On "Higher And Higher" which seemed marginally shorter than *Roots*) we witnessed a pretty light show flitting round the Hall, and everyone started clapping along.

Now Kris and Rita together. They sang "Last Goodbye Together", "You Show Me Yours (And I'll Show You Mine)" — during which cryptic references were made to those infamous Kristofferson pics taken during 'The Sailor Who Fell On Top of Sarah Miles' — "Help Me Make It Through The Night", and finished with the ultimate road song, our old friend "Bobby McGee".

"Thank you, God bless . . . off for, what, 25 seconds . . . and back into "I Fought The Law", which was a distinct improvement on the "Natural Act" version.

Well, for your money you got a three hour show that was basically three shows together — Kris, Rita and Kris 'n' Rita together. I could have done without her altogether, but in terms of credibility her old man's doing fine. Hell of a writer, good looking too, hasn't even got a bad voice. Same time next year?

Patrick Humphries



Pic: TOM SHEEHAN

Kris, Rita and Kris'n'Rita . . .

Siouxsie And The Banshees

MUSIC MACHINE, LONDON

A PEACE-offering of flowers from a fan in the dressing-room and what seems like the millionth debut for the great unsigned. . .

Yeah, you've probably heard all of this before with regard to The Banshees, but tonight's advance ticket sales were only out-done by The Tom Robinson Band when they appeared at the same venue recently.

A full-scale attraction without a contract!

Off-beat combo The Table deviate just for the sake of it and the redoubtable Spizz Oil harangues the audience to a standstill, but both he and the tabloid-trio end up sinking without a trace in the mire of anticipation. Tonight belongs to the headliners.

The Banshees take the stage in a twilight of blue spotlights, crystalline, dissonant guitar splinters heralding the intro to "Helter Skelter", a song that's been in their repertoire for nigh-on a year, but of which they acquit themselves with energy and enthusiasm, forestalling any bitterness they might feel for a blinkered and unresponsive industry with stoical perseverance.

"Mirage" follows, then "Nicotine". The crowd call for "Captain Scarlet" (still!) but the Banshees don't pander. Instead we get "Metal" and "Hong Kong Garden".

"This one's for all you A & R men at the bar. . ."

Their mood becomes apparent. . .

Remaining still is the primeval, anchor-beat of the drum sound, over which the Bromley chanteuse pins her starched, catatonic vocalese. Between these two extremes the guitars cover the middle-ground.

Mixers and P.A.s permitting, they steer well clear of post '77 wall-of-sound conformity, every instrument maintaining an identity of its own in the overall sound pattern.

And so a band who started life as a 'ragged and naive' figment of post-Pistols' punk euphoria, develop through experience into a force to be reckoned with. Possibly not esoteric enough for 'New Musick' snobs and dilettantes to drool over, certainly not dumb enough for the boneheads, The Banshees may find themselves lost in limbo unless they surface in this year's vinyl-stakes. But I see no reason why not.

Though this show was marred by bad sound they proved themselves capable of delivering the goods (as they say in the business) and their ability as songwriters cannot be doubted as recent material like "Overground" and "Suburban Relapse" goes to show.

As Siouxsie says, "Here's something for all the record companies 'cos it's their loss not ours. . ."

It's time someone listened.

Steve Walsh

Warm Jets

JOHN BULL, CHISWICK

EVERY NIGHT is music night at the John Bull, fast establishing itself as the biggest little venue west of West One. This evening it's the turn of The Warm Jets, a four-man popster-rock outfit celebrating, we're told, their fifth anniversary together.

And not half bad they're not, neither. The songs are all kept inside the three-minute limit and really are *songs*, individual in character, not just separate slabs of a single, extended entity. Stand-out titles include "Cool School" and the quasi-epic "Queen Of The Nile".

Image-wise, you'd hesitate to drop the boys into any of the several bags currently at our disposal. Lead, bass and drums are all well looked after by three low-profile types while the vocalist is wont to writhe about proclaiming, from somewhere out the side of his face, "I feel strange, I feel deranged!"

He's really neither, of course, and looked more comfortable in the anorak and flares he arrived with than the '60s second-hands assumed for the stage. Still, the deception is kept light and humour outweighs psychosis.

Musically the point of departure is possibly the poppier side of Roxy Music. Indeed the group's name carries Eno-esque connotations and the frontman frequently gives an overwhelming impression of a warble through old B.F.'s tonsils.

If the Warm Jets can purge themselves of such tedious influences and push their own well-developed creative abilities to the fore, as evidenced in "Computer Love" and "Suspended In Space" then maybe there are Bigger Things in store. I hope so.

As for the John Bull, it's a crass cross between pub and hoe-down barn building. Likely as not your view's obscured by a fibreglass cartwheel. But what of it. With free and regular entertainement of The Warm Jets' calibre it does a lot to render one chunk of London a little more liveable-in.

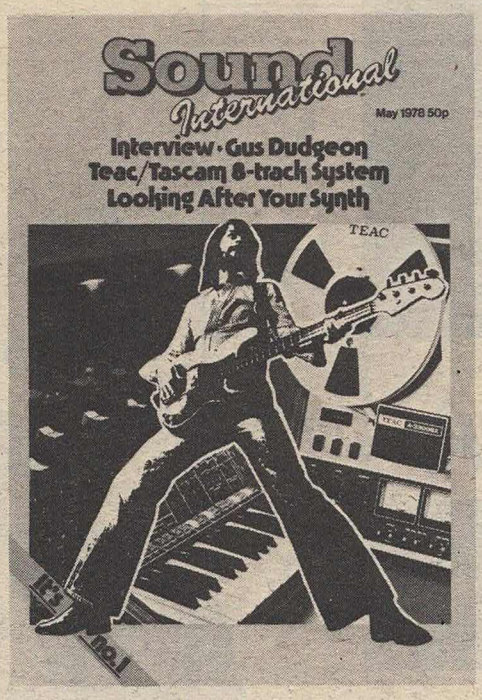
PAUL DU NOYER

Sound International will show you how to mix it.

Sound International is a new monthly magazine for those amongst us who're interested in music (and that means both playing and recording).

We'll be checking out all sorts of musical things, chatting to producers and getting heavily into the technical side of recording and playing.

In the first issue there's an interview with Gus Dudgeon who, characteristically, alludes to the staff of record companies as being accomplished five-knuckle shufflers and very little else.



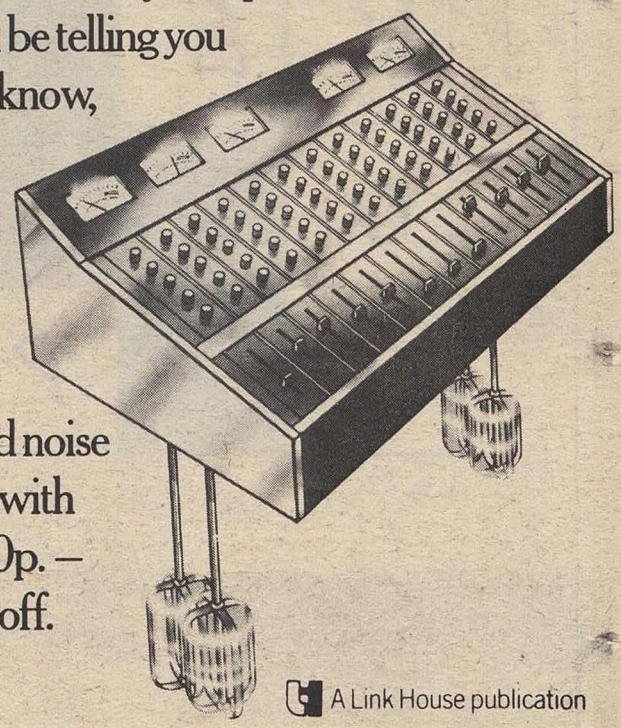
We'll also be going into the problems you'll experience when you try to set up a new studio. Is that multi-harmonic noise gate vocoder flanger ADT gizmo really that necessary?

Amongst other regular features, we'll be looking at rhythm sections, kicking off with Be Bop Deluxe.

Also covered will be desks and, of course, the famous Mouligrind Mixer which does wonderful omelettes as well as passable masters. (This remarkable gadget is featured right and can be custom built to your specifications.)

Mainly though we'll be telling you a few things you didn't know, confirming a few prejudices and shattering a few old idols.

So why don't you zip on down to your friendly neighbourhood noise agent and get together with Sound International 50p. — At 50p it's hardly a ripoff.



If you have any problems trying to get hold of a copy of Sound International, write or phone: Sales Department, Link House Publications, Link House, Dingwall Avenue, Croydon. 01-686 2599.

A Link House publication

Learning to love a man on the fiddle

Papa John Creach

THE OTHER END, NYC.

NEVER DID see or care about Jefferson This or Jefferson That or Hot Whatever. Heard one or two of their records, yawned a lot, moved quickly on to other things.

Seems like I might have overlooked at least one vital spark in their schemes. Namely this sprightly old dude, Papa John, who apparently spent a few years lending his masterly violin playing to the Tuna Airship's career.

First time I heard him was last year, when DJM released his album "The Cat And The Fiddle". Can't say I was impressed. A case of the right string but the wrong yo yo, it seemed to me. However, Papa John in person is a whole different box of tricks.

Not for nothing did I check his act two nights running. The first time I was drawn to The Other End by invitation; the second I was there off my own bat, strictly for the fun of it. Had not he and I been leaving the city after the second night to go our different ways I'd have probably gone to see him a couple more times; he and his band were that enjoyable.

Defying any neat kind of categorization, Papa John's act is as eclectic as they come, the natural result of a long and diverse career which has led him from speakeasy to concert hall, from vaudeville through jazz to rock 'n' roll, from tie 'n' tails lounges to blues 'n' booze juke-joints and back again. It's all the same to this man, so long as he can play his fiddle, make a few people happy and make a few bucks.

Right now he's the linchpin of a rockin' sextet who are as comfortable with funk as they are with blues or with straight ahead boogie, especially strengthened by the lead guitarist / occasional lead singer (whose name escaped me) who has apparently just come to John from Jerry Jeff Walker's band.

The glorious version of "The Thrill Is Gone" that he and 'Pops' put together was one of the main reasons I returned for a second helping. If Lonnie Mack and Sugarcane Harris ever teamed up they'd probably sound much the same as this duo.

At the other edge of his repertoire, this lanky, slightly stooped but immensely joyful character was equally entertaining leading plaintive, instrumental versions of "Danny Boy" and "Somewhere Over The Rainbow", two songs that would normally leave me cringing but in fact had me enthralled, thanks to his sensitive control over his electrified, and electrifying, instrument.

Usually I'm no great lover of the violin and I've no way of judging how his talent ranks alongside the Stephane Grappellys or Yehudi Menuhins of this world; all I can say is, as was once said of another virtuoso, Cat can play.

Aside from a faithful interpretation of Grover Washington's "Mister Magic", the balance of the set was made up of songs from the DJM album (incluing the Sunshine Band-styled "Let's Get Dancing" and a couple of hard rockers), all of which were infinitely better on stage than they are on record —; the atmosphere at The Other End being a good deal livelier than the production and mix achieved in the studio. Perhaps next time they should cut him live.

Cliff White

Memories are made of product...

Suzi Quatro

MUSIC MACHINE, LONDON

A VERY HIP occasion this — Generation X and the Shepherds Bush half of the Pistols all down checking on pop roots credibility, or maybe a return to the womb of nostalgia, the halcyon 'daze' of '73 when Chapman-Chinn held sway over the complacency stakes.

Suzi Quatro, one time "teenage rebel of the week" and uncrowned "Queen Of Noise" when The Runaways were still knee-high to Rodney Bingenheimer, is currently riding high on the National charts with the Chapman-Chinn penned, Smokie hand-me-down "If You Can't Give Me Love".

Whatever happened to my adolescent fantasy? The elfin rocker who *didn't* have a date with a tree?

I think she's stayed the same; it's just me that's changed.

Ms Quatro struts her stuff in true, traditional style, flanked by moronic, leather-clad muscle, although Suzi herself has forsaken her own leathers in favour of more conservative garb.

Pic: GUS STEWART

"Here's a toon' fer' all the GIRLS out there . . ." she yells before rocking out on "The Wild One."

"Here's a toon' I fell in love with so I just hadda' record it . . ." she announces before doing a version of "Breakdown" by Tom Petty.

"Here's a toon' . . ." etc;

Several yawns later they come up with the goods we've all been waiting for: "Our first hit way back in '73, 'Can The Can' ".

The crowd goes wild; they follow this with "Devil Gate Drive", the current single and an encore of "Sweet Little Rock 'n' Roller".

She handles the audience in tried and true style, "Y'all put yer' hands together now . . .!" Call and response interludes, bass solos, drum solos.

Cliches, cliches, but that's what entertainment's all about and the audience loves it.

"If y'all really rock 'n' roll y' never get any older . . .!"

Huh! *La grande illusion . . .*

Still, Suzi hasn't been in the business all these years to get slagged by a *punk* like me; on the other hand I ain't alive to listen to product especially when it's as *corny* as this.

All it did was to take me back to Patti Smith at the Rainbow a few weeks back. Both artistes are into the same kind of jerk-off outdated rock 'n' roll fantasies; it's just the nature of the product that's different.

Steve Walsh

Cafe Jacques

EDINBURGH

WHAT WITH production hassles and record company hold ups it's taken Cafe Jacques nearly two years after putting pen to paper to really get under way on a national scale.

Many thought their chance had passed, especially with the advent of the New Wave, but instead time has proved to be on their side. The long apprenticeship has produced a mature and strong debut album in "Round The Back", which is currently nudging the Top Hundred albums in the States though they have yet to set foot there.

"What used to be called progressive music," Paul Rambali termed it in his review. In fact it's very difficult to neatly pigeonhole Cafe Jacques' music — a good sign because it means it's original.

Most of the set is their own work, except for Bobby Bland's "Heart Of The City" and Little Feat's "Spanish Moon", which give you something of a taster of their own style. Packed with the subtle touches of 'progressive' music — though solos are short and the point — the music owes as much to the choppy rhythms of funk as it does to the tuneful flow of rock.

Guitarist Chris Thomson and keyboard player Pete Veitch are the main songwriting axis, though drummer Mike Ogiltree's "Meaningless" is a feature of the set.

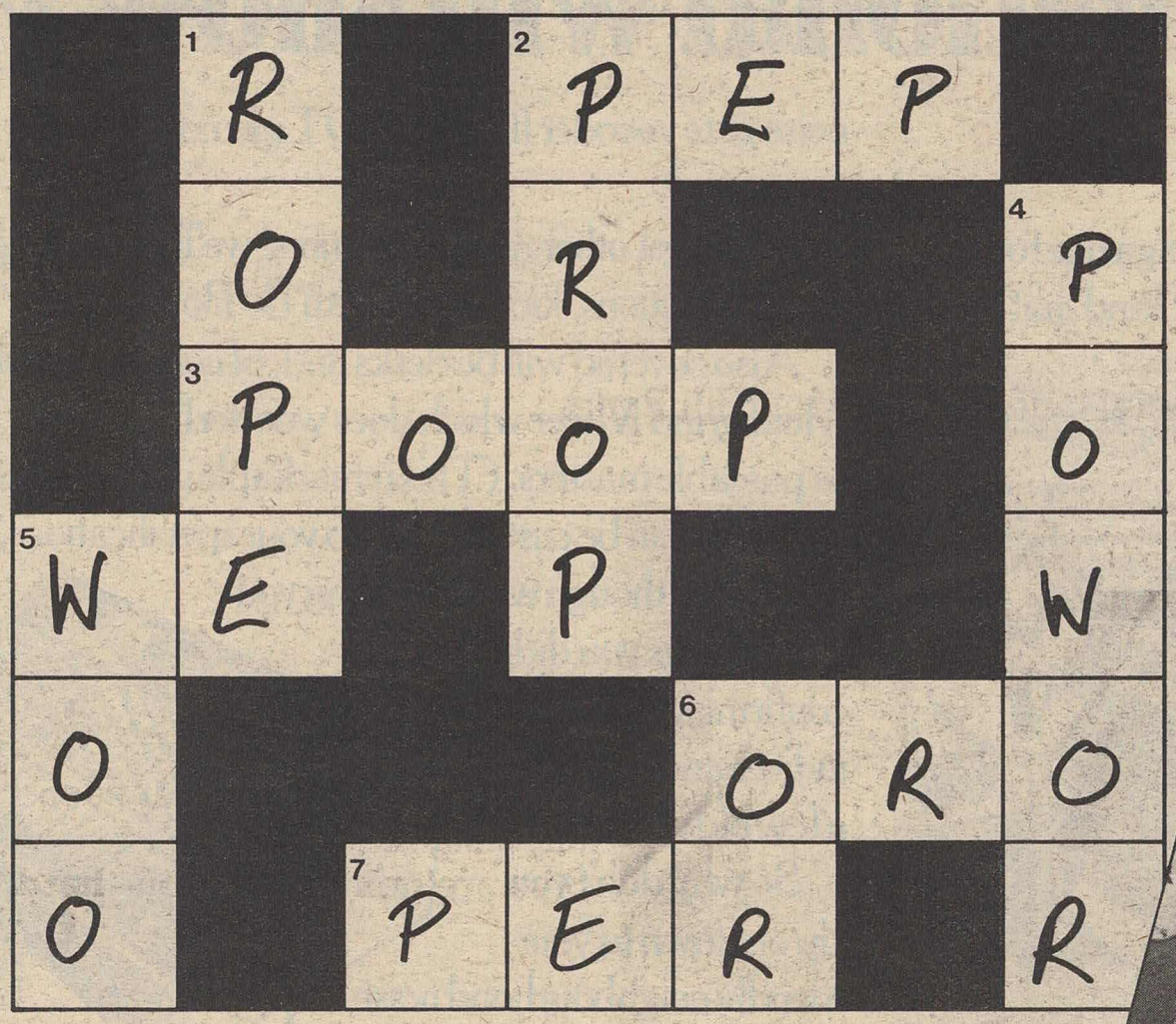
Ogiltree makes his presence felt throughout, in fact, with some very upfront and percussive drumming. It's one of two immediate features — the other being Chris Thomson's gritty vocals — which add to the distinctiveness of Cafe Jacques.

Best of all, Cafe Jacques have suddenly found some confidence from somewhere, and it makes all the difference to their work, lending just the right amount of aggression and authority to their playing.

Rhythmic enough to be instant, melodic enough to stay with you, Cafe Jacques' originality will be with us for quite some time. Do yourself a favour and get in at the beginning with their current British and European tour upcoming.

Good work too from support band Nightshift, whose energetic boogie had the dance floor well populated throughout. Their material tends to be a bit one-paced at the moment, but I suspect that the real strong point of this threepiece is in the studio making good singles. "Dance" would do very well for starters and you could be hearing a lot of this band on your radios this summer. Well worth checking.

Ian Cranna



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THE HAGUE, Congresgebouw, May 23
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A&M RECORDS

Radiators fail to warm venue

The Radiators From Space

CHANCELLOR HALL, CHELMSFORD

THE ONE point this gig proved is that if a band provoke no reaction from their audience, then the gig is bound to be flat and unexciting. It hardly matters whether it's a positive or negative reaction — I've seen quite a few bands play well in the face of a hostile crowd — so long as the band have some feed-back to inspire them.

In other words, it's that familiar maxim which states that apathy is the worst enemy — as the Radiators found out here.

Lack of publicity for the gig ensured a poor turn-out — a typically apathetic Chelmsford audience (remember City Rock?) of a hundred or so for this, which, they said, was their first gig in four weeks.

The ambience of the Chancellor Hall didn't help matters — a large, clean, and modern hall with a high roof does not a good rock'n'roll venue make — so the Radiators eventually gave up trying to goad the audience into action.

Not the best of conditions to see a band under, so I guesss they deserve the benefit of some doubt, but in the first half of the set — which consisted mostly of songs from the "TV Tube Heart" album — they came on like watered-down Clash. No fun.

Thankfully, the second half saw them improve; the material from their forthcoming second album, produced by Tony Visconti, was stronger, and they gave warning that, despite their dreadful moniker (sounds like the title of a Hawkwind album — hope they have a good reason for it), they're a band to watch.

Drummer Jimmy Crashe is quite a small guy but he's built like a weight-lifter and plays with the kind of power associated with that profession, while his partner Mark Megaray plays like Bruce Foxton, which is a compliment indeed.

All three of the front line sing, so their vocals have plenty of depth — an asset that is well used on their new and best single so far, "Million Dollar Heroes", which was their last number.

Then they left the stage to barely a hand-clap or cheer, and were not called back for an encore.

Neil Peters

RADIATORS FROM SPACE. Pix; GUS STEWART and DENIS O'REGAN

SAFER. SMOOTHER. BETTER. BRIGHTER?

Every month, Motor Cycle Mechanics is packed with information on repairing your bike, maintaining it, and keeping it in peak condition.

Just look at what we have in our 116 page May issue.

SAFER. A major six page feature on disc brakes, explaining how they work and how to improve their efficiency especially in the wet.

SMOOTHER. Your electrical systems: how to find and repair faults.

BETTER. Our regular guide to engine re-builds. This month, the Suzuki B100P.

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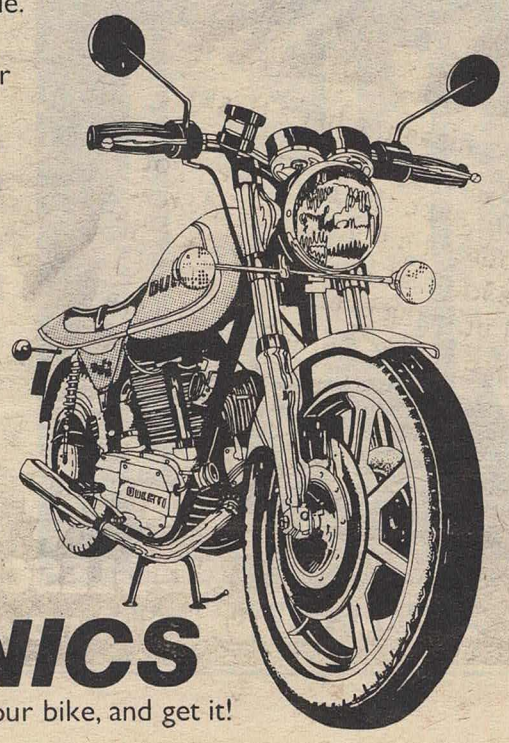
Also, road tests on the 114 mph Ducati Darmah, Honda CB125 twin, Kawasaki KL250 4 stroke. And we join the 2000 other entries in the unique Le Touquet beach race.



MOTOR CYCLE MECHANICS

Our May issue is out now. Get on your bike, and get it!

Saints with brass show promise

The Saints

DINGWALLS

WHILE THE more notorious new wave acts have been surrounding themselves with publicity, praise and minor hits, together with the annoying trappings of stardom, like fans and money, a lot of people have been waiting for something new.

Not a rejection of punk but a consolidation of the captured ground which is already beginning to slip away again. Like, what about all these new directions that the new wave was supposed to generate? Some bands are finding their way without any trouble; the rest seem to be falling into the limited categories of hot pop, cold noise and more punk.

One group who've been making cautious but steady progress without the press drooling over their every pioneering step are The Saints.

Nothing unique or even fashionable; they've worked a web of bright, punchy brass arrangements into their set without cutting any of their power as a hard-driving rock group. The brass *is* different in the current musical climate, but more significantly, the care they've taken to ensure it isn't just a gimmick together with the new material they've been producing has given them the upper hand.

They've broken down their own barriers, now they can choose the next move.

And The Saints *can* cut it on stage, although they haven't managed to maintain a regular brass section on the road (it depends who's available for the trumpet and two-sax line-up). But they're also comparatively inexperienced and haven't quite managed to blend their own raucous approach perfectly with the extra musicians in a live environment.

In other words, some nights it sounds off.

It's a good sound for the long labyrinth of Dingwalls, though, and the three brassmen tonight know the material. The audience comprises a bunch of faithfuls up the front and a horde of those who prefer to sit and stare.

A top-speed opening salvo: "Lost And Found", "River Deep Mountain High", then the bow-tied brass appear, to some audience incredulity, for "No Time".

Much of the set is taken from the new album — "This Perfect Day", "A Minor Aversion", the single "Know Your Product" and the sneering anthem "Orstralia".

The audience are either dead or deaf and Chris Bailey, shaggy vocalist, feigns sleep against a convenient pillar. Bassist Alasdair Ward strolls along the front of the stage beaming a disarming smile at the uncertain crowd.

"Stranded", "Demolition Girl", "Nights In Venice", with Ivor Hay hitting a steady beat behind Ed Kuepper's harsh, stabbing guitar, then suddenly they're gone and there's a long, confused silence.

What The Saints are doing isn't always easy on ears conditioned to twangy four-pieces with the occasional luxury of keyboards. At least they take the risk and when it works it's magic. Once the audience realised what was happening the applause demanded two encores, "Robot", "Poor Little Fool", "Louie Louie", and "Run Down".

There could have been a third; the band earned it even if the crowd didn't deserve it.

Kim Davis

AUTOMATIC David Philp. Pic: ROB HALL

The Automatics

MARQUEE

WHEN POLAR opposites meet at the Marquee these days musical fashion goes on parade.

The Automatics, hard-driving pogo-punchers, began their summer residency with the flash and buzz of '77. The weekend punks liked it.

In contrast, a bunch of youngsters known as Apostophe (the youngest being 14) started the night off with yet another Beatles-oriented act. In fact, they hardly played an original tune.

From "Mr. Moonlight" to "She Loves You" to The Searchers' classic "When You Walk In The Room", Apostrophe was pure Thames beat. A bit shy, the boys nevertheless displayed a lot of musicianship for their age and sang well. The punks couldn't have cared less (do *only* us old folks of 21 like The Beatles?)

With the arrival of The Automatics visual rock 'n' roll flair leaps out. Lead singer David Philp, decked in the usual leopard and leather, cavorts with plenty of leer, affectation, and frenzied poise. Bobby Collins on bass and guitarist Wally Hacon stand cool and cocky, occasionally rating a Dolls comparison for their speedo licks.

The star, though, is drummer Ricky Rocket. Off the boat from Kansas and into the rock press classifieds (whereby he joined The Automatics), Rocket has to be just about the hardest hitter around today (and that includes Cheap Trick's Bun E. Carlos).

At times he jumps up from his stool for an extra wind-up and fastballs his sticks at the crowd when one of the year's fastest sets is over.

Unfortunately, the songs, though not bad, are not particularly memorable. The best is "Run Forever", "a sweet love song" on which Philp does more than just belt away and on which Collins and Hacon take a break from their all-out slashing for a few timely riffs.

A normal night down on Wardour Street.

Marcus Smith

Georgie Fame

THE TORRINGTON, FINCHLEY

IF YOU think Georgie Fame goes on forever, then who's this pushing his way through the crowd waiting to get into the packed Torrington on Sunday Night? Greyish hair, long and thinning, heavy body, Christ! It isn't really . . .

It's good to be able to see Fame and the Blues Flames playing small rooms like this. All the way from Flamingo in 1962 to Finchley 16 years on and the mixture of Jazz and blues is the same, picking up the same reference points along the way: Mose Alison, Oscar Brown Jnr., Louis Jordan.

The band is, well, let's say loose, with Georgie cajoling them from behind the organ, making faces, pointing and doing his jungle noises, singing the riffs whenever the front line gets lost.

Fame has always picked good musicians and he's got Alan Skidmore and Malcolm Griffiths on horns. There's plenty of opportunity for them to stretch out and Griffiths' trombone is particularly impressive; driving and inventive, always exciting, responding to the power of a rhythm section that kicks and then . . .

Yes, it is. Really. Huge frame behind a dwarfed kit, it's Tony Crombie, who ought to be a better-known legend of the British music scene than he is.

One of the leading modern drummers of the early '50s, he led one of our earliest rock groups, Tony Crombie and his Rockets, put together in '56 to combat the likes of Haley and his Comets.

He still hits the skins hard, sticks reversed, very loud, swings like hell and some of the figures he thunders through as the music cliamxes are simply thrilling.

"Yea! Yea!" sums it up. A long rap from Georgie in his Deep South drawl and then the song taken faster than the original; extended solos from Skidmore and Griffiths; Georgie's voice riffing against the horns and finally Bernie Holland's upper register guitar solo leaping out over the top of it all.

With Brian Miller sitting in on electric piano for most of the second half, it's jazzier and looser than ever, but nobody minds. Certainly not Georgie, whose mood only varies from energetically happy to ecstatic. Ten minutes after closing time, he's dismissed the band, messed around on the organ and half-sung a version of "Everybody's Cryin' Mercy" and, despite his telling us to get our coats and leave him alone, no one's moving.

John Harvey

The Subs

CAMBUSLANG

THE SUBS are a youthful three-quarters Scottish/one-quarter Canadian band from Glasgow who, in case you hadn't noticed, have scored a deal with Stiff. Their insistent "Gimme Your Heart"/"Party Clothes" single has been selected for the honour of launching Stiff's One Off label but, despite the implication, the boys have at least more single lined up after that.

It's a coup that leads you to expect more than the band seems actually capable of producing — at present, anyway. The single is recommended, but live The Subs are a definite disappointment. And that's even allowing for a dire hired PA and for the unfortunate venue — a Radio Clyde roadshow in greater Glasgow, where their presence on stage for an hour is greeted by a total lack of interest from the disco pretty things.

But to be quite frank, however, there's really precious little for the permed ones to react to. A very young band — some 35 gigs under the belt and still pushed to pad the set out to the required hour — The Subs certainly have a lot to learn.

Boy have they got room for improvement! With nothing in particular to say, they're easily disheartened, skimming through the quick change bar chords with as much conviction and charisma as a sack of potatoes.

What few ideas of their own are injected into the undisciplined rush (under the banner, it turns our later, of not doing the obvious) come across as just plain incongruous, adding to the depressing general atmosphere of an unprepared band out of their depth.

Instant dismissal, though, is prevented by the second half of the set. As if by divine intervention, the songs lift themselves out of nothing to leave a definite promise for the future. Some riffs with a bit of zest, the odd tune breaking through and a hook chorus or two all combine to suggest better things will come, Till then, they would do well to take a hint or two from one song they play — The Who's "The Kids Are Alright" — about the use of economy and dynamics, the beneficial effects thereof.

The single has probably come too soon in the lives of The Subs and they've got delusions about their status. As long as no one kids them on they're something special — which they ain't — The Subs will probably lodge themselves in the Public's affections some time in the future as a useful rock band. Till then, what's needed is lots of hard work.

Ian Cranna

The Young Ones

MARQUEE

JOLLY, JELLYTOT pop. The Young Ones heralding a new glitter generation?

By today's standards this is a very unusual group. In front of a Saturday night Marquee crowd they aren't too popular either. Although their material — largely originals except a lively encore of "Substitute" — fulfils most of the criteria of groovy pop, it's difficult to dance to.

That may be just lack of familiarity, but it seemed more likely to be the disarming speed at which they were playing; distinctly medium-paced with little variaton. You can't pogo or bang your head. You can nod a bit and get neck-ache.

They're relatively new and haven't yet mastered stage presence or pacing.

The most striking thing is the band's sartorial image, with bright, flashy shirts and trousers, bursts of colour. The guitar and bass bop cheerfully while the diminutive singer darts athletically, crouching and glinting like a spangled Barrie Masters.

There are keyboards as well, contributing to a smooth, mellow, undemanding sound. The material is generally love songs, well-constructed and tuneful, but — with the exception of the single "Rock 'n' Roll Radio" and "It's Goodbye Alright" — lacking in really powerful hooks.

The hipkids at the front aren't too sympathetic to Young Ones' rock and lob a few glasses to illustrate their disapproval. The band aren't yet up to handling that sort of scene and it didn't improve them at all.

If you find pop offensive forget this band. But they're obvious fodder for teenagers, telly and Radio One.

If you feel differently, catch them next time round. They're still looking for a hard edge, the essential punch which makes it a live act rather than an exercise in quality pop. When they've found that you'll hear more.

Call them glitterbeat; that'll upset people.

Kim Davis

The people who write for music papers love Adolescent Sex.
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Tuesday 2nd May (Adm £1.25)
Special guests from the USA . . .
JOHNNY COUGAR
The Orphans & Joe Lung

Hamburgers and other hot and cold snacks are available

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
MAGAZINE
POP GROUP
SOFT BOYS
ROUND HOUSE
CHALK FARM N.W.1
SUNDAY 7th MAY at 5.30
ADMISSION £2.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE, TEL 267 2564 OR LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W1, TEL 439 3371 OR AT DOOR

JO LUSTIG PRESENTS
MADDY PRIOR
IN CONCERT
WITH SPECIAL GUEST
ANDY DESMOND
Appearing at

MAY
11th Gaumont, IPSWICH.
12th Assembly Rooms, DERBY.
13th Royal Hall, WEMBLEY.
17th Hexagon Theatre, READING.
18th Congress Theatre, EASTBOURNE.
19th Hippodrome, BIRMINGHAM.
21st Southport Theatre, SOUTHPORT.
22nd Theatre Royal, GLASGOW.
23rd Odeon, EDINBURGH.
24th Apollo, MANCHESTER.
25th New Theatre, OXFORD.
27th Royal Festival Hall, LONDON.
31st Winter Gardens, BOURNEMOUTH.
JUNE
1st Fairfield Hall, CROYDON.
2nd Dome, BRIGHTON.
3rd Colston Hall, BRISTOL.
4th St. George's Hall, BRADFORD.

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E.16

Thursday April 27th
VIPERS
Friday April 28th 30p
JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
Saturday April 29th 30p
Farewell to
SCARECROW
Sunday April 30th 30p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

Monday May 1st 30p
SPRINKLER
Tuesday May 2nd
DICK ENVY
Wednesday May 3rd
PANTIES
Thursday May 4th
ZARABANDA

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Thursday, April 27th Free
THE MEMBERS
Friday, April 28th £1.00
THE SOFT BOYS
Saturday, April 29th 75p
ZAINE GRIFF
Sunday, April 30th Free
WARREN HARRY
Tuesday, May 2nd
A Special Charity Benefit with Drag Artistes
Tickets available
Wednesday, May 3rd Free
BENNY AND THE JETS

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES!

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday, April 27th £1.00
SUPERCHARGE
+ FUN
Friday, April 28th £1.00
PENETRATION
+ Support
Saturday, April 29th £1.00
THE NORTHSIDE RHYTHM 'N' BLUES ENSEMBLE
+ PINPOINT
Sunday, April 30th 75p
WHIRLWIND
+ GREAT BRITISH HEROES
Monday, May 1st Free
THE TOURISTS
+ Better Looking
Tuesday, May 2nd 75p
CAFE JACQUES
+ THE CADETS
Thursday, May 4th £1.00
WAYNE COUNTY AND ELECTRIC CHAIRS
+ FISCHER Z

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel 01 6036071)

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428
MUSIC MACHINE
Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE. N.W.1

Wednesday April 26th £1.50
WILKO JOHNSON BAND
+ Blast Furnace & The Heatwaves
Thursday April 27th £1.50
HEAVY METAL KIDS
+ The Tourists
Friday April 28th £2.00
THE NORTHSIDE RHYTHM 'N' BLUES ENSEMBLE
+ Sneakers

Saturday April 29th £2.00
RACING CARS
+ Rumble Strips
Monday May 1st £1.00
OZO
+ Seven Seal
Tuesday May 2nd £1.00
BUSTER JAMES
+ Cuts
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm
Wednesday May 3rd
CHERRY VANILLA
+ News
Advance tickets £1.50 from Box Office
Saturday May 6th £2.00
MEAL TICKET
+ Support

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

Wimbledon Theatre
The Broadway, SW19
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For One Night Only May 5th at 8pm

THE YETTIES
Invite you to a West Country Party

Tickets 75p to £2 (Stalls) £1 to £2 (Circle)

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel. 704981
Friday April 28th
CAFE JACQUES
Saturday April 29th
BITTER SUITE

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON
Sunday April 30th. Tickets at the door
MAGAZINE
+ THE MUSE BAND & DJ Peter Fox
Sunday May 7th: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday April 27th 75p
WHIRLWIND
Friday April 28th 75p
RADIO BIRDMAN
Saturday April 29th 60p
THE TOURISTS
Sunday April 30th 75p
COMEDY FACTORY
Monday May 1st £1
A Benefit with the
MIKE KHAN BAND
Tuesday May 2nd 50p
THE INMATES
Wednesday May 3rd 50p
THE HANK WANGFORD BAND
Thursday May 4th 60p
THE MAKERS

MAY-DAY MAY-DAY MAY-DAY
M & R Productions present
THE BACK NUMBERS
THE PUBLIC
LICENSED BAR + TOYAH DISCO
ALL SAINTS (Church) HALL, Oakleigh Road North, Whetstone, N.20
MONDAY (Bank Holiday) MAY 1st. 7 pm. Only 70p

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Beside British Rail
New Barnet
Tel: 01-449 0465
Thursday April 27th
ROGER THE CAT
Friday April 28th
PHAZE
Saturday April 29th
COLD STEEL CURSE
Sunday April 30th
JERRY THE FERRET
Tuesday May 2nd
MISMATCH

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930
SPEAK-EARLY
Wednesday April 26th
HITS
Thursday April 27th
ANN PEEBLES
Friday April 28th
LEVI & THE ROCKATS
Saturday April 29th
WAYNE COUNTY
Monday May 1st
JAGUAR
Tuesday May 2nd
GORDON HUNT & FRIENDS
Wednesday May 3rd
HITS
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

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Friday April 28th
RALPH McTELL
+ Support
In The S U Dance Hall
Tickets £1.30 from S.U. & Parrot Records
Bar Upstairs *Doors open 8.30pm*
Enquiries Colchester 63211

TO ADVERTISE
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Brian B

TO MAKE UP FOR CANCELLED GIG BY PLANET GONG ON MARCH 24th
HERE & NOW
Supported by
Red Balune **Blank Space**
Anal Surgeons **Thandoy**
At the Woodville Halls
Windmill Street, Gravesend
Saturday April 29th, 2pm - 10pm
Admission Free. Enquiries Gravesend 69150

The Tubes (above) are back. So are Lindisfarne (below).

This week's main events — see next page

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

BELFAST Queen's University: THE CIMARONS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS / THE CLERKS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: MANHATTAN TRANSFER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: THE GLADIATORS / REGGAE REGULAR
BIRMINGHAM University: X-RAY SPEX / MATUMBI
BLACKBURN Golden Palms: THE REAL THING
BLYTH Golden Eagle: THE SQUAD
BRADFORD Princeville Club: A.P.B.
BRADFORD Tiffany's: PAPER LACE
BRIGHTON Metropole Hotel: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
BRISTOL Colston Hall: BLUE OYSTER CULT
BRISTOL Granary: CHICKEN SHACK
BRISTOL Polytechnic: BETHNAL
BRISTOL Tiffany's: MAGAZINE
BUXTON Pavilion Gardens: VINTAGE
CORBY Stardust Club: MUNGO JERRY
COVENTRY Hand & Heart Inn: SQUAD
COVENTRY Theatre: SLADE
CRAWLEY White Knight: SOUTHERN RYDA
DONCASTER Outlook club: WILKO JOHNSON BAND / BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
EDINBURGH University: CHOU PAHROT
EPSOM Ebbisham Halls: THE BEAGLES
EXETER Labour Club: RIFF POWER BAND / STEVE TOY
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: TRIBESMEN
HORNCHURCH The Bull: APOSTROPHE
HULL University: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
LEEDS Guildford Hotel: SON OF A BITCH
LEEDS 'F' Club: DEAD FINGERS TALK / THE LIMIT
LIVERPOOL Eric's: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: HEAVY METAL KIDS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE VIPERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawford's: THUNDERFLAG
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: RED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Country Club: SPITERI
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: WHIRLWIND
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SUPERCHARGE
LONDON LEWISHAM Riverdale Hall: THE HILLSIDERS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE STUKAS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: TRADITION/ASWAD
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: FOREIGNER
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FLYING SAUCERS/SHAZAM
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SORE THROAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SPEED-O-METERS/HARRY SENT US
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE CRACK
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: JERRY THE FERRET
LUTON Royal Hotel: NIGHT DRIVE
MACCLESFIELD Krumbles: TATUM
MANCHESTER Rafters: ADAM & THE ANTS
MARGATE Dreamland: ROKOTTO
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: EDISON LIGHTHOUSE (for three days)
MIDDLESBROUGH Madison Club: PRESSURE SHOCKS (for three days)
MIDDLESBROUGH Teesside Polytechnic: THE YOUNG ONES
NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita: PIN-UPS (for three days)
NORTHAMPTON Salon Ballroom: BONNIE TYLER
NORWICH Cromwell's: MUSCLES
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE BANNED
OXFORD Corn Dolly: DOGWATCH
PENZANCE The Garden: THE PLEASERS
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: STAR JETS
PORT TALBOT Troubadour: OZO
POYNTON Folk Centre: MIKE SILVER
READING Three Tuns: EL SEVEN
ROCHESTER Nags Head: THIEVES LIKE US
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: SCREENS/THE AUTOMATICS
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: DAGABAND
SUNDERLAND Dial 9 Club: DISGUISE
SUTTON Red Lion: TICKLERS JAM
SWANSEA Circles Club: MICKEY JONES BAND
SWANSEA Nutz Club: JENNY HAAN'S LION
TREFOREST Non-Political Club: SON OF A BITCH
YEOVIL R.N.A.S. Station: CHEAP FLIGHTS

Friday

ANFIELD PLAIN The Plainsmen: THE SQUAD
ASHFORD Kempton Manor: SOUL DIRECTION
ASHFORD Stanhope Hall: GLOBE ROAD SHOW
BARNSLEY Wath Folk Festival: JOHN LEONARD AND JOHN SQUIRE/ERIK ILOTT/BARBARA RAY/YING TONG JOHN/BOB CHISWICK, etc. (for four days)
BARTON Haven Inn: THE PISTONS
BASINGSTOKE Technical College: JENNY HAAN'S LION
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: CAROL GRIMES BAND
BELFAST Museum Theatre: IVOR CUTLER
BEXHILL York Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: WIRE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Centre Hotel: KAY RUSSELL
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: THE HUMANOIDS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: THE PLEASERS
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: CONTEMPT
BRADFORD College: BULLETS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: MICK RYAN AND JOHN BURGE
BRIGHTON The Richmond: THE SATELLITES
BRISTOL Hippodrome: MANHATTAN TRANSFER
BURTON 76 Club: SUPERCHARGE
BURY ST EDMUNDS The Griffin: GYPP
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: RADIO STARS
CAMBRIDGE Wolfson College: TELEPHONE BILL AND THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
CARLISLE Market Hall: JULIE FELIX
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: REDNITE
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: WHIRLWIND
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: SOLID WASTE/THE ACCIDENTS
CHESHAM Elgiva Hall: SPECTRE
COLCHESTER Essex University: RALPH McTELL
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: THE GLADIATORS/ REGGAE REGULAR
DARLINGTON Bowes Wine Cellar: DISGUISE
DEESIDE Leisure Centre: JASPER CARROTT
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: HEAD WAITER
DUNDEE Technical College: THE YOUNG ONES
EASTBOURNE The Cavalier: THIEVES LIKE US
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: ZHAIN
EDINBURGH University: CHERRY VANILLA
GLASGOW The Amphora: THE MOTELS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: KATY HEATH
HEREFORD College: SCHOOL MEALS
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: EL SEVEN
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
HULL College of Education: SLADE
INVERGORDON Social Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
KEELE University: STEVE HILLAGE BAND/NATIONAL HEALTH
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS Haddon Hall: THE VYE
LEEDS Viva's Wine Bar: PREACHERS DREAM
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: THE VIOLINS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: PANTIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: SWIFT
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON COCKFOSTERS Trent Park College: 90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON E.C.1 City Arms: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE Southband Polytechnic: SOLLO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: RORY GALLAGHER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: MAUREEN & THE MEATPACKERS
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: THE PLATTERS
LONDON ISLEWORTH Polytechnic Polytechnic: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH/JOHNNY G
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: RADIO BIRDMAN
LONDON Marquee Club: NEW HEARTS
LONDON MILE END Liberty Cinema: OZO
LONDON NEW CROSS Goldsmiths College: THE ENID
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: MATUMBI
LONDON PLAISTOW North Polytechnic: BOY BASTIN
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON SOUTHALL Community Centre: MISTY/THE RUTS/THE MILK/ICAMS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Technical College: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE LURKERS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: OTIS WAYGOOD BAND
LONDON WALTHAM FOREST College: CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONG CRENDON Village Centre: JOHN KIRKPATRICK & SUE HARRIS
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
MACCLESFIELD Travellers Rest: TATUM
MAIDSTONE College: X-RAY SPEX
MANCHESTER Commercial Hotel: ANY TROUBLE
MANCHESTER Droysden Concorde Suite: SOUL DISTINCTION
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: BLUE OYSTER CULT
MANCHESTER Rafters: PERE UBU/THE POP GROUP
MELKSHAM Assembly Hall: GIRLS SCHOOL
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: WILKO JOHNSON BAND/BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
NORWICH East Anglia University: LEFT HAND DRIVE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE DEPRESSIONS
NOTTINGHAM University: VESUVIUS
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: ANAL SURGEONS
PLYMOUTH Metro: MAGAZINE
PRESTATYN Royal Victoria Hotel: AMSTERDAM
PRESTON Polytechnic: BLACK SLATE
READING Bulmershe College: DOUBLE XPOSURE
RETFORD Porterhouse: CAFE JACQUES
RICHMOND Castle Club: BLACK GORILLA
SALFORD University: THE RICH KIDS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: DEAD FINGERS TALK
SHEFFIELD University: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
SLEAFORD Nags Head: BULLET
ST. ALBANS College: APOSTROPHE
SUNDERLAND Polytechnic: SHAM 69/THE ADVERTS
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Tewdley Red Cow: GAMBLER
WALLASEY Dale Inn: ANGEL VISITS
WITHERNSEA Grand Pavilion: BONNIE TYLER
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE

Saturday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: AC/DC
ABERDEEN University: THE YOUNG ONES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE PIRATES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BOGNOR Pier Ballroom: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
BOLTON Technical College: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
BRADFORD Golden Cockerel: DAGABAND
BRADFORD University: SHAM 69 / THE ADVERTS
BRIGHOUSE Civic Hall: JAILER / SHYTALK
BRIGHTON New Regent: THE BANNED
BRIGHTON The Richmond: THE SATELLITES / NICKY & THE DOTS
BRISTOL Polytechnic: 90° INCLUSIVE / LANDSCAPE
CANTERBURY Kent University: THE ENID
CANVEY ISLAND Kings Club: DESMOND DEKKER
COVENTRY Warwick University: THE PLEASERS / THE V.I.P.s
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: SUZI QUATRO
CUMBERNAULD Cottage Theatre: CHOU PAHROT
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: TONY McPHEE's TERRAPLANE
EASTBOURNE King's Country Club: BONNIE TYLER
EGHAM Youth Centre: RIBS / SQUIRE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: BLUE OYSTER CULT
GLASGOW Kilmaddy Riding CentreL CADO BELLE / IGNATZ / THE SKIDS / NEW CELESTE
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: WILKO JOHNSON BAND / BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
GLASGOW University: CHERRY VANILLA
GRAVESEND Red Lion: THE VIOLINS
GRIZEDALE Theatre in the Forest: JULIE FELIX
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: RADIO STARS
HATFIELD Forum Theatre: RALPH McTELL
HUDDERSFIELD New Theatre: ASWAD
ILFORD The Cranbrook: REDNITE
INVERGORDON Social Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
IPSWICH Royal William: GYPP
KILCALDY College of Technology: ZHAIN
KINGSTON Polytechnic: MISTY
LANCASTER University: STEVE HILLAGE BAND / NATIONAL HEALTH
LEEDS Rawdon Greenacre Hall: UNMAN / WITTERING / ZEIGO
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: PREACHERS DREAM
LEICESTER University: BLACK SLATE / MATUMBI
LINCOLN Bishop Grossteste College: THE SQUAD
LIVERPOOL C.F. Mott College: ANGEL VISITS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: PERE UBU/THE POP GROUP
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: RACING CARS/RUMBLE STRIPS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SCARECROW
LONDON CANNING TOWN The Hollies: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON EDMONTON Pymmes Park Inn: APOSTROPHE
LONDON E.17 North-East Polytechnic: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: RORY GALLAGHER
LONDON HAMPSTEAD County Club: SPITERI
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: THE FANTASTICS
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Cecil Sharp House: LOUIS KILLEN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CHELSEA
LONDON TWICKENHAM West London Institute: OZO
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scoot's: OTIS WAYGOOD BAND
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LOUGHBOROUGH University: THE BOYFRIENDS / THE SMIRKS
LUTON The Griffin: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
MANCHESTER Pembroke Halls: THE PLATTERS
MANCHESTER Wythemshawe Centre: DE DANANN
MATLOCK Black Rocks: BANDANNA
NEWARK Palace Theatre: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: DEAD FINGERS TALK
NORWICH Peoples Club: KILLERHURTZ
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: SUPERCHARGE
NOTTINGHAM Commodore Suite: SHOWADDYWADDY
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: THE FAVOURITES
NUNEATON 77 Club: ROSETTA STONE
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: SLADE/EASY
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: CHEAP FLIGHTS
READING Bulmershe College: THE DEPRESSIONS
READING Technical College: MUSCLES
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: THE GLADIATORS/REGGAE REGULAR
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: CAFE JACQUES
SOUTHAMPTON Univeristy: U.K.
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: BABY GRAND
STAVELY Middlecroft Community Centre: THE REAL THING
STEVENAGE The Swan: SOUTHER RYDA
SUNDERLAND Old 29 (lunchtime): DISGUISE
TONYPANDY Naval Club: SON OF A BITCH
WIGAN Casino: LITTLE ACRE
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WORKINGTON Carnegie Arts Centre: ENGLAND
WORKINGTON Queen Margaret's: THE VYE
YORK St. John's College: SWIFT
YORK White Swan: WITCHFYNDE

Sunday

AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: BATTLE FIELD BAND
ASHINGTON Regal Cinema: HEAVY METAL KIDS / DEAD FINGERS TALK
BAKEWELL Monsal Head: THE VYE
BARROW Maxim's Disco: SON OF A BITCH
BEDFORD Nite Spot: BONNIE TYLER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: POVERTY CORNER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: CHEAP FLIGHTS
BRADFORD Princeville Club (lunchtime): THE VYE
BRADFORD Royal Standard: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: SAD CAFE
BRADFORD Tavern in the Town: JAILER
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: JULIE FELIX
BURLEY White Buck: FRESHLY LAYED BAND/PRESS-UPS
BURNTISLAND Half Circle: THE REAL THING
CHESTER Valentino's: AMSTERDAM
CORBY Nags Head (lunchtime): THE RAW DEAL
COVENTRY Dog & Trumpet: ARMPIT JUG BAND
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: NEW SEEKERS
CROYDON Greyhound: MAGAZINE
EDINBURGH Clouds: THE GLADIATORS/REGGAE REGULAR
FIFE St. Andrew's University: WILKO JOHNSON BAND/BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre:AC/DC
GRAVESEND Woodville Hall: HERE & NOW/RED BALUNE/BLANK SPACE/ANAL SURGEONS
HARTLEPOOL Corporation Club: PIN-UPS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: U.K./RADIO STARS
HORNCHURCH Queen's Theatre: STEPHANIE GRAPPELLI
HUDDERSFIELD West Riding Hotel (lunchtime): THE SNEAKERS
ILFORD The Cranbrook: REDNITE
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: THE YOUNG ONES
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON CANNING TOWN The Hollies: EL SEVEN
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/PERE UBU
LONDON E.C.1 City Arms: APOSTROPHE
LONDON HACKNEY Victoria Park: THE CLASH-/TOM ROBINSON BAND/ X-RAY SPEC/STEEL PULSE / CHINA STREET (Anti-Nazi League carnival)
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Riverside Studios: BOWLES BROS. BAND
LONDON HOLBORN The Blitz: HIGH ALTITUDE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: WHIRLWIND
LONDON Marquee Club: J.C.B.
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON NOTTING HILL Old Swan: PANAMA RED
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SORE THROAT
LONDON WATERLOO Old Vic: CAFE JACQUES / MIDNITE FOLLIES ORCHESTRA
LONDON W.C. 1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
MACCLESFIELD Bears Head: ESYLOM
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: THE MECHANICS / THE ELITE / THE FALL
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BLUE OYSTER CULT
NOTTINGHAM Commodore Suite: SHOWADDYWADDY
NOTTINGHAN Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
OXFORD New Theatre: MANHATTAN TRANSFER
PLYMOUTH Castaways: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZKRIEG BOP
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: SLADE
POYNTON Folk Centre: OLDHAM TINKERS / HARRY OGDEN
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: THE DRIFTERS (for a week)
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: CHERRY VANILLA
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: X-RAY SPEX
STOKE Abbey Hulton Club: VINTAGE
TELFORD Lea Manor Hotel: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
TINGLEY Westerton Road Club: THE PISTONS
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: BIG G / DISGUISE
YORK Theatre Royal: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA

The main events of the week

IT'S ONE OF the busiest weeks of the year, in terms of new tours opening. No less than 12 big acts — including The Tubes, Jethro Tull, Elkie Brooks and the re-formed Lindisfarne — set out on the trail during the next few days. Unfortunately we don't have enough space to feature them all pictorially, though we'll try to get around to most of them as the tours progress. Meanwhile, here's a listing of the new tours:

- **THE TUBES bring their notorious rock extravaganza back to Britain for the whole of May, culminating in a full week in London at the end of the month. Meanwhile they kick off in the provinces at Bristol (Monday and Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday).**
- **JETHRO TULL make a welcome return to the British concert platform after a lengthy absence. Throughout their trek, they'll be playing the entire show themselves, and their first dates are at Edinburgh (Monday), Glasgow (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday).**
- **ELKIE BROOKS is also doing the rounds for the whole of May, the highlight of her schedule being a week at the London Palladium. But prior to that, you can catch her at Liverpool (Sunday), Manchester (Monday), Sheffield (Tuesday) and Hull (Wednesday).**
- **LINDISFARNE are back in business again permanently, and you'll have read about their reformation in last week's NME. So all we need add right now is that their extensive comeback tour starts in Leeds on Wednesday, which is the first of 31 major dates.**
- **DON McLEAN is always a welcome visitor to these shores, and he kicks off his longest British tour to date with gigs in London (Monday) and Ipswich (Wednesday).**
- **RADIO STARS are back on the road again, soon after ending their marathon outing with the Hot Rods. They're playing a series of weekend shows, and the first of these takes them to Cambridge (Friday), Guildford (Saturday) and Hemel Hempstead (Sunday).**
- **THE PIRATES are another band who only recently finished touring, but now they're embarking on another 21 gigs in order to promote their new "Skull Wars" album. You'll find them at Huddersfield (Friday), Birmingham (Saturday) and Oxford (Tuesday).**
- **THE MOTORS are in top gear, ready to zoom round the country. And their first ports of call are at Birmingham (Monday), Cardiff (Tuesday) and Oxford (Wednesday).**
- **U.K. are the new so-called supergroup comprising John Wetton, Eddie Jobson, Alan Holdsworth and Bill Bruford. They begin their debut tour at Southampton (Saturday), Hemel Hempstead (Sunday), Guildford (Monday) and Keele (Wednesday). Don't miss 'em!**
- **CLIMAX BLUES BAND, newly signed by WEA, play one of their rare British tours to promote their debut LP for their new label. It opens at London Lyceum on Wednesday.**
- **PERE UBU, the doyens of the Cleveland set, pay their first-ever visit to Britain this week. They're topping the bill at Manchester (Friday), Liverpool (Saturday) and Birmingham (Tuesday), as well as guesting with Graham Parker in London on Sunday and Monday.**
- **CHERRY VANILLA returns to the gig circuit to promote her new "Bad Girl" LP, her first gigs being at Edinburgh (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday) and Redcar (Sunday).**
- **And on top of all those tours, there's a major one-off event on Thursday, when top American band FOREIGNER make their British debut in concert at London Rainbow.**

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

GIG GUIDE

Monday

BANBURY Winter Gardens: PIN-UPS
BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: GIMIK
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE ACCELERATORS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: BLUE OYSTER CULT
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: THE MOTORS
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/EATER/BLITZKRIEG BOP
BRADFORD Locarno: SUZI QUATRO
BRADFORD Talk Of Yorkshire: SON OF A BITCH
BRISTOL Colston Hall: THE TUBES
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE INDEX
DONCASTER Outlook Club: BLACK SLATE
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: WILKO JOHNSON BAND/BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: JETHRO TULL
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: STEVE HILLAGE BAND/NATIONAL HEALTH
GLASGOW Tiffany's: THE REAL THING
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: U.K.
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Yeadon Peacock Hotel: THE WYE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: ASWAD
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: CARIBE / GRASS ROOTS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SPRINKLER
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/PERE UBU
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: MANHATTAN TRANSFER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Riverside Studios: SHORT WAVE BAND/RAW FUNKK
LONDON Marquee Club: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: DAVID RYAN
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: DON McLEAN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: WARM JETS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE INTELLECTUALS
LONDON STREATHAM Cobblestones: SOUTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES BAND
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: SORE THROAT/THE MAGNETS
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: BICYCLE THIEVES
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall': ELKIE BROOKS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: AC/DC
NEWCASTLE City Hall: SAD CAFE
NEWCASTLE Exhibition Park (free open-air): THE SQUAD
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
OXFORD Town Hall: ROY HARPER/PATRICK FITZGERALD
YORK University: REMO

ELKIE BROOKS

Tuesday

BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: GIMIK
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: PERE UBU/THE POP GROUP
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BLACKBURN Mecca: VICTOR BROX
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE SATELLITES
BRIGHTON The Richmond: THE SLAGS/NICKY & THE DOTS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: THE TUBES
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE MOTORS
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Club: THE PLATTERS
COVENTRY Locarno: AC/DC
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: THE REAL THING
GLASGOW Apolla Centre: JETHRO TULL
GLASGOW Partick Burgh Hall: BOB WILBER QUARTET
KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
LIVERPOOL Eric's: WILKO JOHNSON BAND/BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LONDON BRENTFORD Red Lion: BOUNCER
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: DICK ENVY
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: J.C.B.
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: MANHATTAN TRANSFER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CAFE JACQUES
LONDON Marquee Club: BERNIE TORME
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: JOHN WILLIAMS / RALPH McTELL
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: APOSTROPHE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FLINTLOCK
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: FRANKENSTEIN
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE DEPRESSIONS/STADIUM DOGS
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: PIN-UPS
NEWCASTLE New Pine Theatre: THE CIMARONS
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: GAMMER
OXFORD Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
PLYMOUTH Castaways: SUZI QUATRO
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/EATER/BLITZKRIEG BOP
SHEFFIELD City Hall: ELKIE BROOKS
SHREWSBURY Music Hall: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: SAD CAFE
STOKE Jollees: BLACK ABBOTTS
WATFORD Red Lion: SIDEWINDER
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/PERE UBU
LONDON E.C.1 City Arms: APOSTROPHE
LONDON HACKNEY Victoria Park: THE CLASH-/TOM ROBINSON BAND/ X-RAY SPEC/STEEL PULSE / CHINA STREET (Anti-Nazi League carnival)
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Riverside Studios: BOWLES BROS. BAND
LONDON HOLBORN The Blitz: HIGH ALTITUDE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: WHIRLWIND
LONDON Marquee Club: J.C.B.
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON NOTTING HILL Old Swan: PANAMA RED
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SORE THROAT
LONDON WATERLOO Old Vic: CAFE JACQUES / MIDNITE FOLLIES ORCHESTRA
LONDON W.C. 1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
MACCLESFIELD Bears Head: ESYLOM
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: THE MECHANICS / THE ELITE / THE FALL
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BLUE OYSTER CULT
NOTTINGHAM Commodore Suite: SHOWADDYWADDY
NOTTINGHAN Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
OXFORD New Theatre: MANHATTAN TRANSFER
PLYMOUTH Castaways: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZKRIEG BOP
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: SLADE
POYNTON Folk Centre: OLDHAM TINKERS / HARRY OGDEN
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: THE DRIFTERS (for a week)
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: CHERRY VANILLA
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: X-RAY SPEX
STOKE Abbey Hulton Club: VINTAGE
TELFORD Lea Manor Hotel: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
TINGLEY Westerton Road Club: THE PISTONS
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: BIG G / DISGUISE
YORK Theatre Royal: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA

Wednesday

AYLESBURY Acne Club: DOLL BY DOLL
AYLESBURY Britannia: IONA
AYLESBURY Friars: STEVE HILLAGE BAND/NATIONAL HEALTH
AYR West of Scotland College: THE SQUAD
BANBURY Winter Gardens: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
BATH University: GRAHAM PARKER AND THE RUMOUR
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: RIKKI AND THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRADFORD University: WILKO JOHNSON BAND/BLAST FURNACE AND THE HEATWAVES
BRIGHTON Conference Centre: THE TUBES
CARDIFF Troubadour: ALVIN STARDUST (for four days)
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
EXETER Zhivago's: THE ONLY ONES
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: THE CIMARONS
HULL New Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: DON McLEAN
KEELE University: U.K.
LEEDS University: LINDISFARNE
LIVERPOOL Masonic: ARC ROUGE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: REGGAE REGULAR
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: PANTIES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE LURKERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLUE OYSTER CULT
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: WARREN HARRY
LONDON N.1 Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT

IAN ANDERSON of Jethro Tull

LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star and Garter: DANA SIMMONDS AND GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: APOSTROPHE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE KILLERS/J.C.B.
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: THE HITS
MANCHESTER A.P.'s Club: JAILER
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: JETHRO TULL
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS/EATER/BLITZKRIEG BOP
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: DEAD FINGERS TALK
OXFORD College of Education: THE MOTORS
OXFORD New Theatre: SAD CAFE
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SWINDON The Affair: DEAD FINGERS TALK
TORQUAY 400 Club: GIMIK
WAKEFIELD Tiffany's: THE REAL THING
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: CAFE JACQUES
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: RUMBLE STRIPS

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EAZIE
Wednesday April 26th
LAFAYETTE CLUB, WOLVERHAMPTON.
Thursday April 27th
TIFFANY'S, HALESOWEN
Friday April 28th
HULL COLLEGE
(Supporting Slade)
Saturday April 29th
PLYMOUTH POLYTECHNIC

THE NEW ROCK BAND
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The Greatest Rock 'n' Roll Show Ever
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April 27	FOREIGNER
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May 3	CLIMAX BLUES BAND
May 3/4	BLUE OYSTER CULT
May 4/6	DIANA ROSS
May 7	AC/DC
May 7	MAGAZINE
May 7/8	GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS
May 7/10	JETHRO TULL
May 11/13	QUEEN
May 11/13	HELEN REDDY
May 13/14	IAN DURY
May 14	X-RAY SPEX
May 15	STYX
May 15	U.K.
May 15/20	ELKIE BROOKS
May 17	BRASS CONSTRUCTION
May 18	CHARLEY PRIDE
May 21	THE DRIFTERS
May 22	GEORGE BENSON
May 24	THE MOTORS
May 25/31	THE TUBES
May 27	MADDY PRIOR
May 28	RANDY NEWMAN
May 29	BONNIE TYLER
May 31	HARRY CHAPIN
June 6/7	BREAD
June 10/11	BLACK SABBATH
June 11	FLAMIN' GROOVIES
June 11	GERRY RAFFERTY
June 14/15	E.L.O.
June 14	BREAD
June 17/18	DARTS

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Saturday May 13th at 8 p.m. — VAN DER GRAAF + ROGER JOHN KNOTT
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Saturday May 27th: THE MOTORS + Marseille
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Thurs 4th May — THE RECORD
Fri 5th May — PEKOE ORANGE

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Live bands every night of the week

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Friday April 28th — ZAINE GRIFF
Sat. April 29th — SORE THROAT
Sunday April 30th — THE STUKAS

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April 28th HEREFORD TECHNICAL COLLEGE
May 4th WARWICK UNIVERSITY
May 5th SPA CENTRE, LEAMINGTON SPA
May 8th LIMIT CLUB, SHEFFIELD
May 12th ST. PAULS COLLEGE, Nr. RUGBY

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Thursday April 27th
DUKE OF LANCASTER
NEW BARNET
Friday April 28th
MIDDLESEX POLYTECHNIC
Sunday April 30th
STAPLETON CROUCH HILL
Wednesday May 3rd
WESTERN COUNTIES
PADDINGTON
Friday May 5th
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Saturday April 29th
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.ROBOT LOVE	.69	IGGY.SICK E.P.	I.50
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.69	NOW.DEVELOPMENT	.69	
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.69	HOT RODS.LINE	.99	
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Graham Parker & The Rumour

DUNDEE

RECORDING artistes who exhibit impatience at failure to shift that number of units of product to which they consider themselves entitled are not uncommon in this world.

Whether or not they are to blame, record companies are almost always the recipients of this petulant footstamping, the artists seldom, if ever, pausing to check out their own back yard.

Thus it was with a wry smile that I read of Graham Parker's irritation with US Murcury in last week's hand-holding special, not least because it's not US Mercury's set-up that's weak.

Had they had the genuine article (which "Stick To Me" was not), then the great round up could certainly have been made.

Mr. Parker, however, merely told us that the music was *that* good and indulged in sideswipes at others who have more original and/or worthy contributions to make, instead of getting down to some real self-examination.

Which is a pity, because such an exercise might have produced one or two beneficial home truths and gone some way towards explaining why GP is not selling as well as he might.

The current situation is not entirely of his own making however. Firstly, he has been the beneficiary, if that's the right word, of some extremely shrewd management and advertising which authoritatively announced that Parker had arrived.

No opportunity necessary, no experience needed — Parker had *arrived*.

Caught by surprise, the jaded music business were so busy falling over themselves to admire the emperor's new clothes that Parker has been largely spared the critical rod.

Secondly, Parker has the benefit (and that *is* the right word) of musical cohorts who are second to none.

Quite simply, The Rumour do not get the credit they deserve for their part in the grand Parkerama. Without them, Parker would not be where he is. No other band, not even the Attractions or the Blockheads, could empathise and amplify the material as well as they do.

Aided by the keyboards and arrangements of hyperactive Bob Andrews, Brinsley Schwarz and Martin Belmont provide those superb guitar breaks, often stunning in their intensity and execution, that complement and flesh out the material.

Moreover, The Rumour are probably the only band currently working whose rhythm axis easily equal the efforts of the virtuosos. Time and again Steve Goulding's immaculate drumming — intelligent and beautifully stated — draws the attention past the front men, and he's well partnered by Andy Bodnar's fine scudding bass work. And let's not forget that neat brass section, either.

In short, The Rumour are one hell of a band, but their individual and collective brilliance often covers up the suspect nature of some of the material.

The material — now there's the real weakness.

Great hooks and splendid choruses spring readily to mind, but tunes do not. (OK, there's "Hold Back The Night", but that's not his writing.)

Parker's melodies tend to be pretty damn threadbare, especially when they're rewritten so often, and they're nothing like strong enough to part vast masses from their money.

The concert situation — Parker's real strong point — tends to disguise this, however, because there the best songs are culled from all three albums.

But even so, and even with The Rumour pulling their weight 200% as usual, the show is in keeping with Graham Parker so far — good but not brilliant.

This becomes more apparent on second viewing — this show is virtually a rerun of the last tour — when, with the element of novelty removed, the shortcomings become evident.

Melodic weakness aside, the set (and intensity of delivery) are too much on one level. There's no evident build to a climax, for instance, and the show just suddenly stops dead.

The inclusion of some of the Rumour's own songs, especially "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me" as a closer, would do much to add some light and shade.

Parker also has a way to go in presentation. While he's singing, he's great but when he stops we get those embarrassingly inane and horribly corny links. Even saying nothing would be an improvement.

Having said all this, the single (performed here with much pointing at the ceiling) will probably chart, by virtue of the brainwashing quality of the chorus, not to mention the promotion.

I hope so, for Parker's sake, because one more miscarriage and other people's impatience will set in. Hence there's a definite air of desperation about this whole operation to break Parker.

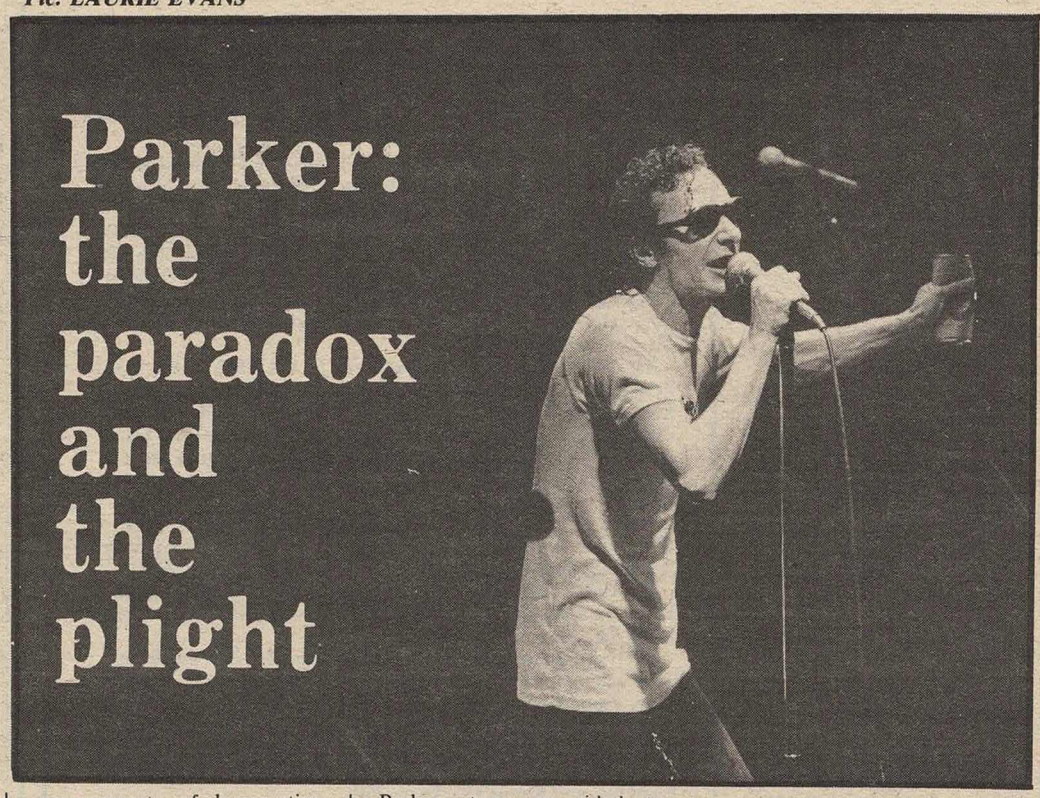
Have I been too hard on Parker, too one sided to redress a balance? Possibly, but then you probably know all his good points off by heart now, and what we're discussing here is what Parker is going to have to sort out before those sales figures rise to Hall of Fame level and he can really start believing his own publicity.

Till then, it's charisma but cliches, great choruses but weak melodies, superb troops but unproven general, lots of drive but no real control. . .

Graham Parker, you are this year's muddle.

Ian Cranna

Pic: LAURIE EVANS



Parker: the paradox and the plight

Wreckless Eric

DORKING HALLS

WRECKLESS Eric has always seemed to me slightly unreal; an A&R man's Frankenstein monster.

It's as though an enterprising executive had walked into the third form of the local comprehensive, picked out the scruffiest brat he could find, dressed him in funny clothes, poured him full of beer, handed him a guitar and said: "Do It!"

I mean who else could wander onstage late, drunk and face up to a handful of the hostile, the curious and the indifferent with an opening line like: "Give me five minutes to get into the pose, dear."

I don't know what the onlookers expected after that, but what they got was some of the loudest, dirtiest rock 'n roll around from the Modern World's Nigel Molesworth.

There's a strong front line with Eric dead centre flanked by John Glynn on demon saxophone and "Hello" Henry Badowski on keyboards and yellow boots.

Davy Lutton and Barry Payne had their work cut out keeping things together, but they made the grade on drums and bass respectively, while in the back, strategically out of gob-shot, Larry Wallis pumped out lead guitar like a good ole boy, wondering how the Hell he'd got into this mess in the first place.

Oh yes, there were one or two of the species punk in attendance along with some salt 'n' shake public bar punters and a gaggle of bemused disco dollies. Not the most receptive bunch I've seen.

Mind you, Eric's frequent reference to the assembled multitude as "The dorks from Dorking" did not make for an atmosphere of harmony, and neither did his recipe for dealing with the relentless gobbing which took three forms: a) gob back; b) threaten to smash offenders heads with guitar and c) pour beer over aforementioned expectorators. None of which worked.

There were cheers for the recognisable numbers like "Semaphore Signals", "Reconnez Cherie" and "Whole Wide World", which concluded the set, but Eric's performance was surprisingly consistent and my favourite memories are of a gloatingly evil "Let's Dance", and "Brain Thieves" which ended with a John Cale style vocal apocalypse. Eric's guitar playing was not exemplary.

And that was about it really. Slightly over an hour of genuine musical anarchy in a genuine yoof club, and dorks filtered out into the night having first insulted our heroes by substituting cries of "Shit" for "More".

It was a weird evening and I think Eric needed just one or two more people on his side to have made it really successful for both him and us.

I enjoyed it though and I hope he's never given the chance to become too professional.

Neil Norman

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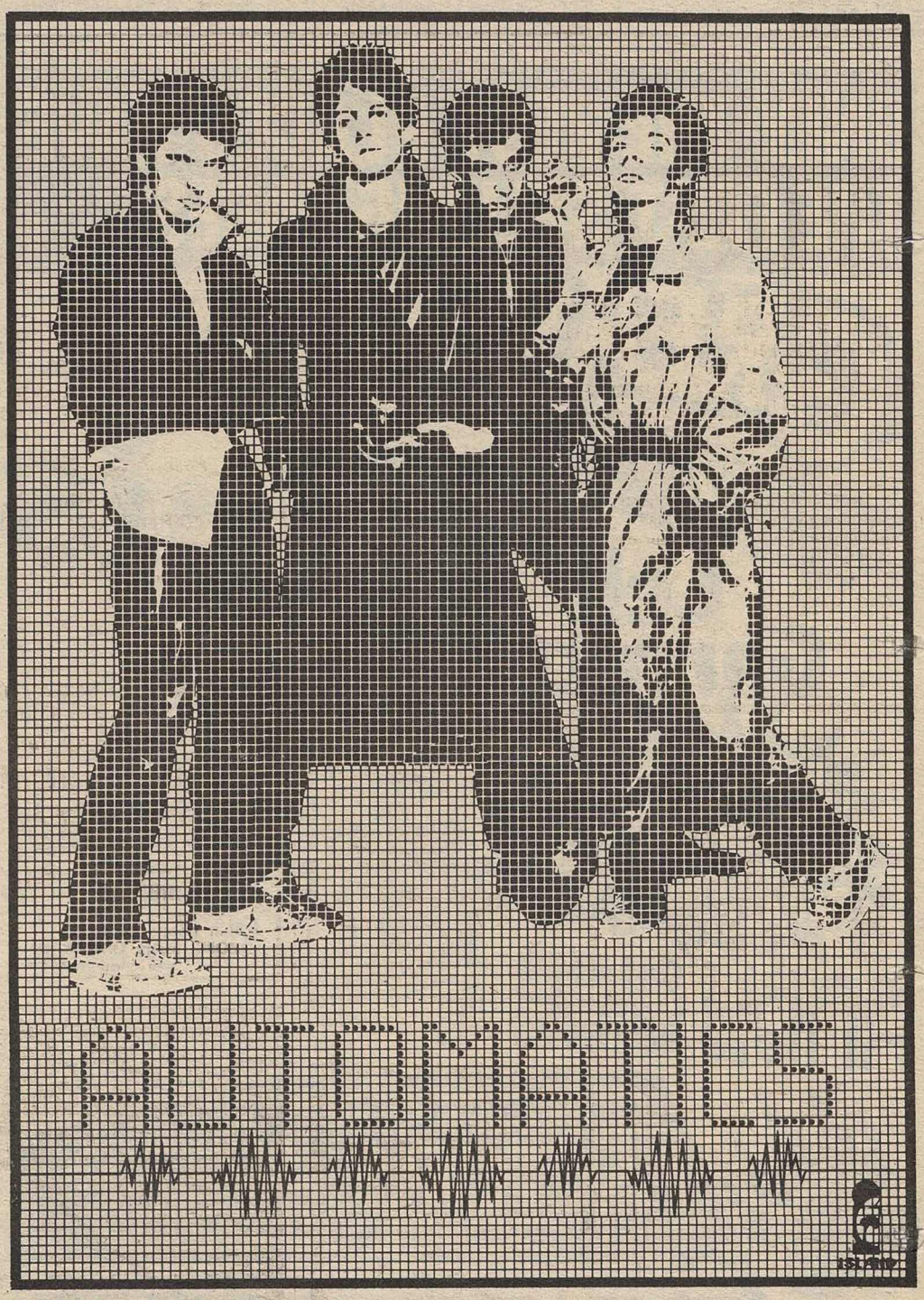

Bootsy's Rubber Band

FELT FORUM, NEW YORK

SELF-STYLED Player Of The Year, Bootsy Collins is hip to the dynamics of Showtime. As his music is a fantastic flight from bases built by James Brown and Sly Stone, so his stage act is a personal variation on those same sources.

If he hadn't become a star on the strength of his music, he'd have undoubtedly made it by dint of his personality; in fact, on this, my first and only live experience of the man, I'd say he's in danger of sacrificing too much of his musical talent on the altar of his own ego.

Still, as yet he hasn't gone too far over the top. We, the audience, allowed him moments of strutting and posing, encouraged him even, coz after all, he *is* Bootzilla, New Rider of the black 'n' proud freeway.

His cloaks and leathers, the band's uniforms, the equipment and props — like the mobile star-shaped portal through which he enters amid a frame of flashing lights — are all decked out in red and white; stars of various sizes emblazon everything in sight; overhead, a grid of electronics spells out the pattern of events. His show is anything but visually dull.

Musically, it's pretty fiery too, the only real letdown coming during a couple of his slow love songs ("I'd Rather Be With You" and, I think, "Can't Stay Away"), which are generally the more interesting of his recorded performances but are spoilt on stage by too much clowning around.

Even during his meandering raps and macho posing though, his space bass was pulsing strong enough to blast aside the heavy dope clouds that pervaded the auditorium. Contact high was unavoidable.

Opening with a messy variation on their equally messy recording, "What's The Name Of This Town" (Nooyawk, Nooyawk, fool), the 10-piece Funk Mob quickly pulled into shape for a stunning explanation of "The Pinocchio Theory" and an electraglide through the mellower "Hollywood Squares", the Hollywood get-down, before lapsing into one of the two loose interludes.

While Bootsy was fooling around, his bro' Catfish (lead guitar) and Maceo Parker (sax) laid down a couple of excellent solos that just about held everything together.

Events then proceeded somewhat erratically for a time as the band shifted and drifted up and down and around the extremes of their talent (from overwhelmingly powerful to near disintegration) and repertoire ("Stretchin' Out", "As In I Love You" and the other fractured ballad), before all systems were once again connected for a rocket ride to "Roto-Rooter" and, of course, "Bootzilla", the natural and supremely effective roof-raiser.

Bootsy might need to rein in the unravelling threads of his act if he's to avoid tumbling from his present level of success but, as the man who fell from the Empire State was heard to say on his way down, so far so good.

Prior to startime the new Arista signing **Raydio** got the party off to a fine start with an energetic set of brittle funk, featuring most of the songs on their recent album. After originally being considerably less than impressed by their single hit, "Jack And Jill", I've completely revised my opinion of this promising sextet.

Cliff White

Headwaiter

THE GRANARY, BRISTOL

HAVING RECENTLY sat through an area final of a national Rock Talent contest, I was bewildered and astounded to discover that the majority of musicians at the lowest levels of aspirant mega-stardom are still seeking recognition through the death and glory strains of Pomp Rock.

So I was not too surprised at the very positive reception given to Headwaiter at the Granary (preserver of all things deep and purple).

Headwaiter are a band which consists of two keyboard players, two drummers (sorry, I mean percussionists), a vocalist/flautist, a bass player and a guitarist who might just as well have stayed home.

They don't waste all that equipment on anything as trivial as your finger-poppin' New Wave ephemera but prefer to ravage with Nick Lowe-style abandon the collected song-cycles of such household favourites as Tangerine Dream, Genesis and Barclay James Harvest.

They also sound a lot like Camel, perhaps because their leader is ex-Camel bassist Doug Ferguson, but what Headwaiter's two keyboard players do together is done better by Peter Bardens on his own.

Headwaiter can be compared with American bands like Kansas and Styx, who show every sign of following Rush in cleaning up over here; they share the latters' faults.

The actual songs they play are too often weakly written and sacrificed to derivative ersatz-orchestral back-drops, great wedges of synthesized muzak-mush and are accompanied by lyrics both of the Tolkeinesque librettist's drivel and the hideous "Hard lovin', Hard drinkin' " type.

And I'm afraid I really gave up hope when they cleared the stage for a tedious ten minutes "duelling drums" double solo spot. Pomp rock doesn't have to be pretentious and boring — Pavlov's Dog once proved you could be grandiose and exciting.

The genre sadly does appear to be doomed and will remain beyond salvation as long as its exponents keep rehashing "Close To The Edge" and "Foxtrot".

What finally annoys me is these musicians' continual attitude of fatalist depression — I guess it must be the thought that if they'd been born on the other side of the Atlantic, they'd all be millionaires.

David Housham

JAZZ DIARY

BIGGEST NEWS has to be Jazz Centre Society's scooperoonie in getting tuba-player Howard Johnson for Putney's Half Moon on 7th May; he'll be sitting in with Paraphernalia.

Also, the Dewey Redman Quartet — Dave Burrell, Cameron Brown and Art Lewis — will be playing at 100 Club on 29th May. They are also presenting the Canadian Creative Music Collective, a free music sextet which includes trumpéter-pianist-film-maker Michael Snow — 'New York Eye And Ear Control' — at the ICA Theatre on 30th April.

The Welsh Jazz Festival, sponsored by CAMRA, reels on with Pete King and Hank Snow on 27th April; Will Hastie on 28th; Tony Oxley Duo and Cuff Billett on 29th; John Taylor on 30th.; Blanche Finlay on 1st May; Humphrey Lyttleton on 2nd; Harry Klein on 3rd.; Don Rendell and Barbara Thompson on 4th.; Johnny Barnes and Roy Williams on 5th; and Eric Gilchrist and John Keen on 6th.

All concerts are staged at the Chapter Arts Centre, Cardiff. Pianist Dill Jones will be playing in Pembroke on 27th April and at Llanelli on 28th. as part of his fifth Welsh Jazz Festival.

Big Chief, featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith, is playing the Half Moon on 30th April, and the Dick Morrissey-Don Weller Quintet are at The Phoenix on 3rd May.

Pretty well the entire contingent of London's jazz musicians will be involved in 'Keith Tippett At The Roundhouse" on 21st May. Tippett groups on the menu include Ark, TNT and Ovary Lodge, and anyone who fails to attend will be a fool to himself.

Dean Street's Pizza Express will be featuring the legendary Dickie Wells on 4th and 5th May with Earl Warren and Claude Hopkins, and Kenny Clarke on 26th.

Meanwhile, at the White House, President Carter has opened the doors to jazz, with Dizzy Gillespie and Sarah Vaughan on the strength, and doubtless 'Salt Peanuts' on the programme.

New releases from Italy's Horo label include two from pianist Ran Blake, "Crystal Trip" and "Open City". Capitol have issued "Comin' Through" by trumpeter Eddie Henderson. United Artists have released "From The Beginning" by pianist Barbara Carroll.

Brian Case

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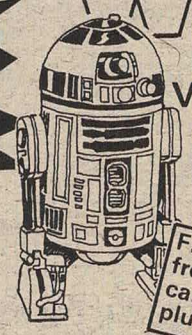

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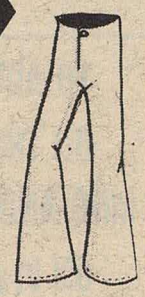

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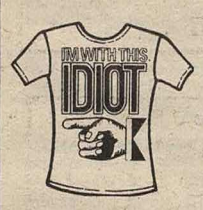

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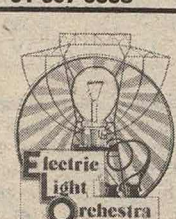

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240 LYNYRD

287. ZEPPELIN

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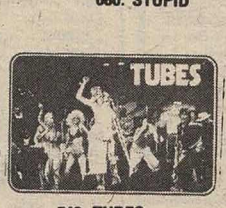

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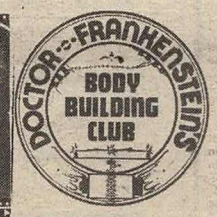

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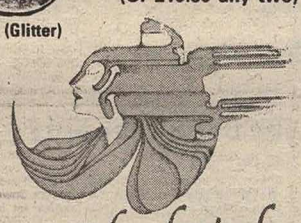
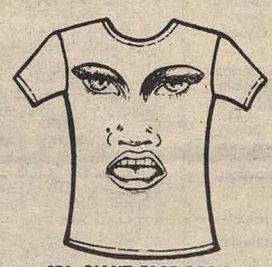


279. WORLD CUP (2)

756. RAINBOW



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257. SMILE

682. HAWKWIND

186. STATUS QUO

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285 FLEETWOOD MAC

752. QUEEN

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741. LED ZEP

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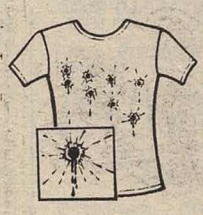

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IT WAS A nice idea in theory.

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Except that it doesn't quite turn out like that. After considerable discussion, it's decided to keep the bill the same as before, a decision which proves to be prudent.

Fitzgerald has a lot of guts. To go out with just an acoustic box and face an unfamiliar audience only really there for the local favourites takes true nerve, all the more difficult when your vocal mike breaks down midway.

As he performed his set of witty, often bitter ("Sound Of My Street") songs and three poem-cum-stories, he was beset by a veritable hubub of extraneous chit-chat from the half of the audience who had decided not to bother listening to him.

Those making the effort found themselves becoming slowly immersed in his little vignettes and scenarios, and by the end he had completely endeared himself to those around the stage.

I suppose it was also encouraging to notice that the general noise level had dropped as well.

He's an immensely likeable character, standing there in his woollen jockey cap and rag-tag clothes, observing with amusing accuracy the people and situations around him.

He's almost the kind of figure a modern-day Dickens might have invented, the twist being that in this case it's the character who tells the story.

There's no contrived sloganising with this bloke. His "politics" are so genuine, so straight from the heart, that it probably doesn't matter that he goes over the top on occasion, or that sometimes he tends to offer no solutions, only problems.

The audience know what he means, and since they aren't about to get coldly critical of his flimsy philosophy, neither am I.

Most of the songs are simply specific comments on situations familiar (at least by association) to any of us; "Small Record Company" *("We sold three records today!")*, "Reject *("I can't think of no more words for songs")* and "When I Get Famous" *("I just want someone to love me")*.

As usual, the audience don't know whether to laugh or cry for "Jarvis", but on the other numbers it strikes me how easily, with enough exposure, they could all become sing-alongs.

He actually gets a fair accompaniment on "Safety Pin Stuck In My Heart", indicating that a surprising number of people must have bought that first EP.

Hopefully the same will happen for his second (another Small Wonder, due out shortly). He does all the songs from it bar "Little Dippers", which I was looking forward to hearing, but you can't have everything, and he did play all me other faves.

He came, saw and conquered — up to a point, which brings me back to my original observation.

It must be asked whether he can ever *headline* with complete success.

The very nature of the field in which he's chosen to have his say would seem to be against him, though I've seen people far less talented topping bills, so perhaps anything is possible. **Stephen Gordon**

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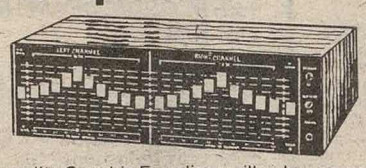

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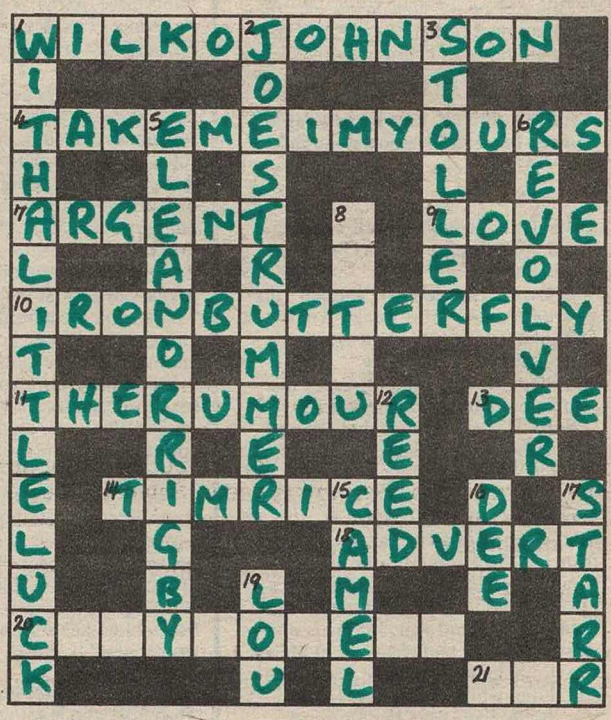


ACROSS

1 R&B axeman, his real name is John Wilkinson (5,7)
4 Or is it "Squeeze Me . . ." by Take?! (4,2,2,5)
7 They had their roots in The Zombies, split in 1976 after eight albums.
9 Arthur Lee's band.
10 Their "In-A—Gadda-Da-Vidi" is claimed as the first-ever platinum-selling rock album (4,9)
11 GP's supporters! (3,6)
13 & 16 "Rocket To Russia" bassist.
14 Lloyd-Webber's other half (3,4)
16 T.V. Smith singly.
20 Rainbow drummer (4,6)

DOWN

1 The McCartneys are back in the charts again *(bleeuch!)* (4,1,6,4)
2 The others are Mick, Paul, Nicky (3,8)
3 Lieber & ----- were one of rock'n'roll's most successful writing teams.
5 Beatles' oldie — about the priest and the spinster (7,5)
6 Beatles' album — a contemporary of the above.
8 Face bassist at the point when they broke up.
12 See 19.
15 Peter Bardens' band could be useful in the desert.
16 See 13.
17 Mop Top in first arrival was the last to join!
19 & 12 "Heroin" and "Waiting For The Man" were among his early numbers for the Velvet Underground.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Junior Murvin; 5 Chuck Berry; 7 Tyla Gang; 8 Doobie (Brothers); 10 "Neat (Neat Neat)"; 11 (Bob &) Earl; 13 Leonard; 16 Otis Redding; 18 Sutherland; 19 Byrds; 20 "(Old Grey) Whistle Test".
DOWN: 1 Janet Street-Porter; 2 Nick Lowe; 3 Richard Hell; 4 "Virginia Plain"; 6 Yes; 9 Randy (Newman); 12 (Tom) Robinson; 14 "Old Grey (Whistle Test)"; 15 (Doobie) Brothers; 17 Genesis.

THOSE OF US readers whose memories go further back than "This Years Model" may have smiled at the irony of the review of the second Television album; a tacky little Julie Burchill put-down job stuck at the foot of the Album Review page.

Nick Kent has conveniently ditched his previous year's model running up full page album reviews and centre page interviews on Elvis Costello. So Elvis Costello becomes the new Bob Dylan; Julie Burchill the new Jean Rook, and Tom Verlaine and band become No. 3 (Ramones and Blondie being Nos. 1 & 2 respectively) in that pretty pairs' continuing vendatta against the New York Wave in 1978. No doubt when Television come to tour the U.K. Tom Verlaine will be interviewed by Tony Parsons, and in true Bangsian fashion, Verlaine will be finally revealed as one of the most despicable human beings still alive.

Julie Burchill has traded in the Nazi dyke pose for Tony Parsons. saving whales, existentialism and marching with the S.W.P. How this lady with her 'everyone can be Famous For Fifteen minutes' fashionable posings, can put anyone down I don't know. She shows no shame. Nick Kent, for his part, should heed Dylan's warning and not let other people get his kicks for him.

In the future Elvis Costello will quite likely be passed over for a newer, faster more streamlined model — as bright young entrepeneur of the late '70s Jake Riviera is well aware in his saturation hype campaign, and Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons will expose the whole giant publicity sham.

Still, part of the achievement of David Bowie and Neil Young has been to come back after a period of intense critical acclaim, followed by equally vicious press hostility. Whether Verlaine and Costello have the ability to transcend the whole hyper-star charade remains to be seen.

This may be the New Wave era, the tide may have turned, but it's still the same old shit that comes ashore.
ALEX RUSSELL, Insch, Aberdeenshire.
Amazing, though, how many people manage to scramble aboard the raft, eh? — M.S.

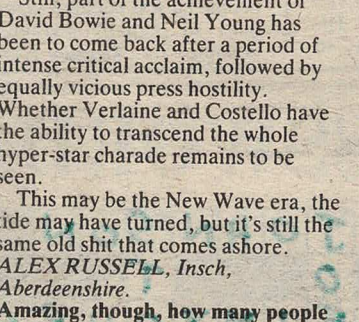
SO THAT HUMBLE, self-effacing ego maniac Jordan thinks Gays are weak, eh?

Were the people who "zapped" the *Evening News* offices weak? Are the 5000 people who marched against the blasphemy laws and Mary Whitehouse weak? (Cos most of the people on that demo were Gay).

Sure, in the interview that she had with *Gay News* Jordan attempted to be rude, but after being told where to get off in a style similar to her own she became, (Quote) . . . as soft as margarine on hard bread. That comes from the *G.N.* interview itself and should anyone doubt it they can pick up a back issue of 136 and read it for themselves. Mind you, Jordan is not as world-weary and blase about life as she would have you belive, there are still things which shock her. I mean, you should have seen her face and heard the silence when she was asked did she ever masturbate.

Now that the record is straight, I can go and be weak all over somebody else.
ALAN WALL, c/o Gay News

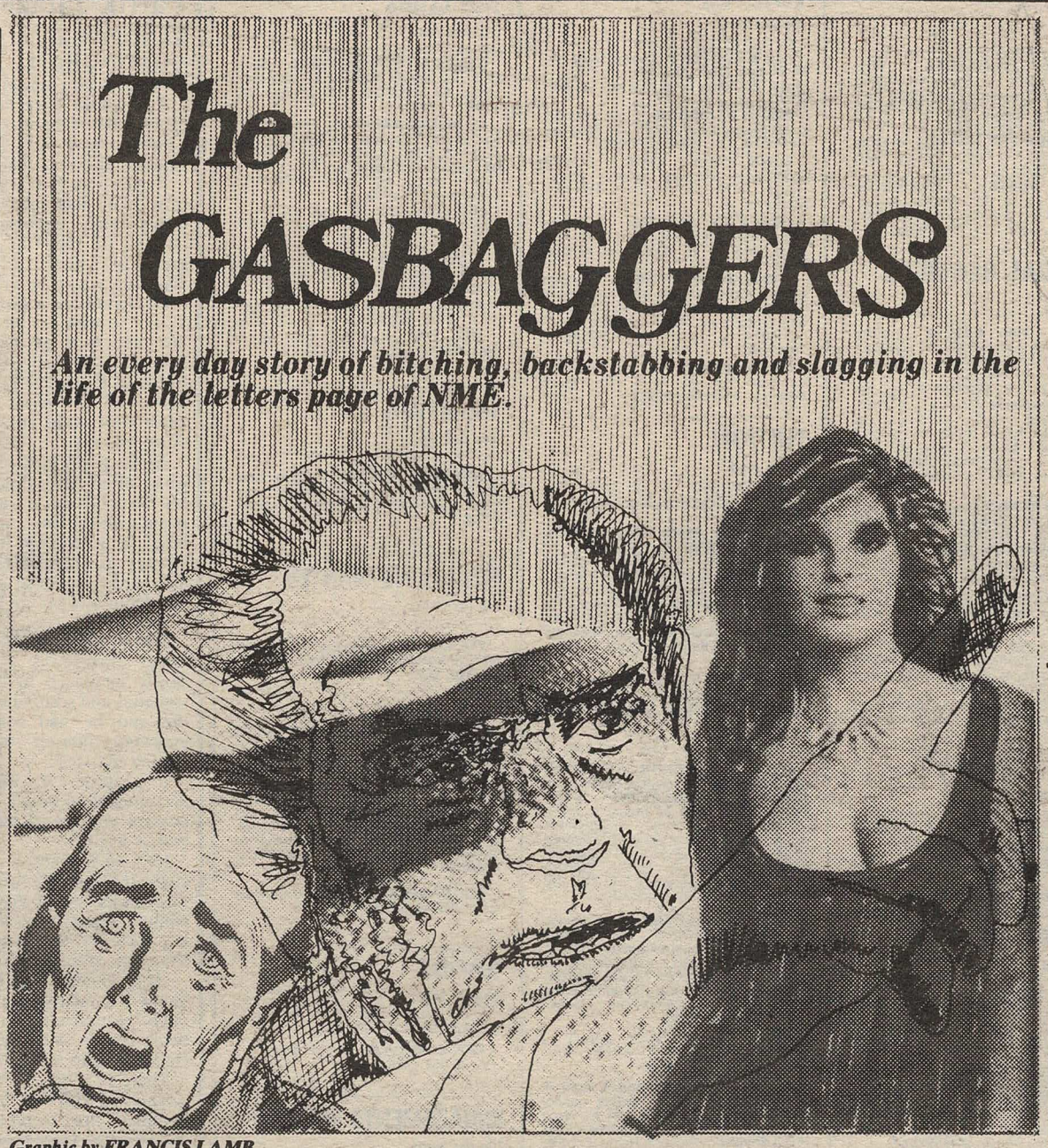
Pic: JOE STEVENS



Your host, the new improved Monty Smiff — no bottoms and not many rude answers.

The GASBAGGERS

An every day story of bitching, backstabbing and slagging in the life of the letters page of NME.



Graphic by FRANCIS LAMB

THERE IS SO much good music around, so many good people and honest people, but so many self styled shithouses wandering around like pantomine extras, masquerading in the name of punk rock and art. Namely that arty farty 'I started it all' twit Jordan.

Does she really believe she did start it all? Oh yes! Same as I started rockabilly and soul! All that berk did start was the warpainted, posey, money-making, commercial overpriced clothes, make-up and imagery brigade that ruined everything punk stood for. What was it Vivienne Westwood said in the *Melody Maker* (sorry) once? Oh yes: "When you are a punk you are an anarchist and when you are an anarchist you are a punk."

How many more anarchist outfits have you sold today Vivienne? What I say is "When you are an anarchist you're a punk and if you are a punk you must have been ripped off."

Surely, this is what John and the boys were against? Oh dear, what happened. Punk is dead, long live honesty. Bring back The Damned!
WALTER WALL-CARPETING, Warrington, Cheshire.
So no one likes Jordan much. So what's new? — M.S.

I FIND IT frightening that Julie Burchill, who is so overtly opposed to racial prejudice, should foster such a bitter hatred for the Middle Class. I can't see any difference between her idea of the attitude and nature of a middle-class person and the preconceptions of a facist. Obviously in her eyes someone's character is still determined by the circumstances of their birth.
A. MENHENNET, Beckenham, Kent.
Woops, so no one likes Julie much either, especially the, er, middle classes (don't suppose she'll lose any sleep over that). — M.S.

WELL, WELL, well. Aren't we clever little journalists then! What a bright idea to have a smug little Blackmail Corner tucked away in the cozy folds of your ingenious little "music" paper. What *will* you think of next?

Well . . . it's ever such a titter to see Debby Harry in those pre-peroxide days. And, would you believe . . . Elvis Costello in dungarees! Tee hee hee . . . caught them out there. Didn't you just.

I'm just wondering what you lot looked like ten years ago. Of course I don't suppose you think people have the right to change with the times. At least you assume the role of the ultimate judges on what's *in*. So do us a favour — take those self-satisfied grins off your faces and take a good look in the mirror.

Maybe *you* don't look so hot.
YAWN, Crouch End, N8.
Be fair, Yawn, we haven't collected yet. But if we did it wouldn't be spent over the Boots cosmetic counter. — M.S.

IT WAS WITH some surprise, that while leafing through the pages of your weekly periodical, my attention was drawn to a photo of my old band Flip City. By the way, I'm the one in the middle, wearing black.

I must say that I was somewhat dismayed at your rather derogatory notes at the foot of the picture. At the time I think you'll find that Flip City was generally thought of as quite an interesting band, playing mainly the fine songs from the illustrious pen of Mr. Costello.

Perhaps you didn't take the trouble to give us a listen, at one of the numerous gigs we played, both on the London Pub Circuit and at many colleges around the Home Counties.

When you say that no-one, with the exception of Elvis, is doing anything of interest, that is not exactly true. After several abortive attempts and a handful of gigs, there is yet another ex-Flip City member on the way to fame and fortune.

Perhaps you would like to witness this at the unveiling of the incredibly exciting Jericho at Dingwalls on Monday the 8th of May.

While not being in the Elvis mould, the power and dynamics are all there.

Come along and be surprised to find that other ex-Flippers can do something without our good friend Elvis Costello.
MALCOLM DENNIS, North Cheam, Surrey.
Right. Would you settle for a copy of "My Aim Is True"? — M.S.

I THINK someone should put Abba and Elvis Costello on the same bill so the hoardings could read "Abba and Costello".
P. A. Hammersmith, W6.

I DON'T REALLY believe the depths to which you've sunk; I've always thought *NME* was a good paper with no apparent competition, and on occasions stunning with the odd superb articles; so why on earth the snidey, backhanded captions on the margins of several pages of last week's paper sniping at the T.R.B.? So unlike you, slipped innocuously where it wouldn't be too salient.

If you must make pointed nasty and biased remarks why not an article rather than the lavatory graffiti-like positioning of your remarks.

I'm not gay and I don't like the T.R.B. overmuch, but this reeks of music biz involvement, like maybe a friend of Ray Davies amongst the *Thrillers*, so at least give me some kind of explanation for this strange betrayal of my faith in you.
C. LEWIS, London.
Well, I thought it was funny. — RAY DAVIES

I GET THE impression someone at *Thrills* doesn't like me.
MR. NICE GUY, Marlow.
P.S. It was a bit sneaky, wasn't it?
The Shit Kicker will reveal all on page 7. — M.S.

NOW THAT Mr. Lowry has revealed all, with regards to Bomber Harris, isn't it about time someone got it together enough to actually plug him in? —
MRS. R. HARRIS, London.
Don't push your luck. — M.S.

AT THE BOYS' gig I went to last week, I noticed a serious lack of flying cans and glasses. Is it no longer the in thing to launch these containers at the band? If it is, does this mean I have to *boo* if I don't like them?
JACK SPRAT
Perhaps. Next! — M.S.

ALL I CAN say is that 1 Down last week is bloody typical of you stuck-up poseurs down in that smoggy stinking metropolis who set daft clues concerning idiotic unwatchable-outside-Thames TV area programmes like who the bleeding hell presents the *London Weekend Show* when I don't know, can't find out, and can't complete your sodding crossword. Stuff it up your arse!
MORONICALLY DISGUSTED, Nr. Oxford.
You're joking, with all those jagged edges? Anyway, why should you have heard of Dickie Davies? — M.S.

LET'S GET this upfront. Most people are assholes most of the time, and fools. You are no exception, and why should I be? But no matter how good people are at Shitting On Life Itself, life itself has a *lot* to offer someone who can clean his/her personality up a bit.

I liked Angus's review of Steve Hillage's new album: ". . . twentieth century man has got to do a lot of 'unlearning' before he can learn more . . ." If you're not sure what this means, but think it might allude to something important, you could do a lot worse than to treat yourself to the paperback book, *Journey To Ixtlan: The Lessons of Don Juan* by Carlos Castaneda. It bloody well ought to be worth a couple of pints (foregone) to ANYBODY. It's a real penguin, eh Mac?
JUST ANOTHER (GREEN) WALRUS.
"Love ya!" says Angus. And he mumbled something about 'keep taking the celery' — M.S.

NO OTHER bugger seems to have notice/cared that Ian MacDonald is now no longer even a 'contributor' to *NME*. I'd just like to say 'thanks' for a lot of good stuff and assistant editing during the rag's renaissance in the early '70s, and what I saw as the peak around '73. End of some sort of era I suppose, first the Tylers, MacDonald, and now Logan (and I reckon Farren) about to disappear. Only Kent and Murray left.

Whatever you're doing MacDonald, all the best.
CHRIS BROOK, Bradford, W. Yorks.
I'm sorry, I just (sniff) can't go on (sob). Pass the Izal on your way out Nick. — M.S.

I'VE GOT the 1973 *NME* Annual "Hot Rock Guide" and from a Nick Logan article on Rod Stewart: "To paraphrase his own song, Stewart is living proof that provided you wear it well, you can be as old fashioned as you like and still get by." Meanwhile CSM played prophet with D. Bowie Esq.: "Thanks Zig. See you behind the next mask."
LORD LUCAN, Belfast, N. Ireland.
Cone on, Lucky, that's not such a huge skeleton. — M.S

HOW APT: in the same issue in which B.O.B. Dylan numbers the "establishment intelligensia", Tony Parsons snidely repeats the old lie about Nietzsche's Nazi links.

Fact: all his life F.N. despised anti-semites (refusing to even meet his sister's anti-semitic old man). He also poured scorn on nationalism and the Prussian/German "spirit."

While he did express an undue admiration for physical perfection, this probably stemmed from his dissatisfaction at his own near-blindness and weakness, due in no small part to the syphillis which sent him insane and finally killed him. (How's that for Rock 'n' Roll credibility? Too poxed to rock!) Still, he does *not* represent a "repressed sicko mentality", since he maintained that physical health depends entirely on an *end* to sexual and intellectual repressions.

In future, Tony, stick to quoting Wilhelm Reich to establish your intellectual superiority over the rest of us mere mortals — at least you appear to have *read* him. (And his sex-economics owe a helluva lot to Nietzsche!)

Cheers.
THE BLONDIE BEAST, Herne Bay, Kent.

GUESS WHO I think is the most eminently qualified personality for "The Shithead '78" trophy, to be presented by Sir Eric 'slick' Morley, of Mecca productions blah . . . blah, in early July of this year. Yes, you guessed it — that most fickle, fad-following of hyper-critics; Tony 'sod the women and children, I want t off this stinking ship fast' Parsons.
MAJOR CARPET-TURD, Debden.
I like a bit of constructive criticism, don't you Tone? Oy oy, 'old on a mo' . . .

DOES MONTY Smiff have a severe case of piles on the gob or something? "Rock & Roll is never having to say you're sorry." What effen rubbish. Rock and Roll is a fat-cat plot to keep the minds of youth from the real problems of the world, namely that the world is flat and people keep falling off.
FRAZER X.

QUOTE from CSM, *NME* November 1975 (those were the days): "Sadly, Blondie will never be a star simply because she ain't good enough."

Who was Number 1 last week?
HARRY CRABBE, Leicester.
Since when did a Number 1 qualify as any sign of quality? — M.S.

WITH REGARD to last week's *Bag* picture, which end was Bob Geldof's arse?
A NICE ONE, Manchester.
Give up. — M.S.

AGAINST STIFF competition, your newspaper has been chosen to carry the very first public mention of THE RESISTANCE. Remember, today's cheap publicity is tomorrow's collector's item.

Tired but happy.
THE RESISTANCE (sneaky second mention), Liverpool 23.

DUE TO PRODUCTION difficulties caused by the May 1st Bank Holiday, next week's NME will be published a day later than normal — available nationally on Friday instead of Thursday.

teazers

PLEASE, PLEASE — *Teazers,* on its knees, implores: DON'T BREAK UP DA BRUDDERS. We wept, we mourned, and the office cat threw up when we heard the sad news from our current man in New York, **Paul Rambali:** one of the **Ramones** is quitting the band . . .

Actually, the story ends there, rather prematurely, since we're sworn to secrecy as to which particular brudder it is (though, to ease your grief a little, we can tell you that it isn't Joey); all will be revealed, explained and elucidated in the imminent future, when our scribe returns with the exclusive interview/revelations . . .

The **Buddy Holly** biopic based on **John Goldrosen's** excellent biography, *Buddy Holly — His Life And Music,* has now been completed, and will be premiered in Holly's home town of Lubbock, Texas, on May 20th. Called *The Buddy Holly Story,* the movie was sanctioned by **Maria Elena,** Holly's widow, and stars **Gary Busey** in the title-role. UK distribution is still being arranged . . .

Meanwhile over in Luxembourg at the appropriately-named Blow-Up club, minute DJ **Tony Prince** was just introducing the evening's star attraction — **The Pirates,** as it happens — when a rather fearsome proportion of the local constabulary, armed with machine-guns and accompanied by none-too-friendly alsatians, entered and surrounded the premises and proceeded to give everyone spot searches. Nothing was found, no-one was arrested. The gig went ahead. Presumably they were just annoyed because Luxembourg hadn't won the Eurovision Song Contest . . .

Talking of which, we scoured the office in vain for someone who'd actually seen it, so we're hardly familiar with what happened, though we did note that the UK's entry, **Co-Co's** "Bad Old Days" came eleventh — i.e. the worst-ever showing by a UK record during the 20 years of the competition. The band's chances of becoming tax exiles in the next six months were thus gravely diminished . . .

We also note that Norway's entry, sung by **Jan Teigen,** failed to get any votes whatsoever, which is arguably a mark of some distinction. Teigen himself certainly regards it so. "This was my greatest success," he said afterwards. We anticipate his failures with mild interest . . .

Even the most jaundiced Rat-watcher here at *T-zers* had to admire the latest display of 25-hours-a-day ligging by the irrepressible **Bob Geldof.** He was seen last week hanging out with the **Ipswich Town** football team whilst they recorded their Wembley anthem, "Ipswich, Ipswich, Get That Goal" (yeah, yeah, yeah) right in the heart of their FA Cup rivals' territory — Wessex Studios, in **Arsenal's** domain of downtown Highbury, Ipswich's producer, incidentally, is **Mutt Lange,** who is hoping to score a chart hat-trick, with **G. Parker** and Ipswich T. to add to B. Rats. Also present at the session: **Crawlers' Tony Braunagel** (who wrote the ditty with Lange) and **Terry Wilson Slessor . . .**

Meanwhile, *T-zers* has no particular sympathies about the forthcoming Cup Final, though everyone hopes that Arsenal lose . . .

More football *T-zers:* those nice young lads down at t'Cottage **(Fulham F.C.)** have just produced the first football punk record. That's surprising in itself, but it's absurd when you consider that the record in question is **Nancy Sinatra's** "These Boots Are Made For Walking". A punk version of that? Anyway, the lads were reet pleased with it, dressed up as you see them for photographer **Denis O'Regan,** and then proceeded to lose their last home game of the season to lowly **Millwall** . . .

According to one recent **Paul McCartney** interview, Macca said that the "Mull Of Kintyre" B-side, "Girls School" was actually a ditty composed entirely of porn movie titles. In which case, no doubt he'll be interested to hear about the latest softcore movie to open in New York. It's called "Please Please Me" . . .

Martin ("If the NF wins the general election, they are entitled to my respect") **Walker,** writing in Tuesday's *Guardian* about this weekend's anti-Nazi carnival in Hackney (see page 12) rather nullified his doubtless worthy aims by getting the date of the event wrong . . .

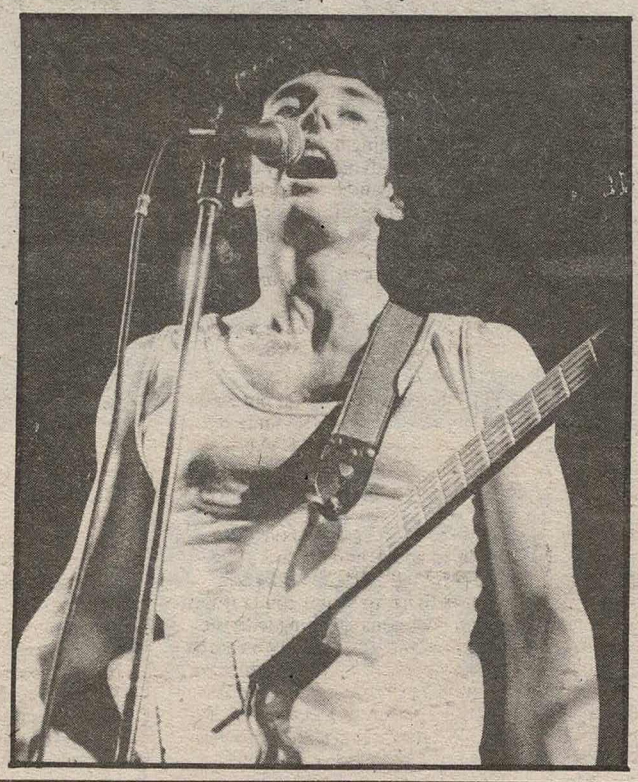
Talking of Nazis, erstwhile fans of **Bryan Ferry** and **Roxy Music** (we assume there are no remaining ones) might have noted that Ol' Ferrari was quoted in the *Sunday Times* as saying — nostalgically, yet — that "The Nazis had a great sense of visuals" . . .

Correct us if we're wrong (and you will, you will), but the **Bee Gees'** feat in topping all four *NME* charts this week is the first occasion that this has been accomplished since Rod Stewart did it in 1971 with "Maggie May" and its accompanying album, "Every Picture Tells A Story" . . .

Tom Robinson told us he was delighted and surprised with his band's debut album, set for release next month. Meantime, the band's keyboard vacancy (following the departure of **Mark Ambler)** has been temporarily, though ably, filled by **Nick Plytas,** formerly of **Roogalator . . .**

And a very encouraging debut gig for **The Quarks** at the Kings Head, Islington, on Monday night . . .

That's it for now. If any of you punters out there catch sight of **Blast Furnace,** just tell him from us that we'd like to see his **X-Ray Spex** cover story, his **Bo Diddley** review, his . . .



***THE UNCOUTH** rabble (top) are the formerly respectable gentlemen who play for Fulham F.C., and were seduced by the prospect of following Nottingham Forrest into the charts (pic: DENIS O'REGAN); (above) JOHNNY ROTTEN and JOAN JETT in New York. (Joan asked photographer JENNY LENS to send it to us); gone is the weedy, moustachioed JONATHAN RICHMAN — here (right) is the new Schwarzenegger-styled model, unveiled at Aylesbury on Saturday. (Pic: PAUL SLATTERY); (below) a recumbent PETER GREEN, who very rarely points his frame in the direction of a camera these days. (Pic: ADRIAN BOOT).*

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	This last week		TOP TEN
20p Coney Lou, Black Slate, Steel Pulse, Sphinx Twinkle, Lazy Sod.	(1)	1	BLONDIE
25p Rush (4), Deaf School, Stiff Little Fingers, Overdose, Princess Margaret, Operation Julie (3).	(2)	2	BUZZCOCKS
Deluxe 30p Wayne County, Gaye Advert, Plastic Bertrand, Siouxsie Overground.	(8)	3	CLASH CITY ROCKERS
	(—)	4	SHAM ARMY
	(3)	5	YELLOW COSTELLO
	(5)	6	SHAM 69
	(—)	7	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS
	(7)	8	999
	(6)	9	CLASH POLICE
	(—)	10	DEVO QUOTE

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